



DWIGHT L. MOODY



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Life and work of Dwight L.





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LIFE AND WORK
OF
DWIGHT L. MOODY

The Great Evangelist of the XIXth Century

The Founder of Northfield Seminary, Mount
Herman School for Boys and the
Chicago Bible Institute

By Rev. A. W. Williams,

Author of "Armenia under the Curse of Islam,"

WITH AN INTRODUCTION

By Lawrence M. Colfelt, D.D.

And Special Presentations of his Character,
Worth and Work

By Bishop Cyrus D. Foss, D. D., LL. D., Kerr Boyce Tupper, D. D.,
S. W. Dana, D. D., Floyd W. Tomkins, D. D.,
Revs. F. B. Meyer, A. C. Dixon, John McNeill,
and others

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PREFACE

The world's final judgment concerning its great men will always be based upon the moral influences which they have incarnated.

Whether estimated by the moral qualities which go to make up personal character, or by the extent to which he impressed himself upon the life of his generation, the verdict given by Professor Drummond some years ago when he said: "There is, perhaps, no more truly great man living than D. L. Moody", will be confirmed by the tribunal of the ages.

With the closing of the century, the most remarkable man who lived in it, one whose name will live with that of Washington, the father of his country, with that of Lincoln, the savior of it, one who preached to more millions of men the gospel of the grace of God for the salvation of a lost and ruined world, who won more souls to Jesus Christ than any other man who ever lived, the mightiest evangelist, save the great Apostle to the Gentiles, ever sent to call men to repentance, the iron-hearted, the grace-refined, the glory-crowned man of God—Dwight L. Moody—passed on to his rest and his reward.

This volume is but a modest tribute of praise to the work and worth of one who never sought and little cared for the praise of men, whose best memorial is being built up out of the living stones he quarried from many a pit of sin. More impressive and imperishable than any shaft of marble, or statue of bronze are the granite foundations laid at Northfield, Mount Hermon and in the heart of Chicago. Of him it may be truly said: "That mighty works do follow him." His name shall be had in everlasting remembrance.

As the mysterious and marvelous beauty of the sunlight reveals itself when falling on the polished facets of a priceless

PREFACE.

gem, or on broken bits of glass lying on the sands; when flashing in the spray of some water-fall in the glen, or when shining clear and strong through the departing rain, it throws upon the eastern skies the rainbow's mighty arch: so the glory of the Sun of Righteousness reveals itself as it falls upon and irradiates Dwight L. Moody and the multitudes of precious souls redeemed through his labors by the wondrous power and love of Jesus Christ our Lord.

In the hope that this record of the life and work of Mr. Moody may be a source of interest and profit to all who read it—an echo of the evangelist's voice which shall prolong his extraordinary ministry, and a means of saving many souls, it is committed to the pleasure of the public, and to the favor of Almighty God.

A. W. WILLIAMS.

Philadelphia, January, 1900.

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INTRODUCTION

By Rev. Lawrence M. Colfelt, D. D.

In the magnificent chapter of De Toqueville's Democracy, he traces the gradual but irresistible progress of Democracy through modern European history. He points out how the most considerable events and most opportune discoveries have alike ministered to the growth of the power of the people. The crusades which desolated and impoverished the great feudatory families, the invention of gunpowder which makes the common soldier a more destructive power than the Homeric Chief; the invention of the printing press which placed knowledge within the reach of the humblest, in England the "Wars of the Roses" which overthrew the Barons, in France the policy of the Kings which in alliance with the people humbled and subjected the nobles—the reformation with its vindication of the paramount authority of the Scripture and the indefeasible right of private judgment—all alike ministered to the silent rise of Democracy, and the steady accumulation of power in the hands of the people.

This process has been silently and irresistibly going on from the beginning of the nineteenth century to its close. The most important fact in the secular history of the century has been the steady expansion of the reign of the people. The most significant fact in the religious history of the century has been the tendency to alienation on the part of the masses from the church and Christianity. It was the very nature of Christ's religion that "the common people heard him gladly," and "to the poor the gospel is preached." Jesus

Christ, whom we call Master and Lord, had only sweet smelling hay for his first infant bed. For thirty years of His life He was only known as a thoughtful, high-minded working man. The hands that blessed the children, healed the sick and raised the dead, were labor hardened with years of toil. He displaced forever all the burdensome rites and ceremonies which had pressed for centuries so heavily on the people. The founder of Christianity took the two commonest actions of life, washing and eating, and made them the symbols of the Christian sacraments—of the indwelling presence of God himself, thereby consecrating the natural elements and making the whole of man's common-place life sacramental. The Christianity of Christ was, from beginning to end, an absolute and unique assertion of the dignity—the spiritual priesthood of man as man apart from all social distinction. If then Christianity and the people ever become in a measure separated, must there not be fault somewhere? If the whole tendency of the century has been toward Democracy, and it is the essential characteristic of Christianity to be intensely democratic, then there must be something inherently lacking in our nineteenth century presentation of Christianity which fails to attract the masses.

How shall the masses be reached? How shall Christianity restore its ancient power over the people? How shall they be brought once more to mingle in church worship and at the family table of all God's children. This has been the gravest religious question for the solution of our century. How is this mighty power of the people to be made a Christianized power owning obedience to the eternal laws which are the ultimate bonds of rule? On the solution of this question de-

pend the future welfare of the nation and the race. The ministers of all denominations have felt the supreme gravity of this problem. Individuals have searched their own hearts and vexed their minds to the utmost, in order to find some reply. Conference after conference has been held for the purpose of desiderating and defining methods of religious attraction to which the masses will respond. But the method of Providence has never been to accomplish revolutions by means of conferences and councils. When He wanted Christianity to burst the long venerated bonds of Judaism, to plant the standard of the cross on the ruins of Levitical observances, and to expand Christianity from a provincial faith to a world-wide religion, He raised up the Apostle Paul. When God wanted to rescue the Christian Church from the corruption of the Romish Hierarchy he filled the soul of Martin Luther with moral indignation. The method of Providence has ever been to precipitate revolution by means of individuals. So when the hour had come to solve the problem of reaching the masses he reared and consecrated Dwight L. Moody. While others were conferring and philosophizing he plunged without plan or system or preconception of any kind into the actual work of bringing the people to Christ and His church. He was given of God as an object lesson of the way in which the problem of the century is to be solved. What was the secret of his success in accomplishing that which was the despair of the church and her ministry? Was it his gifts? No; many possessed larger endowments who are less successful. Was it his rhetorical utterance and force of expression? No; many are more eloquent with fewer and meaner results. Was it the holy consistency of his life? No;

many as saintly men are less useful. What, then, was the secret of Mr. Moody's extraordinary power over the masses? It is not in our power to define such a subtle thing as the influence of this remarkable man for many of the most important elements will evaporate in the analysis.

But first among the qualities which made him the evangelist of the century was the fact that he was the religious tribune of the people. He had the gift of establishing confidence at once with every hearer. He entered in at their doors and then made them go out by his. This capacity to enter into the soul of the average man to feel its pulse, to diagnose its wants, to express to itself its own aspiration was the peculiar gift of Mr. Moody; God-given without doubt, but also accentuated by the fact that he was himself a man of the people and had passed personally through all the shades of human experience. He did not need to stoop to men in order to address them. He was already one of them—had lived their life—pulsated with their experience. To get into a state of sympathy with the masses required no effort on his part. To have a fellow feeling for them involved no condescension. It was well for Mr. Moody that he had no college education. For the study of books is not enough to reach the masses. The study of the habits, minds, manners of men is most important—otherwise knowledge is like gold buried in the mountains. "The Good Shepherd knows his sheep and is known of them." It was this practical knowledge intuitive and acquired which enabled Mr. Moody to bring Christianity into contact with the masses.

There is a tendency among the people to fancy themselves despised by the learned. Suspicion on that point is fatal to

anyone attempting to reach them. The people are implacable of the conscious superiority of culture. It savors of contempt. And they can forgive those who oppress them and overwork them, but they will not forgive those who betray the consciousness that they are their superiors. To be looked down upon is the last indignity. In the presence of Mr. Moody all suspicion of this sort yielded at once. Not a shadow of distrust was possible for an instant. They felt themselves in the presence of a man who revered them as his peers. He secured at once the unprejudiced attention of every hearer. This done, he went directly to the main point stirred up men's consciences, appealed to the better part of human nature, to those sentiments which caused their hearts to vibrate most and then elevated their souls, warning them from the prepossessions of indifference, worldliness and passion, and imparting to them the inspiration of Christianity.

The accent of conviction was a powerful factor in Mr. Moody's preaching. He spoke with the authority of vitalized experience. There was never anything vague or wavering in the content of his thought. What an intense spiritual flow there is in his words! Whatever may have been his intellectual limitations, there is never any hesitation as to his own intense faith. His realization of divine truth as a solid reality—his spiritual certitude is never for a moment disturbed or darkened by a subtlety or inconsistency. The rock is always beneath his feet. The divine foundation is never doubtful. Lay preaching has often been opposed by ecclesiastics on the ground that it would give rise to heresy. But if church history is worthy any reliance, not laymen but learned ecclesiastics have generally been the originators of heresy. In

point of soundness in the faith, Mr. Moody could have given lessons in theology to not a few who though ordained teachers in the churches are giving forth no better light than that of wandering stars.

Mr. Moody's loyalty to the Scriptures was supreme. The Bible had all its meaning to him as a direct revelation from God. He saw God everywhere moving through its holy pages and instructing him—the living God to whom he could go as having the words of eternal life. All his knowledge and thought began in the word of God. It was this which made him so jealous of certain modes of historical criticism which it must be freely confessed he did not fully appreciate. But in the presence of Moody it was not possible to doubt of a divine authority, an inspired Bible. While the scientific world was proclaiming "God unknown" and the critical world was hiding Him from view with its historical puzzles, there was a reality in Moody's faith in the God of the Bible that left no room for doubt. No modern preacher was so intensely and powerfully Biblical.

Of all men of our time he seems to have realized most vividly the atonement, the preeminence of the cross of Christ. We do not mean in his personal life merely, but as the center of all religion and all life, as the core of all human good—personal, domestic, social, national, religious. It was said of Spinoza by Novalis that he was a God-intoxicated man. But of all modern men Mr. Moody seems to have most deserved the name of a Christ-intoxicated man. He lived a life hid with Christ. The Christ embraced him. He did not need to strive after it or seek it like most men by the path of mysticism. It was the Alpha and Omega of all his being, the only

reality in comparison with which all other things were shadowy. Everything was from Christ with him and all his strength came straight out of Christ. It was this more than anything which made him a mighty spiritual power.

He was a man of faith. In respect of temporal things his trust in God was simple and strong. With no stated income he seemed to be above care. His check book was the Word of God which says, "My God shall supply all your needs according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus," and he drew larger drafts on this divine bank than any man in modern times with possibly the exception of George Muller. In the work of winning souls his faith was unbounded and rose to the sublime. He had confidence that the eternal love of God and the sacrifice of Christ fully presented to men would work great results. He believed that the gift of the Holy Ghost made the preaching of the gospel the most hopeful business of the world. Divine sovereignty and divine love are certain to co-operate with the appointed means. And it was to him according to his faith!

But it is not enough to say good things and have faith in them—they must be well said. This applies to all preachers but more especially to the evangelist. No one requires so much natural tact as the successful evangelist. To none is the absence of this quality so fatal. Mr. Moody had the wisdom of the serpent with the harmlessness of the dove. No one could surpass him in tactful arrangements of his campaigns and in creating favorable environments for his audiences. When he entered into the actual work of preaching he thoroughly interested his hearers from start to finish. He solved the vital question of how to get men to listen and to

cause the gospel truth to reach their ears, their minds, their hearts. If one could actually discover this power by which he secured a hearing it would solve the greatest problem confronting the ministry.

From the outset Mr. Moody excited interest by choosing a theme of universal concern, appealing to the great, simple passions of the human soul, to the deepest wants of the human heart, and by a well digested study of his theme, by a perfect adaptation to men as they are, by an unsophisticated style, by simplicity of language, by spirited illustrations and metaphors drawn from actual incidents of every day life, by heart stirring impulses and emotions, he made his audience think and feel with him. At times they could divine his train of thought and that gratified them. At other times he surprised them and that, too, would please them. There never was anything cold, official or tedious or routine about his sermon. If he perceived the attention of his hearers was flagging he stimulated it by some lively speech and drew from them a smile which bespoke renewed interest and assent. But he never used sallies of this kind for their own sake but always as a vantage ground for impressing wholesome truth. Thus he required attention but did not put a strain upon it. He was serious without being wearisome, cheerful without catering to the instinct for amusement, stirring without being sensational, impressive without being exciting, highly emotional without being hysterical, intense without tearing passion to tatters.

Invincible optimism was a conspicuous element of his method. In his estimation the preaching of the Divine Word to the people wearied with toils and cares should be a rest, a

joy, or as the Scriptures say, a "refreshment." It should be to them what a spring of water surrounded with verdure is to wearied soldiers marching through the scorching sun and burning sands of Africa. Such was the preaching of Moody. Under its breath the souls of men dilated as it were and the saddest felt less unhappy. His was the gospel the angels sung at the nativity what time they touched our world with their wings. "I bring you glad tidings of great joy" was the key note of his preaching. His hearers in spite of toils, trials and fears, after listening went away saying within themselves, "The words of the preacher have cheered me. I feel that life is better worth the living."

But the great secret of Mr. Moody's strength lay in his intense self-denying love of souls. To address men well they must be loved much. Whatever they may be though never so indifferent or guilty, before all and above all they must be loved. Love is the sap of the gospel, the magic power of eloquence. The end of preaching is to reclaim the hearts of men to God and nothing, but love can find out the mysterious avenues which lead to the heart. Paul, the great evangelist of the Christian Church, overcame heathen prejudice by the power of his charity. "I will very gladly spend and be spent for you though the more abundantly I love you the less I be loved." The silver-tongued Chrysostom in addressing the believers said: "I love you and I would willingly give you my life!" Dwight L. Moody was the foster child of charity and could say with Paul, "Owe no man anything, but to love one another." It is this charity which gave him such success in evangelical preaching. For the most splendid reasonings may be clothed in the grandest phraseology and yet the lis-

tener will never fail to find means with which to neutralize and upset the elaborate structure of argument. What is required in reaching the masses is something new, something unexpected. What is that? It is love. For love surprises, captivates, is irresistible. And it is a melancholy fact that there is small belief in the existence of disinterestedness among the people. They think that no one acts without a motive of self interest. But when the people meet with one who actually is capable of real affection and thorough devotedness toward them they are overcome and yield heartily.

This was the genius of Mr. Moody. It was not that of high intellectual powers. He was a man of ordinary mental gifts yet he drew wondering crowds and was the means of comforting thousands. In the noblest sense of the word he was the mightiest emotional preacher of the century. The audience succumbed to the spell of emotion because of his own intense emotion. His soul may be truly said to have passed into theirs. As he portrayed the sorrow of sin and the joy of salvation, as he pressed his discourses home, all bosoms panted because his own panted. All eyes filled with tears because his own over-flowed. In a word he reached the hearts of men because he had a heart. Local sceptics wherever he went were amazed. "This man's logic," said they, "is weak. How comes it that he is so attractive?" It came from this that he loved the souls of men. He preached affectionately and his speech instead of gliding over hearts hardened by intellectual pride pierced even to the dividing of the joints and the marrow.

In his love for souls he constantly tore himself away from home and the comforts of life. In the greatness of his love

for souls he gave himself to labor without stint for a life-time. Not a particle of flesh and blood was undevoted. Every power of body and soul was put into the service and used with a will that took out of himself all he could get. Because the days were evil, he redeemed his time, and so sold his life as dearly as possible to the uttermost farthing of vital worth. The fire of love burned in his soul till the heat of the zeal consumed him, and he died of a heroic malady—that of hard work for the highest good of humanity.

If there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner saved how delectable the joy of this soul winner in the courts above. How many poor sinners in how many lands did he lead to Jesus feet to receive a Savior's pardoning grace. How many erring Christians did he bring back to the Shepherd and Bishop of their souls? How many little ones did he gather from amongst the ignorance, the suffering, the misery of this life, to the embrace of the divine arms. What a mighty concourse must have gathered about the pearl-gate to welcome him who led them to truth, to virtue, and to heaven. Was it not to meet this welcome and to enter into the joy of his Lord that he bade adieu to the world, left Christendom bereaved and his household in tears? "Earth is receding, heaven is opening and God is calling me."

Boyhood and Early Life.

THERE are in the human race-stock as great and remarkable differences in genius, temperament, characteristic, powers and accomplishments, as there are varieties among the trees of the forest, from the magnificent oak and towering pine down to the graceful willow by the water courses; or as there are among the flowers and vines of the field and garden, from the roses and honeysuckles that run along the lattice work of New England porches to the graceful and almost sympathetic ivy which seeks to hide the crumbling ruins of some old church tower from the rude gaze of the passer-by.

To write a true, revealing biography of a man one should begin with his great-grandfather, so as to be able to mark the evolutions and involutions of character which have at last wrought themselves out in every fibre, nerve and brain cell of the child just coming into life. We may, however, only turn over the leaves of an old family Bible in a farmhouse, in Northfield, Mass., which contains this simple record: "Edwin Moody was born November 1st, 1800. Betsy Holton was born February 5th, 1805; were married January 3d, 1828."

On another page there may be written the name of Dwight Lyman, born February 5th, 1837.

The stock is English, of Puritan faith and loyalty to duty, and goes back to the earliest settlers of the colony of Massachusetts. Their lot, that of very many New England families, to wrest from a cold, reluctant soil a scanty living; compelled to be content if by dint of utmost self-denial, the hardest labor in the woods and fields, and by spinning and weaving, by sewing and knitting, father and mother could keep the wolf outside the door—he was never very far away—could

give their children a meagre education and send them out into the world with bare hands but stout hearts to renew the same weary, almost hopeless struggle of life, and yet to do it grandly and often without murmuring. It was the inbred Puritan faith in the living, righteous God which sustained them. The tender love and care of God the Father for all His children; the compassion and mercy of a present Savior, were not prominent objects of sweet and devout contemplation in the olden time. New England theology was not calculated to make people very happy as it was preached in those days of bitter controversy. But it made men brave and enduring, silent under most adverse circumstances. Perhaps the easy-going religion of the present day has taken some of the iron out of the blood of their children.

Mr. Moody's father died on the 28th of May, 1841, very suddenly. He had gone that morning, as usual, to his work, that of a stone-mason, but feeling a pain in his side, caused by over-exertion in lifting heavy stone, he went home to rest. The pain grew much worse by afternoon and staggering towards the bed he fell upon his knees and was gone before anyone realized that he was seriously ill. A few weeks after the father's death, twins were born in that house of sorrow, and when the widowed mother rose from her bed, there were nine hungry mouths to feed, from the babes in her arms to the eldest child, but thirteen years of age.

Some of her worldly-wise neighbors advised her to give away or bind out her children and not try to keep them together. But she loved them too dearly, and being endowed with unusual strength and courage of mind and body, and having an underlying faith in God, though He did seem so very far away at times, she determined to keep her flock together if it were within the extremest limits of her endurance. She took up her burden bravely—a burden of unceasing struggle with sorrow, care and poverty. She carried her burden as heroically as ever martyr carried fagots for his own

burning. She kept her face as cheery as possible for her children's sake, though long after, it became known that she cried herself to sleep every night almost for more than a year.

As the children grew older the burdens and anxieties grew lighter, until at length the lines of care were smoothed out of her face by gentle, loving fingers, while strong, willing hands poured out unceasing treasures into her lap and for many years Grandma Moody lived to enjoy the boundless and sweetest care and affection bestowed upon her by her children and children's children. How amply was she repaid at last for the years of self-sacrifice and toil which had kept her flock safely by her side through all their tender years.

Can we wonder now at the love and devotion to his mother which formed one of the most impressive features in the life of D. L. Moody? To the early training received in his poor mountain home the great evangelist attributed those elements of personal character which crowned with success his efforts in spreading the gospel and in advancing the cause of education.

It fell to the lot of this noble woman to be rewarded for her struggles with poverty and debt as few mothers have been blessed. She lived to see her son universally honored. The obscure New England village of Northfield became noted as his birthplace and her home. Massive seminary halls overshadowed the homestead. Across the Connecticut Valley, on the side of Mount Hermon, college buildings were erected. To 800 students she was known and loved as "Grandma" Moody. Each summer scholars and students from all parts of the world have made pilgrimages to that shrine of worship and instruction.

Habitually when returning to Northfield from his ministry Mr. Moody would drive direct to the home of his mother to receive her welcome before joining his immediate family. For more than fifty years he sought counsel and approval at

her knee. Betsy Moody was spared to her son until the closing days of her ninety-first year. When she began to fail Mr. Moody was holding meetings in a distant city. It was not known that her end was near and he was not notified. Toward the close of the week the evangelist became restless and an uncontrollable desire to go home possessed him. For no other reason he canceled his engagement and started for Northfield, arriving at his mother's bedside in time to receive her last blessing.

On Sunday morning, January 26, 1896, surrounded by her devoted children, she closed her eyes upon the earthly home and opened them amid the heavenly mansions which Christ has prepared for those who love Him. She was within twelve days of her ninety-first birthday. She had retained full use of all her faculties and her mind and memory were unimpaired up to the time of her departure for her eternal home. Her death was literally a falling asleep. There was no pain, no struggle. She had fought a good fight, she had finished her course, she had kept the faith. And God gave His beloved sleep.

The burial took place on the Wednesday after her death. The day was one of surpassing loveliness on the glorious hill-tops about Northfield. At nine o'clock there was a touching service at the old homestead conducted by Dwight L. Moody. All of the sons and daughters, with grandchildren and many relatives, were present. The service there was beautiful in its simplicity, and was confined to the family, relatives and friends. The body was then borne to the church in royal state. The grandsons were the bearers, while the four hundred young ladies of the Seminary and the Training School followed the bier as "maids of honor" as Mr. Moody called them. Seats were reserved for the nearly eight hundred students of the two schools, and as soon as the casket had been placed on the altar and the face uncovered, the students slowly filed by the casket, the girls on one side winding into the

balconies and the boys on the other largely occupying the floor of the church.

It was nearly eleven o'clock before the family and friends came in to the church. The half hour was occupied by singing softly, "My Jesus as Thou Wilt" and "Till He Comes," and silent prayer.

As the friends entered the church, the choir of young women and the congregation sang "Blessed Hope."

This was followed by the doxology and the invocation by Rev. Dr. Scofield. The choir then sang "Resurrection Morn." Miss Maud Phillips and Mrs. W. R. Moody, the latter the daughter of Major Whittle, the evangelist, then rendered in a charming way, "Thou Remainest."

Dr. Scofield read the scripture lesson, and the choir and congregation sang "Some Sweet Day."

Dr. Scofield followed with an impressive address, speaking from the words, "O death, where is thy sting; O grave, where is thy victory?"

Mrs. W. R. Moody sang very tenderly "Crossing the Bar," and then, in the midst of a profound silence, Mr. Moody rose from his seat in the body of the church, and walked to the altar, and standing during a large portion of his address directly at the foot of his mother's coffin, he paid a touching tribute to her memory. If not without precedent, Mr. Moody's action was certainly the first time in recent years that a son, conspicuous before the public, had manifested that abiding faith which enabled him to speak upon such an occasion. With tears coursing down his cheeks he told of his love for her and of his faith in God. He recalled many incidents of his childhood and a thousand people were moved alternately to tears and smiles by the recital. In praise of his mother Mr. Moody said:

"I know it is not customary for a son to speak at his mother's funeral. If it is possible for me to control my feelings I want to pay her memory a merited tribute. It was great

honor for us to have such a mother. I cannot praise her enough. She was a wise woman. She knew more than Solomon. She knew how to govern her own sons. She was a noble mother to all of her nine children. She displayed wonderfully good judgment and an almost marvelous tact. She was so loving a mother that when we were away from home we were always anxious to get back. This was true all through life."

Mr. Moody's words used on this occasion are best descriptive of some of the experiences of his early life. "My father died utterly bankrupt," said he. "The creditors took everything. I can vividly recall this fact, because my mother told us we must stay in bed until school time, for there was no wood in or near the house and no way of creating warmth. I remember just as vividly when I heard sounds of chips flying and I knew some one was chopping wood in our woodshed and that then we should have warmth.

"I shall never forget Uncle Silas coming with what seemed to me the biggest pile of wood I ever saw in my life. Many other acts of kindness were shown us by one of the ministers of the Unitarian church of this village. I recall when I first earned any money. It was one cent a week for tending cows. It went into the common treasury. Every penny was needed and was put to the best purpose."

Reverting to memories of his mother the evangelist said: "Her love for her husband lasted all through life. For fifty-four years, to my certain knowledge, Widow Moody's light burned on yonder hill. There was one room in that old house which I think she loved best. It was the room where she found God. It was there He answered her prayers. How she worked! In the attic is the old wheel she used for us. And still with all her poverty she never turned the poor away from her door.

"Within the past forty-eight hours I have heard some things about her that have almost broken my heart. It was that

when she was in the midst of her severest struggles with poverty that she bravely put on her happiest look and ways during the day time, and often wet her pillow with tears during the night.

"That she thus cried, was new to me. That she prayed, I knew well."

Mr. Moody then drew a pathetic picture of the love the mother felt for each of her children. He named them each, and told of the particular way in which she showed her love. Of her love for himself he said: "I never found out what mother did think of me. Her words were the sweetest I heard when returning here after long journeys abroad. I have in my hands the old family Bible, so thoroughly used by her. I suppose that when my father died that was the only book we had in our house."

Turning to proverbs, Mr. Moody then read a number of sentences showing how admirably they fitted the character of his mother and making comments as he read them.

Turning to the face of his mother, Mr. Moody said: "We do not know whether the departed can know what is going on in this earth. If I thought she could hear me I would send her the message that not only her children, but her grandchildren and their children would meet her in heaven.

"I want to say to the young ladies of the Seminary who acted as maids of honor to escort my mother's body down here this morning, that I want you to trust my mother's Savior. I want to say to the young men of Mount Hermon, you are going to have a great honor to escort mother to her last resting place. Her prayers for you ascended daily to the throne of grace. Now I am going to give you the best I have, I am going to do the best I can. I am going to lay her away with her face toward Hermon. I give you the noblest heritage I possess on earth.

"I think she was one of the noblest characters this world has ever seen. She was true as sunlight. I never knew that

woman to deceive me. And now we are to lay her body away to await His coming in resurrection power. That dear mother, when I see her again, is going to have a resurrection body (looking at her face), God bless you, Mother: we love you still. Death has only increased our love. Good-bye for a little while, mother."

Mr. Moody then offered a touching prayer and the services at the church were soon closed. What an eloquent and glowing tribute of love to lay at his mother's feet! This the most abiding honor to her memory—"Her children shall rise up and call her blessed."

Let us now turn with reverent spirit to read the brief story of the toils and trials, of the self-sacrifice and devotion by which she wrought out for herself such a heritage of filial affection and impressed the force of her character so ineffaceably upon the minds and hearts and lives of her children.

After the death of her husband, Mrs. Moody had to face a great responsibility, and faced it in a grand and heroic way. She was a woman of extraordinary force of character. In her girlhood days she had been a very great favorite everywhere, full of fun, just running over with good humor, bright and intelligent; and withal a most sensible girl, economical and industrious, with a most cheery disposition, willing also to help everybody and without any feeling that she was doing anything that required special commendation.

At the age of twenty-three, Betsy Holton made what would be called in those days a good marriage, to a thrifty, well-to-do mechanic, Edwin Moody, who by farming a few acres of land and working at his trade contrived to earn a comfortable living. Their home was a spacious farm-house, a two-storied, double-front, with an attic, standing by the roadside under the shadow of some beautiful elms.

Here were spent thirteen years of happy life, until heavy losses from an unfortunate business affair impoverished them and a mortgage of \$400 encumbered their home; when

suddenly the death of her husband threw all the burden of care, labor and anxiety upon the "Widow Moody."

Those were days of sharp sectarian controversy in religious circles. The doctrines were of the hardest and most gloomy ever believed or taught in orthodox churches. To believe that God had foreordained for his own good pleasure the destruction of a large portion of the human race, and that without respect of character, might have been a great comfort to the saints, assuring them of a small and select company in the great hereafter; but to the burdened widow it was the gall of bitterness. She was determined to do all she could to save her children in this life and she insisted on believing in a God who would do the same for them in the life to come. But there was another invention in some of New England Calvinism, which taught the duty of being willing to be damned for the glory of God, if God in his secret decree had so determined. Some of Mrs. Moody's neighbors did not fail to exhort her to the attainment of this rather mournful state of mind, but against this her soul did most decidedly rebel. If there were any such decrees which shut out any of her little flock from a fair chance of heaven, she at least would not be tormented by them in prayers and sermons; and hence she placed herself and her family under the instructions of Pastor Everett, who was for giving all sinners the best possible chances for salvation, and they were all baptized together and received into the Unitarian Church of Northfield, after the fashion of those days. And so the widow sought to hold fast to the hand of the Lord, and brought up her children to read the Bible and to believe in the grace of God whereby she hoped they would be brought into His kingdom.

To put the whole story in a nutshell, it would read a little like this: Mrs. Moody's brothers in Boston took care of the interest on the mortgage; the older boys took care of the little farm; the mother took care of the house and the children, and the good Lord took care of them all.

Mrs. Moody bore with a brave heart the weight of a household that would have crushed most women, and cared for her children as best she could. Instead of breaking up the family as so many of her prudent friends suggested, she kept them all, as they were able, busily at work in the garden picking berries and fruit, and doing chores for the farmers around. And every penny which could be earned was brought eagerly home and laid in mother's lap.

These years of toil and privation had drawn her heart very close to the Savior, and when the care of her large family of little children grew so heavy as almost to overwhelm her, she learned to cast her burden upon the Lord. Her example and instructions very early made deep and indelible impressions upon the minds of her children. For once when her son, Dwight, was only a little six-year-old and was driving the cows to pasture, an old fence fell over on him and pinned him to the ground so that he could not get away. But we will let the story of his rescue tell itself in his own words many years later:

"I tried and tried, and I couldn't lift them awful rails; then I hollered for help, but nobody came; and then I began to think I should have to die away up there on the mountain all alone. But I happened to think that maybe God would help me, and so I asked him. And after that I could lift the rails, just as easy."

Sometimes when the boys were quarrelsome and rebellious, and the household was in utter confusion, Mrs. Moody would go away to her own room and pray for wisdom and patience. "And when I would come back," she has said, "they would all be good children again." But there were times when correction was needful; then, while never harsh, she did not spare the rod; though often her own tears at being compelled to use it were the hardest part of the punishment for the child. Mr. Moody once told of the "old-fashioned whippings" he received at his mother's hands. "I be-

lieve in them to-day" he said. "She would send me out for a stick. I thought I could fool her and would get a dead stick. She would snap the stick and then cause me to get another. She was never in a hurry, and she certainly was not when she was whipping me. Once I told her that the whipping did not hurt at all. I never had occasion to tell her so again, for she put it on so it did hurt."

While thus faithfully, even if painfully, she sought to train her children; while patiently, lovingly and prayerfully she sought to fulfill a mother's part, Mrs. Moody did not underestimate the value and importance of public Sabbath worship. In those early days her children were regular, if not particularly devout, attendants at church. The older boys who might be at work on neighboring farms would as they were permitted, come home on Saturday night so as to go to church with their little brothers and sisters. Mr. Moody has declared that going to church was not a debatable question. "Frequently I have gone to church barefooted, carrying my shoes in my hand, to save the wear until I got nearly to the church door, when I would put them on." They used to take their dinners and stay all day, hearing the two sermons and attending the Sunday school, which was sandwiched between them; and then they would come home again for supper before going back to their places of work.

Such church going was not so wearisome in those early days as it might seem to us. I myself have preached in rural parishes in Scotland where similar customs still prevail. From over the hills in all directions the shepherds and their families would come to mingle with the townspeople in the Sabbath worship. In summer-time many of the lads and lassies would stop to wash their feet in the "burn" that ran nearby and then put on their shoes and hose to come into church.

While eating their cheese and oatcake with delicious water from the spring, after morning sermon what pleasure did they have in greeting their friends, to hear of how the old

folks were who were left sitting at the door of some low, stone cottage, with its straw-thatched roof. And the letters from over the seas, from Australia, Africa; Canada or the United States—they were to be read over again. And the young folks? They were enjoying such meetings as young people do and will until the end of time. Sunday school and second service done, they would turn their steps homeward in companies that broke up into smaller and smaller groups until they all had reached their scattered cottages and still more lonely sheep-walks miles away.

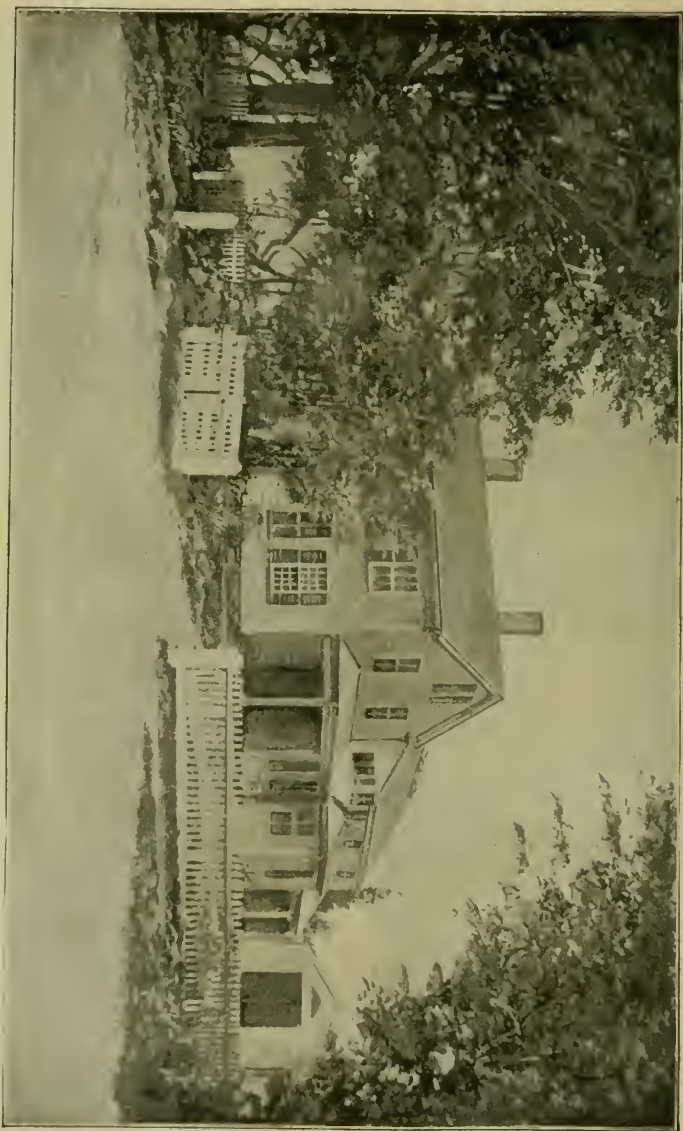
These Sabbaths were the happiest days of the week in that modest home of Northfield. Thus the family were kept in closest touch with each other, and the dear mother. In spite of their poverty and trials there was love and joy in this beautiful home life. Toiling day and night for daily bread and often scraping the bottom of her flour barrel with worn fingers, not always knowing where the next barley cake would come from, this mother kept up a brave heart and cheerful face for her children's sake and Sunday found the best things the garden and pantry could supply for the ravenous appetites of nine hale, hearty, growing children. At the table, which was set and waiting their return, Mrs. Moody would repeat a text of scripture or a verse of a hymn and the children would say it in chorus after her.

Supper over, if it were summer-time, she would gather them all around her on the porch or under one of the great sugar maple trees in the front yard—Mr. Moody's favorite seat in later years—and read to them out of the books they may have brought home. For other books there were none in the house, not even a Pilgrim's Progress. And such wonderful stories, too. Those books seemed to know just what naughty things Dwight or George or Lizzie had been doing during the week, or something very much like them, and containing such good advice to each one, just like mother, only the funny thing was that the children could never find the



Moody in his Library.

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Birthplace of Mr. Moody.

place afterwards. Then, just as the sun was going down, loving good-byes were said, and the older boys were away to their work again and the little ones were folded to sleep.

Although Dwight was only four years old when his father died, he was deeply impressed by the shadow of death that fell on the home. He has recalled in one of his sermons his childish horror, saying, "The first thing I remember was the death of my father. It was a beautiful day in June when suddenly he fell dead. The shock made such an impression on me, young as I was, that I shall never forget it. I remember nothing about the funeral, but his death has made a lasting impression upon me." For long years after that, death was a terrible enemy to him.

The custom long remained in that New England village to toll out the bell when any one died, to toll one stroke for each year of the age of the deceased. Sometimes it would toll forty strokes for a man of forty, or seventy for some grandmother in the village. When the bell would thus toll sixty, seventy or eighty, then he would think, "That is a great ways off." But sometimes it would be for a child at his age and then it would be very solemn, almost terrifying, and for some time after that he would be afraid to sleep in a room alone.

Another of his experiences relates to an excursion taken some miles from home, with an elder brother. It was his first visit away from home. It seemed to him to be the longest visit of his life. He was so far away he began to fear that he would never get back again.

"While we were walking down the street we saw an old man coming toward us, and my brother said, 'There is a man that will give you a cent. He gives every new boy that comes into this town a cent.' That was my first visit to the town, and when the old man got opposite to us he looked around, and my brother not wishing me to lose the cent, and to remind the old man that I had not received it, told him that I was a new boy in the town. The old man, taking off my hat,

placed his trembling hand on my head and told me that I had a Father in Heaven. It was a kind, simple act, but I feel the impression of the old man's hand upon my head to-day.'

THE PRODIGAL SON.

Another shadow fell upon that home on the mountain side. A sorrow more bitter than death itself. The saddest memories of the days of his childhood relate to the running away of his elder brother. With a youth's ambition to make his fortune in the world, perhaps tired of being the eldest brother of so large a family, thinking it was time to be doing for himself, unmindful of the heart he would so nearly break, a coward and lacking in the spirit of self sacrifice which crowned that mother's head with the blessings of her children for so many years, that eldest son suddenly disappeared.

In vain, through many years, they waited for tidings of the lost boy. It seemed sometimes as if the mother's heart would utterly break for him. A living grief is as a poisoned arrow in the heart. Sometimes she said it would have eased her heart to know that he was dead. "It would be better than this. I don't know but he is lying sick in some foreign land, with nobody to watch over him. Maybe he has fallen in with wicked men who will make him like themselves."

Often would they sit in a semi-circle about the fire of a stormy winter's night and listen to the howling of the gale, and come closer to the mother, and listen to the stories of their dead father; what he did, what he said, how he loved them; then of his kindness to a friend and how he lost a good deal of money by him, and so their little home was mortgaged and they were poor. But if by chance any one spoke the name of the absent brother, a great silence fell upon them; the tears would come into the eyes of the mother, and then they would steal away to bed, whispering their "good-nights" and walking softly as they went, for that name was like a sword thrust in the mother's heart. For a long time they would lie awake listening to the roar of the wind among the mountains, think-

ing that maybe he was out in the cold somewhere, or worse than that, perhaps he had gone to sea and while they were snug in bed he might be keeping watch on deck or climbing a reeling mast in just such darkness and storm. During a little lull in the storm they would hear the mother's voice—she was sitting up to pray for her lost boy. Perhaps, next morning, she would send them down to the village, more than a mile away, to ask for a letter; a letter from him, though she never said so. But no letter ever came. “Many and many a time have I gone to the window in the hope that I should see him coming up the garden walk to cheer our mother's heart, but all was in vain—he didn't come. I do believe she would have gone all round the world to find him. When Thanksgiving Day would come she would always put a chair for him—but the chair was always empty. The friends and neighbors gave him up, but she did not. She held fast to the hope that she would see him come back before she died. Oh, how she loved that boy! And so time rolled on. The step that was once so firm became feeble; the hair that once was black as night became silvery gray. One summer afternoon, as she sat in her cottage, her twin children with her (for the rest of us had gone out into the world to fight the battle of life), a tall, swarthy man, with heavy black beard, was seen coming in the gate. He came up under the porch, and, the door being open, he stopped and looked in, with an eager, anxious face, as if he were afraid he might not find the one he was seeking, though he had stopped at the church-yard on his way through the village to see whether there were two graves, instead of one, where his father had been laid so many years before. Surely his mother was not dead, but was she still at the old home?

Mother came to the door to bid the stranger come in. The eyes that had watched so long for his coming did not know him now. But the stranger did not speak nor move. As he stood in the presence of the mother whose heart he

had broken, great tears began to roll down his cheeks. But when she saw the big tears starting from his eyes she sprang to him, 'It is my boy, my dear, dear boy.' But there the boy stood, and said: 'Mother I will never cross the threshold until you say you forgive me.'

"Do you think he had to stay there long? No, no, her arms were around his neck and she was weeping upon his shoulder. She forgave him because he asked it and because she loved him. The dead was alive, the lost was found. The tears were wiped away from that mother's eyes and happiness was in her heart. And that is just the way God forgives all the prodigal sons who come back to him. What joy on earth can equal the joy of heaven when the prodigal comes home? This night your Father wants you, dear son, come to Him. Confess your sin and He will have mercy upon you and forgive you. May heaven's blessing rest upon every soul here, is my prayer. Let us pray."

Whoever that has heard Mr. Moody preach this famous sermon on the prodigal son can possibly forget the power and pathos of this final appeal? Audiences were melted to tears, and scores, sometimes hundreds, would respond to his earnest entreaties for them to return to the Father's house, as he pictured the desolation in that home on the hillside, the mother's anxious waiting, her days of watching, and her nights of prayer.

Under these heavier shadows life in that cottage at Northfield moved on as in many another home of widowhood. But Pastor Everett was true to his promises and often looked in upon them, cheering their hearts with pleasant words; encouraging the mother to keep on praying—the rewards for all her labors of love would not fail. He would sometimes help to settle quarrels among the boys, occasionally give the little fellows a bright piece of silver all around to make his earnest advice the more palatable. As Dwight grew up he became the special cause of great anxiety to his mother, and

for awhile the minister took him into his family to do the chores and go to school. But the boy needed severer restraint than even he could exercise. Often his patience was sorely tried and he was at his wits' end what to do with the boy, being often obliged to laugh at his pranks even when he felt it his duty to be the most stern. The task was beyond his wisdom and authority, and he was glad to send him back to his mother. And yet the boy was not a mean boy, nor vicious, but only full of life and mischief, too lazy to work, too idle to study. He was a stout, hearty, self-reliant, wilful boy—a great favorite with his playmates and a leader in all their pastimes and frolics. He went to school because his mother insisted on it, not because he liked it. So miserably did he waste his time that at sixteen he had not even creditably mastered the three R's—"readin', ritin' and rithmetic."

He was not a bad boy, but he was like a splendid wild horse of the plains that has never felt the lasso, the leader of the herd. He never lost his love for the mountains and the open air. He always entered heartily into the recreations, songs, stories and jokes of the young men gathered about him. Like all really great men he kept the dew of his youth upon him. As Drummond once said of him, "You will find a deal of the boy in Moody." He would sometimes kick the traces in later life, and give hundreds of boys and girls a chance to play truant as he used to do, as the following incident will show:

OUT OF SCHOOL FOR A FROLIC.

One of Mr. Moody's first thoughts upon returning from his labors throughout the country was for the schools at Northfield. He found a reward for his efforts in the welcome accorded him by the students. In the old days he was often seen driving through the grounds at Mt. Hermon, four miles distant from his home, before six o'clock in the morning. Bad weather never kept him indoors. Frequently he appeared at chapel exercises at Mount Hermon or at the semi-

nary with his big rubber boots split down the back because of the unusual size of his legs.

Many times the visits of the founder of the schools upset the routine of study, for he outvoted the joint faculties of both institutions whenever it suited him. Such was the case one frosty October morning when he proposed a nutting excursion to the boys. Classes were dismissed, and before the faculty had fully taken in the situation, Mr. Moody was driving toward the seminary up the valley at the top of his horse's speed. There also he put an end to study, and by ten o'clock 700 students were climbing the mountain. Every available vehicle was pressed into service for carrying provision for the outing party, and at night came back laden with nuts. Shouts and laughter rang through the woods until evening, when the young people returned singing a hundred songs dear to Northfield by their association.

Dwight L. Moody's last term of school was in the winter of his seventeenth year—it was to be his last at home. He was now the ringleader of the boys in all their devices to annoy the teacher, who, in despair of doing anything with him, now threatened to turn the boy from school. This was a great grief to his mother. She told him how much ashamed she should be to have one of her boys turned out of school, directed him to go to the teacher and ask forgiveness for his bad conduct and try to be some little credit to his mother. There were few things he would not do for his mother. And now at her urgent entreaty he would try even to do a little studying. So he returned to the school to beg his teacher's pardon and to settle down for the first time in his life to apply himself faithfully to his books. But it was too late for him to become even a moderate scholar in the simpler branches of a village education.

The time had come when he must "make a break." The place was too strait for him. He must go out to face the world and make the best of it. At the age of seventeen this

country lad, with no other piety in him apparently than the love of his mother, and a determination to be an honest and successful man, rude in manners and speech, shabby in dress, with his mother's blessing upon him as a benediction, with few dollars in his pocket, but with muscles like steel and the courage of a young lion, Dwight L. Moody set out from Northfield to seek his fortune in Boston.



Goes Out Into the World.

AT THE age of seventeen young Moody, with a very small stock in trade arrived in Boston, ambitious of a business career. He had lots of energy, but it sadly needed educating, directing, controlling. There was evidently "something in him" but that "something" seemed to be anything else rather than a preacher of the gospel. During the visit of his Uncle Samuel Holton to Northfield in the winter, Dwight had asked him for a place in his boot and shoe store in Boston; but learning what a wild young colt he was, the request had been refused. It seemed almost certain that going into the city would be the ruin of such a wilful and wayward boy. But he felt perfectly well able to take care of himself. He could fight his own way in the world; so that at last the mother had given her reluctant consent and her blessing with it, and Dwight L. Moody found himself in Boston. He was made welcome at the home of his mother's younger brother, Lemuel, and began beating about the city for a situation. He surprised his Uncle Samuel by an early call on him at his store, but only to let him know that he was in town. He wouldn't ask for a situation, not he! He would show his uncle he could get on very well alone.

But the rude, awkward, country lad, without recommendations, dressed in an ill-fitting, not to say shabby, suit of clothes, found no door opening up to him. At the end of a week he was disgusted, mad; but not discouraged. He tried as earnestly at Lowell; found nothing. He was tempted to start afoot to New York—his money was all gone—and he had nothing to sell.

"Have you asked your Uncle Samuel to help you to a situation?" inquired Mr. Lemuel Holton one evening.

"No," said Dwight, "he knows I am looking for a place and he may help me or not just as he pleases."

But the proud, headstrong boy was beginning to tremble. Nobody in Boston cared for him anymore than for a log on the river floating to and fro with the tide and current. Taking wise advantage of his weakness, his uncle gave him some good advice. Modesty would win its way to favor far quicker than rude self assertion. Courtesy, a word he scarcely knew the meaning of, certainly not by experience, was more needful than courage. It would be better for him now to call on his Uncle Samuel, show himself willing to be governed by one older and wiser than himself, and content to begin to yield his obstinate will. The colt was bitted at last.

His Uncle Samuel received him kindly, promised him a place in the store on three simple conditions: He was to choose the boarding place for him, the boy was not to be out on the streets at night, he was to attend regularly the Mount Vernon Congregational Church and Sunday school. To these Dwight agreed, and then there was another very comprehensive condition added, Dwight was to be governed by the judgment of his uncle in all matters generally; in other words he must begin to recognize, what was exceedingly irksome to him, the duty of rendering obedience to his superiors.

HIS FIRST START IN BUSINESS.

At last he had a footing in the world of trade. His salary to be sure was very small. He must begin at the bottom, but he might soon learn to climb. A home was found for him in a humble Christian family living in modest style; but withal, most sensible people.

His pride and his poverty remained fast company for many a day, and at times he was quite miserable among the well-bred, well-dressed people he met. But he held fast to his purpose that he would succeed in conquering a place for himself in business. He was quick, and shrewd, in business, a sharp

observer of human nature; ashamed to confess his ignorance and often guessing at prices and qualities. Yet within three months' time he was selling more boots and shoes than any other man in the store. It is said that he went about his duties in the store in much the same vigorous way in which he would have swung a scythe in a field of tangled clover, or have broken a yoke of wild steers. He seemed to think he must be all the time fighting his way in the world. And long after he became famous as a preacher it was said that he seemed to enjoy the service of the Lord all the more, because it gave him at the same time such a good chance to fight the devil.

As the books to which he had access during his restless years in Northfield were few, he had had the more time to think. The original force of his mind had not been smothered under a mass of ill-adjusted reading. He had done his own thinking and a good deal of it.

An incident had occurred in his early manhood which had made a very deep impression on his mind. The truth long remained in his heart, waiting to be quickened into life by the power of the Spirit of God. The incident is found thus vividly narrated in one of those sketches from life by which he sought to arouse and warn the careless and indifferent:

"Before I left the farm," he said, "I was talking one day to a man who was working there, and who was weeping. I said to him: 'What is the trouble?' And he told me a very strange story—strange to me then, for I was not at that time a Christian. He said that his mother was a Christian when he left home to seek his fortune. When he was about starting, his mother took him by the hand and spoke these parting words: 'My son, seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.' 'This,' said he, 'was my mother's favorite text.' When he got into the town to which he was going, he had to spend the Sabbath there. He went to a little church, and the minister preached

from the text, 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God;' and he thought the text and sermon were meant for him. He wanted to get rich; and when he was settled in life he would seek the kingdom of God. He went on, and the next Sabbath he was in another village. It was not long before he heard another minister preach from the same text, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God." He thought some one must have been speaking to the minister about him; for the minister just pictured him out. But he said, when he got settled in life, and had control of his time, and was his own master, he would then seek the kingdom of God.

Some time after he was at another village, and here went to church again; and he had not been going a great while when he heard the third minister preach from the same text, 'Seek ye the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.' He said it went right down into his soul; but he calmly and deliberately made up his mind that he would not become a Christian until he had got settled in life, and owned his farm. This man said, 'Now I am what the world calls rich. I go to church every Sunday; but I have never heard a sermon, from that day to this, which has ever made any impression on my heart. My heart is as hard as stone.' As he said that, tears trickled down his cheeks. I was a young man, and did not know what it meant. When I became converted I thought I would see this man when I should go back home, and preach Christ to him. When I went back home I said to my widowed mother, naming the man, 'Is he still living in the same place?' My mother said, 'He is gone mad, and has been taken away to the insane asylum; and to every one that goes to see him he points his finger and says, 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God?' I thought I should like to see him; but he was so far gone it would do no good. The next time I went home he was at his home, idiotic. I went to see him. When I went in, I said, 'Do you know me?' He pointed his finger at me and

said, 'Young man, seek ye first the kingdom of God.' God had driven that text into his mind but his reason was gone. Some years ago, when I visited my father's grave, I noticed a new stone had been put up. I stopped, and found it was my friend's. That autumn wind seemed whispering that text, 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God.' "

And now we find this energetic and tireless youth settling into the routine of business in Boston and a regular attendant at the Mount Vernon Church, whose pastor was one of the most eloquent and evangelical ministers this country has produced. He was a prince among preachers. He was a magnificent man—physically, mentally and spiritually—just the sort of a man to captivate young Moody; and he, having found a man whom he believed to be wiser and stronger than himself, sat reverently at his feet and learned of him.

MOODY IN SUNDAY SCHOOL.

At this critical period of his youth Dwight L. Moody was fortunate to have been placed in the class of Mr. Edward Kimball, a very earnest and faithful teacher, and one interested in the personal salvation of the scholars in his class. With Mr. Kimball we have frequently conversed and heard over and over again the incidents concerning the early religious life of Dwight L. Moody. A more unpromising lad he had never had in his class. He was rude, uncouth, untaught. On his appearance in the class when he was given a Bible he began looking for one of the epistles in Genesis, to the great amusement of the other scholars. Mr. Kimball sought to cover his confusion by exchanging Bibles with him, and Moody kept his thumb in the place for fear of losing it. For a time it was with great weariness and impatience that he attended the school, and Mr. Kimball felt as if he were not getting hold of the boy—was even failing to interest him. But one Sunday, when the lesson was about Moses, he had listened with something of eagerness and at length broke out with the first remark he had ventured to make, that "Moses

was what you would call a pretty smart sort of a man, wasn't he?" Glad to hear a word from him at last, even if it did savor a little of country smartness, Mr. Kimball enlarged on the question, greatly to Moody's satisfaction. He began to warm up to his teacher, but held an increasing dislike for the men and women who were so rich, and proper, and pious that they seemed to live in a different world from his. And against the young men who wore good clothes and spent a good deal of money, while he had scarcely two dimes to rub against one another, he became very bitter. Therefore he felt himself the victim of ill-fortune and revenged himself savagely in denouncing their pride and did not recognize the fact that in his bitter speech he was the proudest of them all.

This new interest on the part of the lad induced his earnest teacher to visit him at the store. It was a new experience to have anyone take so much interest in him, so that when Mr. Kimball laid his hand upon his shoulder and spoke kindly to him, it softened his nature a little. When the direct question was tenderly asked a little later, "Will you not give your heart to Jesus?" the inquiry pierced to the marrow of his soul.

THAT WAS THE TURNING POINT

in Dwight L. Moody's life. He sought the Lord Jesus Christ with his whole heart, resolved henceforth to consecrate himself to the service of his God. He had found one whom he could call Lord and Master. Life was a new revelation to him. "The morning I was converted," he has said, "I went out-doors and I fell in love with the bright sun shining over the earth. I never loved the sun before. And when I heard the birds singing their sweet songs, I fell in love with the birds. Like the Scotch lassie who stood on the hills of her native land breathing the sweet air, and when asked why she did it, said, 'I love the Scotch air.' If the church were filled with love it could do so much more."

In another bit of biography given as an experience to his English hearers Mr. Moody referred to the momentous point

of his conversion, and told the story of how he was permitted many years afterward to lead to the Savior a son of his teacher. "When I was in Boston," said he, "I used to attend a Sunday school class, and one day I recollect a Sabbath school teacher came round behind the counter of the shop I used to work in, and put his hand on my shoulder, and talked to me about Christ and my soul. I had not felt I had a soul till then. I said: 'This is a very strange thing. Here is a man who never saw me until within a few days, and he is weeping over my sins, and I never shed a tear about them.' But I understand it now, and know what it is to have a passion for men's souls and weep over their sins. I don't remember what he said but I can feel the power of that young man's hand on my shoulder to-night. Young Christian men, go and lay your hand on your comrade's shoulder, and point him to Jesus to-night. Well, he got me up to the school, and it was not long before I was brought into the kingdom of God. I went thousands of miles away after that, but I often thought I should like to see that man again. Time rolled on, and at length I was at Boston again; and I recollect, one night when I was preaching there, a fine, noble young man came up the aisle and said: 'I should like to speak with you, Mr. Moody. I have often heard my father talk about you.' 'Who is your father?' I asked. 'Edward Kimball,' was the reply. 'What?' said I, 'my old Sunday school teacher?' I asked him his name, and he said it was Henry, and that he was seventeen years of age. I tried to put my hand on his shoulder just where his father did on my shoulder, and I said to him: 'You are just as old as I was when your father put his hand on my shoulder. Are you a Christian, Henry?' 'No, sir,' he said; and as I talked to him about his soul, with my hand on his shoulder, the tears began to trickle down. 'Come,' said I, 'I will show you how you can be saved' and I took him into a pew and quoted promise after promise to him. And I went on praying with him, but as he did not get light, I read to him

the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah: "All we, like sheep, have gone astray." Do you believe that, Henry?" "Yes, sir, I know that's true." "We have turned every one to his own way." Is that true?" "Yes, sir, that's true, and that's what troubles me; I like my own way." "But there is another sentence yet, Henry: "The Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all?" Do you believe that Henry?" "No, I do not, sir." "Now," I said, "why should you take a verse of God's word and cut it in two, and believe one part and not another? Here are two things against you and you believe them; and here is one thing in your favor, but you won't believe that. What authority have you for serving God's word in that way?" "Well," he said, "Mr. Moody, if I believed that I should be saved." "I know you would" I replied, and that's exactly what I want you to do. But you take the bitter, and won't have the sweet with it." So I held him to that little word hath—"He hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all."

Mr. Moody received his promise that he would give his heart to Christ, and soon after heard from the father that his son had found peace in believing.

As a young Christian his zeal was strong, but his impulses were as ill-trained and ill-directed as ever. His mind was untutored in the scriptures, his command of language very limited, his use of it was wretched. Mr. Kimball has stated, "I can truly say, and in saying it I magnify the infinite grace of God as bestowed upon him, that I have seen few persons whose minds were spiritually darker than was his when he came into my Sunday school class, and I think that the committee of the Mount Vernon Church seldom met an applicant for membership more unlikely to become a Christian of clear and decided views of gospel truth, still less to fill any extended sphere of public usefulness." Mr. Kimball was also a member of the examining committee before which Mr. Moody appeared, but even with the teacher whom he loved to aid him, he could not state what Christ had done for him. The

chief question put to him was this: "Mr. Moody, what has Christ done for us all—for you—which entitles Him to our love?" The answer, the longest one he gave in his examination, was this: "I do not know. I think Christ has done a good deal for us, but I do not think of anything particular as I know of."

Under these circumstances the committee declined to recommend him for admission but appointed two of their number to watch over him with kindness and teach him the way of God more perfectly. Six months later, May 4th, 1856, he was welcomed into the church fellowship.

Sometime after this, Mr. Moody expressed his gratitude to one of the officers of the church for the course pursued, and said his conviction was that its influence was favorable to his growth in grace.

The Rev. Dr. Kirk was in Chicago a few years later attending a meeting of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions and was entertained by, and preached for, his former parishioner. On his return he called upon Mr. Holton, and said, "I told our people last night that we ought to be ashamed of ourselves. There is that young Moody, who we thought did not know enough to be in our church and Sunday school, exerting a greater influence for Christ than any other man in the great north-west."

Mr. Moody never seemed to forget anything, and an incident is related in which he took a good-natured revenge upon one of those deacons of the Mount Vernon Church.

It was at one of his great meetings in Exeter Hall, London, where he espied his old friend way back under the gallery. He had dropped in out of curiosity to see what the man could do, taking a seat where he felt sure that Moody would not see him. But he spied him out just before closing and called out:

"I see in the house an eminent Christian gentleman from Boston. Deacon Palmer, come right forward to the platform; the people want to hear from you."

In vain Deacon Palmer shook his head. Moody insisted and he was compelled to face the audience. He began by saying that he had known Mr. Moody, in fact, was a member of the same church in early life, and was very glad of his great success in the Lord's service; when Mr. Moody suddenly broke out: "Yes, Deacon, and you kept me out of that church for six months, because you thought I did not know enough to join it."

The effect of such a remark can be imagined but not described. Roars of laughter filled the hall, but the deacon was too shrewd to be easily silenced, and at last said that the audience must agree with him that it was a great privilege to have received Mr. Moody into the church at all, even after such a long delay.

The zeal of the young convert soon began to make things uncomfortable in the prayer meetings of the Mount Vernon Church. He began to speak in the meetings, adding exhortations which were by no means agreeable to the elegant believers about him; indeed, they sometimes were received with evident marks of disfavor. One good old lady even ventured to call on his Uncle Samuel and request him to advise the young zealot to hold his peace until he should be more able to edify the meetings. But Mr. Holton replied that he was glad that Dwight had courage to confess his Savior in such presence and declined to put a straw in his way. The young man had evidently set his face like a flint in the direction of heaven and duty, and so vigorously did he resist the devil and so hopefully struggle ahead, that at last even his aunt, Mrs. Holton, to whom he opened his heart, was constrained to believe that he was one of the elect.

His zeal flamed up rapidly. He wanted to speak or pray in every meeting. Even Dr. Kirk got out of patience with him. Instead of seeking to utilize the energies of this young steam engine they sought to put out the fires. Nobody seemed in any great hurry about the salvation of sinners.

God's processes of grace were supposed to be slow and gradual. "The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence" and young Moody had gone into the kingdom of heaven with a rush, and he was impatient at the slow pace of his neighbors. He wanted to lay hold of "the powers of the world to come." He wanted to hurry on the millennium.

For two years he endured like a caged lion the restraints which the pressure of society put upon him. There seemed to be no room for him anywhere, and having mastered the details of his business he boldly started westward, seeking for fortune and for freedom.



Early Career in Chicago.



WITH every nerve of his body quivering with energy and stinging him into restlessness, with growing pains shooting through heart and mind as well, young Moody full of ambition and zeal in September, 1856, struck out for Chicago.

He would at least have a chance to breathe and grow and find there plenty of work to do in his own fashion. A growing country lad of nineteen, with clothes none too well fitting, who had taken on very little of the Boston polish, certainly must have presented a rough and unfinished appearance as he presented his letters of recommendation to Mr. Wiswall, a boot and shoe merchant located on Lake street. Chicago is a very poor place for boy or man who is not able to keep up with the procession, but she has plenty of cheers for the one who can elbow his way to the front. It is generally a fair field and no favor. Young Moody's hale and hearty manner, good nature and Yankee wit soon made him very popular with the rougher class of customers, and he rapidly won his way as a salesman into the more favorable consideration of his employer. Mr. Wiswall said of him, "His ambition made him anxious to lay up money. His personal habits were exact and economical. As a salesman he was just the same zealous and tireless worker that he afterwards became in religion."

It was the fashion in those early days for some of the younger salesmen to sleep in the store. It had a double advantage; it gave them free lodgings and saved the expense of a watchman. Those were exciting times in the political world, and Moody had three very decided traits of character which made things lively in an amateur debating society that held its meetings in the store with shoe boxes for audience.

He was a violent abolitionist, an ardent calvinist, and from early training a puritan, hence the "Irrepressible conflict" was always "on" in the field of politics, theology and morals. All his energy, however, did not evaporate in mere talk. His zeal for the Master, his desire to be doing something, was urging him as fiercely as ever. He presented his letter to the Plymouth Congregational Church and at once set himself to work as a home missionary. The art of setting one's-self to work is almost a lost art. It seems to have been smothered under the modern idea that all the Lord's work must be done by committees, decently and in good order. But Moody must be up and doing. Do what? Anything he could find to do. The first thing he did was to hire four pews in the church, paying for them, too, out of his moderate salary; and the next thing was to keep them full of young men every Sabbath. He was a stranger to the later text books on "Religion made Easy." He believed in work, hard work, lots of it. Hence he found an outlet for part of his surplus energy in attending morning class in the First Methodist Church. Here he found congenial labor and fellowship also, with a band of young men who went about Sunday mornings to the hotels and saloons and into courts and alleys, distributing tracts and inviting people everywhere to the church services.

But his way was not all easy inside the church, any more than it was outside. He would speak in meeting, and sometimes speak out in meeting to the vexation of the good deacons, and sometimes even to the annoyance of the class leaders. Worst of all he would tell the Lord what he thought of them in terms that were far from flattering; so that even Chicago became tired of a young fellow who would never keep still; and he was too big to sit on.

The chilling reception Moody received from the churches might have been the Lord's way of guiding him out into the great work of his life. He was greatly interested in Sunday schools, and he certainly had a taking way with him. He be-

came a recruiting officer at large. On one of his exploring tours on the Northside he found a little Sunday school in Wells street and offered to take a class. The superintendent eyed him doubtfully, and replied that he had plenty of teachers, but that if he would bring in a class he might have a place for them. The next Sunday in walked Moody with eighteen little, ragged, dirty, bareheaded, and barefooted urchins at his heels, but every one of them, as he said, having a soul to be saved.

TWO FAMOUS PHOTOGRAPHS.

In strange contrast to the many valuable oil paintings which adorn the walls of the Northfield, Mass., home of Dwight L. Moody hang two modest little photographs, framed in plain oak, which were said to be dearer to the heart of the great evangelist than his entire collection of canvases painted by master hands. The photographs, which are reproduced for this volume in half-tone engravings, are of particular interest at present as they mark the beginning of the evangelistic work to which he devoted his life.

The photographs occupy prominent places on the wall of Mr. Moody's favorite room, and the strange contrast between their almost shabby appearance and that of their handsome neighbors attracts the immediate attention of all who enter. The pictures are eight by ten inches in size, and in the handwriting of the great evangelist is written on one, "Does it pay?" on the other, "It does."

In response to inquiries Mr. Moody often laughingly referred to the pictures as his "before and after taking" signs.

The pictures are companions, and Mr. Moody always said one would be incomplete without the other. The first shows a group of fourteen street gamins, ragged and dirty, such as can be found in the slums of any great city, with Mr. Moody and John V. Farwell, of Chicago, in the background. The second shows twelve of the same boys, clean and prim and

neatly dressed in the garments boys of their ages wore many years ago. The pictures are of peculiar interest as the photographs of the boys who composed the first class ever taught the gospel by the man who since preached to more persons and led more to salvation than any man since the days of Paul.

Both pictures are faded by time, and at some time the second met with an accident which almost obliterated the features of the boys. It was repaired many years ago by a photographer who to-day would not pass as an artist at his trade and leaves the youngsters with an unnaturally spick and span appearance. The second picture shows but twelve boys, and Mr. Moody when asked what became of the other two, always replied, "They were lost," leaving the questioner in ignorance as to whether they died or deserted the class and went back to their old haunts.

MOODY FINDS HIS MISSION.

With all his impetuosity and brusqueness and independence of speech and manner, Moody was a very teachable young man; only he was very like an old Scotch Elspeth with whom her minister one day had had a very long and heated and rather disappointing argument. At last he broke out on her impatiently with the words, "But you are not open to conviction." Instantly she replied: "Yes, I am, but show me the mon that can convince me."

One Sunday Moody found a friend. Are you astonished at the statement? A good friend is the scarcest article in this world. This is how it came about. Mr. J. B. Stillson, a Presbyterian elder from Rochester, New York, was at that time building the Chicago custom house. Anxious to do something for the neglected sailors that swarmed along the North river, he began, in the spring of 1857, to visit the ships in the river, holding meetings with them on the decks, or on the street corners among the saloons and the sailors' boarding houses, and giving out tracts and Testaments to all who

would receive them. One Sunday morning he met a stout, hearty fellow doing the same thing, and they "fell in" with each other. The young man begged the privilege of further work with him, saying, "I want to do something for Christ, and I do not very well know how." Thenceforth these two men labored and prayed together for years among the sailors, in the hospitals and jails, in the homes of the poor, the destitute and degraded, and the outcast, and recruited scholars for many a mission Sunday school. But Moody was not long satisfied with this half-way kind of business. He wanted a school of his own, and finding a deserted saloon near the Northside Market he rented it for his school on Sundays and for services during several evenings of the week. What a place it was!

Standing on the sidewalk and looking south he faced the market, a little beyond it the north branch of the Chicago river, sluggish and vile, covered with floating craft of every kind. When preaching on the street his voice could be heard in two hundred drinking and gambling dens. But, worst of all, away to the left, reaching to the shores of the lake, to the point of land between lake and river, was a very devil's dumping ground. It was a sort of "no man's land," called The Sands. Policemen were glad to give it the widest berth. Disorder, drunkenness and vice reigned supreme, and crime was common. It was pandemonium at night. The resort of the lowest and most abandoned creatures ever clothed in human form. No decent person could safely walk those streets after dark. But here the young barbarians swarmed. They were just the kind he was looking for. He had a kind of instinct his mission was to save the lost. These waifs, whom the church was too respectable to care for, at least were taking little or no care of, these were certainly lost and needed a shepherd's care. Here was the field, yet not a field, but a morass, a moral swamp in which people were sinking. Young and old were being literally swallowed up alive in

these sink-holes of iniquity. Here was work hard enough to tax all his energies, yet to him it afforded a secret, even if undefined, satisfaction. Here was ignorance so dense that even he could teach them; misery so pitiable he might bring them some relief; souls so degraded and wretched in their sins that he could exhort to repentance without offending ears polite. In later years some gentleman, or at least a man with some culture, made some unkindly comment on Mr. Moody's grammatical blunders, and Moody turned on him, saying, "Well, you've got lots of grammar. What are you doing for Jesus Christ?"

At that day the phrase was not in common use, but he realized the horrible situation of the people and with all his strength he plunged into the mire to drag up whom he could out of those submerged masses, and he made it his ambition to reach the lowest. His greatest delight seemed to be to search out the vilest and most degraded. His joy was to bring the worst sinners to Christ. Here was his recruiting ground. He began looking for lost sinners on The Sands. He invited, persuaded and finally coaxed the little ragamuffins into his miserable mission room.

His old friend, Mr. Reynolds of Peoria, Ill., once related this incident of early days:

"The first meeting I ever saw him at was in a little, old shanty that had been abandoned by a saloon keeper. Mr. Moody had got the place to hold a meeting in at night. I went there a little late, and the first thing I saw was a man standing up, with a few tallow candles around him, holding a negro boy and trying to read to him the story of the Prodigal Son, and a great many of the words he could not make out and had to skip. I thought, If the Lord can ever use such an instrument as that for his honor and glory, it will astonish me.

"After that meeting was over, Mr. Moody said to me, 'Reynolds, I have got only one talent. I have no education but I



Mrs. Moody and Grandchildren. Copyright 1900 by D. W. Caskey, Jr.



Mr. Moody's First Sunday School Class. "It does Pay."

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Mr. Moody's First Sunday School Class. "Does it Pay?"

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Mr. Moody's Mother.

love the Lord Jesus Christ, and I want to do something for him, and I want you to pray for me.' I have never ceased from that day to this, morning and night, to pray for that devoted Christian soldier. I have watched him since then, have had counsel with him, and know him thoroughly, and for consistent walk and conversation I have never met a man to equal him. It astounds me when I look back and see what Mr. Moody was thirteen years ago, and then what he is under God to-day. Shaking Scotland to its very center, and reaching now over to Ireland. The last time I heard from him his injunction was, 'Pray for me every day; pray now that God will keep me humble.' "

We can scarcely imagine a young man of twenty stumbling through the story of the Prodigal Son. But one thing is certain: Though he may have stumbled over many words, skipping the words he could not make out, he continued to study the New Testament for hours together, and loving Jesus Christ as he did, he found him everywhere and could tell the story of that love and sacrifice so that the negro boy could understand it. That story is for all childhood a very treasure of love. A little girl just able to read was very fond of it and when taken sick and lying on her bed she asked her mother to read it to her. When the mother came to the verses which tell how the father ran out to meet the poor, ragged boy, with tears in her eyes she exclaimed, "O, mamma, how good God is, how he loves us." So. Mr. Moody read the story to the waifs and the vagabonds he could persuade to come to his shanty.

The first thing was to catch the children. One thing he had learned in the cottage home at Northfield from the devotion of his mother and from daily little self-denials for each other's sake in a family so large and so poor—he had learned to love children. He loved them intensely, but how to catch these street Arabs, these little heathen who lived in hovels and received more kicks and cuffs than bread, and more curses

than affection? There was nothing in the shanty to attract the children, only a few rickety chairs and wooden benches along the walls. We are told that he invested comparatively large sums of money out of his small earnings in maple sugar, filled his pockets with the broken pieces and then started for The Sands. In this way he won their confidence and at length came to be known, by sight at least, to every man, woman and child in all that district.

Soon he had a crowd of young ruffians in his mission with his friends, Mr. Stillson and Mr. Trudeau, to help him. Classes there were none. "All three worked to their fullest capacity in quieting several simultaneous scuffles and fights in different corners of the rooms; rescuing little boys from the clutches of the big ones, and keeping down the noise among this mob of children, who, between the prayers and hymns would pull each other's hair and black each other's eyes in a manner which left no doubt of the strictly missionary character of the school."

Mr. Moody did not fret himself out of patience. He had worked hard to get them there. He had promised the Lord to do what he could to save them. If it should take a separate teacher for every boy and every girl in the room, "that school was fore-ordained to go on."

OUTGROWING THE SHANTY

And go on it did most famously, as the following extract will show:

"In 1860 Mr. George H. Stuart made a trip to Europe and went up to Edinburgh to attend the meetings of the Assemblies of the Old Kirk and the Free Church. Mr. Spurgeon was there also, by special invitation, to address the Free Church Assembly. A breakfast was given Mr. Spurgeon by some friends of the Sabbath school cause by way of welcome.

"While Rev. William Arnot was speaking some one sent up Mr. Stuart's name as a friend from America interested in Sabbath schools. As soon as Mr. Arnot sat down he was

called on by the chairman to come up and in five minutes tell all about the Sabbath schools of America.

A FIVE MINUTE SPEECH.

"Taking out my watch, I commenced by stating that, as the subject was a large one and the time for its discussion was brief, I would waive all introductory remarks and proceed at once to the discussion of the subject, dividing it into three heads: First, a place; second, a man; third, a school. I said that when I went to America as a young man the place about which I was to speak had thirty-three inhabitants and that being there last summer with my wife and daughter, I was obliged to get a policeman to help us across one of the principal thoroughfares, the crowd being so great; and that this place had at that time three hundred and seventy-five thousand inhabitants. The people glanced at each other as much as to say, 'That is a Yankee story.' So much for the place.

"The man, when a young lad left his quiet country home to make his way through the world, and found a situation in a shoe store in one of our large cities. The head of the house took the lad to his Sabbath school and placed him in the class of a young teacher who was eminently successful in interesting the boys under his charge. This country lad, being handed a Bible and trying to find the lesson, which was in one of the epistles, was looking for it in Genesis—which set the other boys laughing. The teacher kindly handed the pupil his own Bible opened at the right place.

"This boy afterwards was converted in that church, which he proposed to join, but the pastor found him so ignorant that he declined to receive him for some six months. This pastor was Dr. Kirk, of Boston, who told me this himself, and said that he had afterwards listened to the preaching of that boy with interest and profit. This country boy soon after his conversion removed to the place I have referred to, and soon after, being still regarded as too ignorant to teach in the church Sabbath school, founded one of his own.

"This I had visited when I was in the place referred to on an exceedingly hot summer day, with the thermometer at 98 degrees—so hot, indeed, that one of the most eloquent preachers in the land, Dr. Rufus Clarke, of Albany, adjourned the morning service to meet in the lecture room in the evening on account of the extreme heat. Yet in that school I found over one thousand scholars, who were taught as well as superintended, by this country boy. I closed my five-minute address in time by saying that the place was Chicago, the boy was Dwight L. Moody, and the school the Illinois Mission. I do not believe that half a dozen of those present fully believed my story and probably not one of them had ever heard of Mr. Moody."

THE NORTH MARKET MISSION.

It was not long before Mr. Moody found his school outgrowing the quarters in the old shanty. He must find larger accommodations. Over the Old North Market, which belonged to the city, was a great hall, generally used on Saturday nights for dancing. By special permission of Mayor Haines the school was transferred to this hall. For years this remained the home of one of the most wonderful mission schools in the country. The story of its early trials is now an old one. The condition of that hall on Sunday mornings was most horrible. It took Mr. Moody and his assistants most of the forenoon to sweep out the sawdust and wash out the tobacco and beer slops. This was the more imperative as for sometime there were no chairs or benches, and the children, and indeed the whole school, were obliged to stand or else sit on the floor. Mr. Moody himself could not stand this sort of thing very long, and he started out to raise the money needed to seat it. Among the many to whom he applied was Mr. J. V. Farwell, a wealthy merchant whom he had met at the First Methodist Church. After securing his money he invited him over to see the school. The next Sunday Mr. Farwell appeared as a visitor; but never had he witnessed

such a scene as that hall presented. The seats had not yet arrived. The noise at times was like bedlam let loose. The school was sprawling on the floor, or leaning against the walls. Boys were tussling, turning somersaults, crying out "Papers!" "Have a shine, Mister?" There were a few quieter moments occasionally while the scriptures were being read, or Mr. Trudeau was singing, or Mr. Moody was talking to them. Classes, of course, there were none. Mr. Farwell was soon called to make a speech, and then to his horror Mr. Moody nominated him as superintendent of the school. Before he could object he was elected with a wild hurrah; installed that very day, and for six years the enterprise of

MOODY, FARWELL & COMPANY,

flourished at the old market stand. It soon became very popular. In three months it increased to two hundred; in six months to three hundred and fifty, and within a year the average attendance was about six hundred and fifty, with an occasional crowd of nearly a thousand. It was estimated that about two thousand children passed through that school every year. It was of this school that Mr. George H. Stuart spoke so enthusiastically in Edinburgh in 1860, to the great astonishment, if not incredulity, of his hearers.

The school became immensely popular. Leading members of prominent churches volunteered as teachers, and many wealthy persons became interested in its support. Let us not suppose that this school grew of itself. Behind it were the tremendous energies of Mr. Moody and the assistance of many friends.

In one of his sermons to young men in Edinburgh on "The Lord's Workers," he said: "What men want in doing the Lord's work is courage, enthusiasm, perseverance and sympathy.

"Enthusiasm: We need more enthusiasm. The more we have the better. I have a great admiration for Garibaldi, though I cannot, of course, approve of all his acts. When

put in prison he said: 'It were better that fifty Garabaldis should perish than that Rome should not be free.' This was the cause getting above the man. That is what we want. We want to forget ourselves. There are one hundred thousand men waiting now to be brought to Christ, to be invited to come to Him, and shall we hang back? Let us have enthusiasm."

"Perseverance: 'This one thing I do,' said Paul. He had received thirty-nine stripes, and if he had other thirty-nine stripes to receive, still 'This one thing I do,' he said, 'forgetting the things that are behind I press towards the mark.' A terrible man he was—this man of one thing, and one aim, and determined to go on doing it. To every man his work."

And this young man in Chicago, what a terrible worker he was!

A MAN OF TIRELESS ENERGY.

Here was ample opportunity to test his muscles of steel and to try the courage of the young lion. Every evening in the week, in all weather, Mr. Moody and his friend, Mr. Stillson, or other companion, were steadily engaged from close of business until ten or eleven o'clock at night. He would not let the devil have it all his own way even in Chicago. On Sunday mornings they made a grand excursion through "The Sands" and other lost regions, seeking to gather the wild boys and girls from the streets into the Sabbath schools.

Sometimes he was in danger of his life from enraged Catholics whose children he may have coaxed into his heretical school. Not once, but many times, have such fathers seized a club and rushed upon him with oaths and curses. At such times Mr. Moody would give heed to the words of the wise Master to his earlier missionaries: "If they persecute you in one city, flee ye into another;" saying that his legs were his best friends. How little he knew, when climbing the mountains in Northfield what those legs of his were in training for. But they had this peculiarity, that, after taking him out of

danger one day, they would carry him right back into it again the next day. But under other circumstances his advice was different as the following story told by Mr. Hawley will illustrate:

One of the larger boys came to Moody one Sunday afternoon, seeming to be in great trouble and asking for confidential advice. It appeared that his father was a violent Roman Catholic and a miserable drunkard besides; kind enough to his family when not in liquor, but almost certain to be drunk every Sunday and equally certain to give his son an unmerciful flogging on his return from the North Market School. The boy, who had outgrown his wild ways and learned something of Christian duty, had endured this treatment for a long time rather than run away from home and leave his poor mother and his little sisters, whom he hoped some time to lead into a better way of life.

On hearing the case Mr. Moody replied, "You must take advice of some one who is strong," by which the boy at once understood that he must ask help of the Lord. This he did; and then, going home, was met at the door by his father in a drunken rage, ready to give him the customary beating.

Deliberately taking off his coat he said:

"Father, you have always been kind to me when you are not in liquor; it is not my father but whiskey that beats me every Sunday; so now I am going to fight the whiskey."

The old man, by no means cooled by such words, fell upon him with fury, but in the struggle which followed whiskey was so thoroughly beaten that from that time the father let his son go to his mission school in peace.

But his elder brother also a papist, took the matter in hand, and for a change proposed to thrash Mr. Moody, whom he had never seen, as he had lately returned to the city after a long absence; but before a convenient opportunity arrived he was taken sick with a fever and for some time lay dangerously ill.

Among those who came to watch with him were some of the teachers of that hated North Market School, and presently Moody himself, who sat up with him a night or two watching for a chance to help the poor fellow's soul. On learning who the warm-hearted stranger was, all his anger passed away. The promised beating was referred to no more, and he became as active a friend as he had been an enemy.

Mr. Moody was never too tired to visit the sick to comfort and pray with them. He believed in practical piety, before the sociological, impersonal phrase, "Applied Christianity," was invented. When his own funds ran low he would beg of his friends that he might buy food and clothing for some of the poorest of the poor. One very wealthy gentleman would sometimes join Mr. Moody and Mr. Stillson in the rounds at night. On these happy occasions he would provide himself with a quantity of one-dollar notes folded separately and sometimes give away forty or fifty in a single evening among their poor and sick parishioners.

Mr. Moody was emphatically

A MAN OF ONE BOOK.

His friend, Mr. Stillson, declared that during those years he did not know of Moody's owning any other book, except a copy of the New Testament. This was his sheet anchor. No man was more hungry for learning than he, but his desire was wholly in the direction of learning how to work for Christ. He was determined to know nothing, save Jesus Christ and Him crucified; and that he did know and that was what he taught. There were no series of Lesson Helps in those days, but every scholar and teacher had the one book—a copy of the New Testament. Thus whatever the denominational preferences might be, the gospel which was its great theme and inspiration, made this school a unit and held it close to Christ. It was not so specifically a Sunday school, as a gospel school. That text rang in his ears, "Seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness."

Mr. Moody believed that the shortest road to education and refinement was the road that led to the cross of Christ, and the gate of heaven. If he could make Christians of these wild boys and girls, he believed they would make gentlemen and ladies of themselves. The best praying was that which brought the greatest blessing, no matter how rude and uncouth the language; and the best exhorting was that which brought sinners the quickest to Christ. Dealing so constantly with the ignorant and degraded, brought face to face with the sins and sorrows of immortal souls that were fearfully benighted, his message must needs be a simple one, and he found it in the terms laid down by the apostle, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." To his mind nothing could be easier and to those poor people it also appeared easy. They did as they were taught: "They reached out their dirty hands to take Christ, and attended to the washing of their hands afterwards." "He that winneth souls is wise." And measured by that standard there was not to be found among laity or clergy, even at that early hour in his rising career, a wiser man than the rough, impetuous leader of the North Market Mission School.

THE INFIDEL RUMSELLER.

One day a friend reported a family to him where there were several children "due" at the mission—for Mr. Moody claimed every child in the region for his school—but the father was a notorious infidel saloon keeper, and would not let them come. But we will let Mr. Moody tell the story:

"There was a terribly wicked man whose children I was very anxious to draw to my Sabbath school. So one day I called on this man and said, 'Mr. Bell, I want you to let your children come to Sabbath School.' He was very angry, said he did not believe in the Bible, school or anything else, and ordered me to leave the house. Soon after I went down again and invited him to come to church. He said that he had not been at church for nineteen years, and would never

go again; that he would rather see his son a drunkard and his daughter a harlot than that they should attend the school, and drove me away with violent curses.

"A few days after I called again, and he said, 'Well, I guess you are a pretty good-natured sort of a man and different from the rest of Christians or you would not come back.' Seeing that he was in a good humor, I asked him what he had to say against Christ and if he had read His life, and he asked me what I had to say against Paine's Age of Reason, and if I had read it. I said I had not, whereupon he said that he would read the New Testament if I would read the 'Age of Reason.' To this I at once agreed, though he had the best of the bargain. Again I asked Mr. Bell to come to church, but he said the people were all hypocrites that went to church."

That bargain gave Mr. Moody a chance to call again to take him the Testament, and not long after he called to see how he was getting on, and found him full of objections and hot for debate.

"See here, young man," said he, "you are inviting me and my family to go to meeting, now you may have a meeting here if you like."

"What, will you let me preach here in your saloon?"

"Yes."

"And will you bring in your family and let me bring in the neighbors?"

"Yes; but mind, you are not to do all the talking. I and my friends will have something to say."

"All right; you shall have forty-five minutes, and I will have fifteen.

"The day came, and I went to keep my appointment, but I never in all my life met such a crowd as I met at that saloon. Such a collection of deists, infidels and reprobates of all kinds, I never saw before. Their language and their oaths were horrible. Some of them seemed as if they had come on leave

of absence from the pit. I never was so near hell before."

"You shall begin," said Mr. Moody; and with that they began to ask him questions.

"No questions," said he; "I haven't come to argue with you, but to preach Christ to you."

Then they began to talk and to argue among themselves. They couldn't agree; they quarreled and came very near to fighting before their debate was over.

"When their time was up, I said that we Christians always began services with prayer. 'Hold,' said they, 'two must be agreed first.' Well, here are two of us (for a little boy who had been converted in the mission was with him), and so I prayed. Then the little boy did so. I never heard a prayer like that in all my life. It seemed as if God was speaking through that little boy. With tears running down his cheeks he besought God, for Christ's sake, to take pity on all those poor men, and that went to their very hearts. I heard sobs throughout the hall and one infidel went out at this door, and another at that; and Mr. Bell came up to me and said: 'You can have my children, Mr. Moody.' And one of the best friends I have in Chicago is that same Joshua Bell, and his son has come out for Christ and as a worker for Him."

Mr. Stillson mentions the desperate case of a boy they found on The Sands. He was a sort of chief of a gang of guttersnipes, and it was a long time before they could catch this young ruffian, even with missionary sugar, and invite him to come to the mission school. It was a bitter cold day in February when he made his appearance at the door of the Mission. The only garment he had was a man's old overcoat, so ragged that it had to be stitched together around his body, giving him the appearance of being sewed up in a great, dirty bag. A big pair of shoes, and papers tied about his legs completed his winter costume. Mr. Moody, as soon as he caught sight of him, gave him his hand, pulled him in, and marching with him the whole length of the room gave

him a place in a class with the same kindness and attention he would have shown to the best dressed boy on the North Side.

At sight of this wretched waif, a stranger visiting the school was moved to tears. After the exercises were over, he took him to his own house and gave him a full suit of clothes belonging to his own son. This wild lad, thus civilized in appearance, continued to attend school, and one by one brought all his followers with him. "That lad" said Mr. Stillson, "is now a Christian gentleman, in receipt of a large salary, and superintendent of a Sunday school in one of our large cities."

In his explorations one Saturday evening Mr. Moody found in a house a jug of whiskey, which the men had brought home to drink the next day. They were all away from home; but Moody gave the women a rousing temperance lecture, and persuaded them to let him pour the whiskey into the street. Early on Sunday afternoon he returned for the children. He found the men lying in wait for him to give him a beating. They were furious, and the situation was desperate, as one of them had stepped between him and the door. As they were about to fall on him, Mr. Moody, whose self-possession and courage seemed never to forsake him said to them:

"See here, now, my men, if you are going to whip me for spilling the whiskey you might at least give me time to say my prayers."

This struck them as such a novel idea, they agreed to it, just for the fun of the thing. But they had never heard such a prayer in all their lives. They were at first astonished, then confounded, and at last ashamed of themselves.

When he had finished his prayer, they gathered about him, declaring that he was a good fellow; and in a few minutes he was away for the mission with all the children at his heels.

MR. LINCOLN VISITS THE MISSION.

The visit of Mr. Lincoln, president-elect, to the school one Sabbath in 1860 was a memorable event. Learning of his

presence in the city, Mr. Farwell called at his hotel and secured from Mrs. Lincoln a promise on the president's behalf that he would visit the school the following Sunday. When the carriage was sent for him, Mr. Lincoln was seated at a dinner party given in his honor, but excusing himself, he took a hasty leave and departed. On the way over the river he requested not to be called on for a speech. Addressing Sabbath schools was quite out of his line. But when he was introduced as the president-elect of the United States, the big boys went wild, and called for a speech. It is said that this was the first and only time in his life that President Lincoln made a Sunday school address. There was not a word of religion in it, but he told the boys and girls that they were in the right place and learning right things, and that, if they gave heed to what they were taught they would grow up to be useful and respected citizens.

Sixty of those big, rough boys, a few months later, after Fort Sumter was fired on, answered the call to arms. They had heard and seen the man; it was their president who was calling them.

By this time the exactions of a school of a thousand children became very great. In Mr. Moody's heart and ears was ringing constantly the cry of the destitute, degraded and the dying. It was an exceedingly sad and bitter cry. A singular providence just at that juncture emphasized the cry and led him to give up his business and enlist for life under the banner of the cross, for the service of Christ, in seeking the salvation of his fellowmen.



Begins to Live by Faith.

UPON June 15th, 1854, the Philadelphia Young Men's Christian Association was organized, with fifty-seven members. Mr. George H. Stuart was elected its first president. A small room was hired on Chestnut street below Seventh, which for some time after was opened only in the evenings. The interest in the work, however, increased so rapidly that it was deemed necessary to secure the services of a permanent, paid secretary, and Mr. John Wanamaker, then a clerk in a clothing store, was elected and entered upon his duties—being the first paid secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association in America.

The great revival of 1857--8 brought the laymen forward into greater activity than any previous religious movement in this country. The Philadelphia Association was privileged to take special part in the awakening of that memorable year. One early result of that movement was the establishment of a daily noon-day prayer meeting which grew so rapidly in numbers that thousands met daily in Jayne's Hall, while multitudes more were turned away. This great wave of religious enthusiasm which swept over the land during that winter, wrought out, in the organization of the Young Men's Christian Association, a great and permanent blessing to the city of Chicago.

Stimulated by the great success attending the meetings held in Jayne's Hall, Philadelphia, and the Fulton Street prayer meetings in New York, daily noon meetings were also held in Chicago under the auspices of their Association. So long as the fervor of the religious awakening continued, the meetings were well attended, and Mr. Moody found abundant opportunity for utilizing some of his surplus energy.

He was regular in his attendance at these meetings, and made himself very conspicuous and somewhat disagreeable by his sharp and bold attacks upon the social sins of fashionable society. Those who have heard Mr. Moody in later years using such plain and pungent language when denouncing the habits of those professors of religion who wish to enjoy as many as possible of the pleasures of the world, without spoiling their final chance of heaven, can easily imagine how much less palatable would be the ruder speech of those earlier days.

He certainly had little respect for persons and none for the mere dignities of fashion, wealth or station. Hence, when the tides of revival began to recede, many sensitive but careless people who had been pricked in their consciences by his sharp thrusts and yet were not converted to a higher spiritual life, ceased to attend and the meetings began to drag heavily. But the man who had overcome such terrible obstacles and accomplished so much in the North Market Mission—which had been started against the advice of every minister in the neighborhood—was not likely to cease speaking that which he believed to be the truth, whatever the coldness and disfavor might be with which it was received. Many causes conspiring, however, the attendance fell off to a half dozen, he being one of the six; and when there were but three, he was one of the three—the other two very likely being his good friends, J. V. Farwell and B. F. Jacobs. We are told that upon one occasion all these brethren being out of town, nobody went to the prayer meeting but one old Scotch woman. This excellent old body set great store by the noon meeting and when no one else appeared, she determined to hold it herself rather than have it fail even for a single day. So after waiting a long time, she put on her spectacles, went forward to the leader's desk, read a passage of scripture, talked it over to herself for the comfort of her old heart, then offered prayer for the languishing meeting and for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon it and upon the city. Prayer

being ended, she sang a psalm, and the time having thus been all improved she went comfortably home, feeling that she had done her duty, gained a blessing and saved the noon prayer meeting from being utterly extinguished.

The narration of this experience made a deep impression on the hearts of some of the brethren. Mr. Moody at once set to work to muster the forces and gather new recruits with the same energy that made him so successful in his mission work. The interest revived, the numbers increased, and the presence of the Spirit of the Lord gladdened and refreshed their hearts. All this time, however, Mr. Moody was

ATTENDING TO BUSINESS

being still determined to make his fortune in trade. He had already secured a decided advance in salary and a percentage on sales. During the hours devoted to business he threw himself into his work with greatest interest. One gentleman has thus described his manner as a salesman:

"He would never sit down in the store to chat or read the papers, as the other clerks did when there were no customers; but as soon as he had served one buyer he was on the lookout for another. If none appeared, he would start off to the hotels or depots, or walk the streets in search of one. He would sometimes stand on the sidewalk in front of his place of business, looking eagerly up and down for a man who had the appearance of a merchant from the country; and some of his fellow clerks were accustomed laughingly to say, 'There is the spider again watching for a fly.'"

He was always busy, either serving his customers or looking for new ones, but never idle. By his genial, hearty manner, his willingness to oblige his customers and to take any amount of trouble to please them, his share of trade rapidly increased. His reputation for honest, truthful dealing was firmly established. His eagerness, however, to turn in the largest sales sometimes led him into errors of judgment that a more prudent man would have avoided. We find the fol-

lowing incident related of him by one of his employers:

"We regarded him as an excellent salesman, but a poor judge of credits. In one particular instance he sold goods amounting to over two hundred dollars, to a man whom we found rated as 'doubtful' in the Mercantile Directory, and therefore refused to send them. But Mr. Moody at once came to the rescue of his customer, declared him to be 'as good as the Bank of England' and offered to be responsible for the bill. On this we sent the goods; and when the money was due, sure enough it was Moody who paid it."

But as time went on the affairs of his mission school began to crowd in upon his mind and heart, and when not closely engaged in business, the undercurrent of his thoughts was always running over to the North Side. His business acquaintances and fellow salesmen began to think him unsocial, but with his friends at the mission and all persons interested in Christian work, he was on the happiest terms of intimacy and heartiest good fellowship.

In personal habits he was very economical and he might have saved considerable money but for the claims of the mission and the poor, distressed children he had gathered into the school. "Sometimes I have seen as many as twenty children come into the store at once to be fitted out with shoes," his employer has said.

While we know that he was the almoner of the generous gifts of others, at the same time increasing demands were made upon his time and money by the growing needs of his mission work.

After spending two years with his first employer, Mr. Wiswall, he entered the house of Mr. C. N. Henderson, who had become greatly interested in Mr. Moody and in his work at the mission. He now became

A COMMERCIAL TRAVELER

but no matter how far away his business might take him he was sure to be back on Sunday for his work at the mission.

This would have been a very heavy tax on his income—as the house only allowed expenses for returning once a month—but for a pass granted him through the kindness of his friend, Colonel Hammond, superintendent of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad. This gentleman was also one of that noble company of wealthy men who rallied to the help of Mr. Moody at the mission, glad to shake themselves loose for a time from the routine of business and warm their hearts in the service of the Master.

Upon the death of Mr. Henderson, Moody entered the employ of the house of Messrs. Buel, Hill & Granger, but remained with them only about a year. During all that time he was becoming more and more a missionary and less and less a merchant, until by degrees he came to be so full of his religious work as to lose interest in everything else. The searching experience which led him to this work of self consecration was narrated by Mr. Moody some years later in Chicago, as follows:

“I will tell you how I got my first impulse in this personal work for souls. I hadn’t got hold of the idea; there was no one to teach me, and I was going on with the general work of my school in 1860, when a man who was one of my Sunday school teachers came into my place of business one day, looking very ill. I asked him what was the matter, and he replied ‘I have been bleeding at the lungs and the doctors have given me up to die.’ ‘But you are not afraid to die, are you?’ ‘No, I think not,’ he answered; ‘but there is my class. I must leave it, and there is not one of them converted.’ It was a class of young girls that gave me more trouble than any other class in the whole school; and he had hard work to get along with them. ‘Well,’ said I, ‘can’t you go and call on them before you go away?’ ‘No,’ he said; he was too weak to walk. So I went and got a carriage and took him round to see those careless scholars. And he pleaded with them and prayed with them one by one, to give their hearts to Christ.

He spent ten days at this work, and every one of that class was saved.

The night before he left the city for his home at the East, where he was going to see his mother and to die, we got the teacher and the class together; and such a meeting I never saw on earth. He prayed and I prayed; and then the scholars of their own accord, without my asking them—I didn't know they could pray—prayed for their teacher, and for themselves that they might all be kept in the way of life, and by-and-by all meet again in heaven. I have thanked God a thousand times for those ten days of personal work."

GIVES UP BUSINESS.

Soon after the experience of these ten days Mr. Moody resigned his position and severed his connection with the world of business. He began to live by faith. Following, as he believed, the leadings of the Holy Spirit, he gave up his long cherished hope of making a fortune and thenceforth devoted himself to the work of saving souls.

Meeting him one day soon after he had left their house, Mr. Hill said to him, "Moody, what are you doing now?"

"I am at work for Jesus Christ," was the reply.

"His answer shocked me a little at first; but on thinking it over, I felt that it was a fair statement of the facts in the case. That was just what he was doing; and his work for the Lord was just as real and as vigorous as it had always been for his other employers. He left our house under the pleasantest circumstances, having maintained his Christian character unblemished, and we all bade him God-speed in the work to which we believed he was called."

After he had thus turned his back upon business, he said to his friend, Mr. Jacobs: "I have decided to give God all my time."

"But how are you going to live?" inquired his friend.

"God will provide for me, if he wishes me to keep on, and I shall keep on till I am obliged to stop," was Moody's reply.

Out of the savings of the last few years he took one thousand dollars for his first year's expenses and invested the remainder for future use. He now felt himself to be the happiest man in the land. He was rich, and he was free. He could now devote all his time and heart and strength to personal work for Christ. Week-days, as well as Sundays, were all consecrated to God. His resolution to wait only on the Lord was never broken. From that day until the day of his death he

NEVER RECEIVED A SALARY

from any individual, society or church, or engaged in any speculation or business. Sometimes his faith was sorely tried, but there was always a barley cake between him and starvation. It was not long before the thousand dollars which had seemed so much were used up by the mission and in relieving the misery and destitution which abounded in all that district. Somehow the little balance which he had invested took to itself wings and flew away like Elijah's ravens and he found himself alone on the banks of a dried-up Cherith.

Among the few books which Mr. Moody had read was "Muller's Life of Trust," and by it he was helped to rely on the promise "Trust in the Lord and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed." Instead of going to Zarephath to find some widow to sustain him, he moved his residence, that is, he removed himself into the quarters of the Young Men's Christian Association, in a large back room in the Methodist Church block. It was going back to earlier experiences when he "bunked" in the store to save the cost of lodgings; only now he didn't even have a bunk but only a bench, and frequently only had crackers and cheese for his dinner, with a good supply of lake water. He kept his affairs to himself. He worked harder than ever, collecting large sums of money for the poor, for the mission and the works of charity and religion carried on by the Association, but would not touch a penny of such funds to meet his own necessities.

The Lord knoweth our frame. He knows just when faith has been stretched to its utmost tension. Then comes relief. As Jesus knew the weakness of Peter and said: "I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not"—so does he ever pray for those who trust Him.

"Say not, my soul, from whence can God release my care;
Remember that Omnipotence hath servants everywhere.
God's wisdom is sublime; His heart profoundly kind;
God never is before His time and never is behind."

Mr. Moody received a strong confirmation of his faith in a

REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF HEALING

in the case of a gentleman associated in the work of the mission. A certain Mr. Field, of Wisconsin, had come to Chicago temporarily, on business. Being a man "full of faith and of the Holy Ghost" he became a valuable helper to Mr. Moody, connecting himself with the North Market School. For many years he had been lame in one leg. It had become stiff and crooked and he was obliged to walk with a crutch or a cane. Excessive use of it, searching after new scholars—Moody fashion—in highways and byways, aggravated the disease and he began to suffer great pain from it; so much indeed that he had arranged for a surgical examination on the following Monday.

On Sunday it was noticed that Mr. Field came to the school without his cane. At the close of the exercises he took Mr. Moody and Mr. Farwell up to his room, bounding up stairs two steps at a time, and told them his experience as follows:

"You know how lame I have been, and that my leg had become so painful that I had decided to go to a doctor. Last night I crept out to the nearest bath-rooms, and returned to bed in great distress. While I lay there, the idea seemed impressed upon me that the Lord could cure me as well as the doctor. I called to mind how He healed the man sick with the palsy; and I said to myself, 'I will ask Him to cure me in the same way.' Committing my case wholly to the Lord, I soon

fell asleep; and dreamed that I went to the surgeon as he had appointed, and that he cut open my leg, performed some operation, and immediately closed the wound again, not hurting me in the least.

"My first thought on awaking in the morning was that all the pain was gone; the lame leg felt strangely well. Throwing off the bedclothes, I was astonished to find it straightened so as to be of equal length with the other. Leaping from the bed I found that I could use it with freedom; and remembering my dream I began to praise God for answering my prayer and working on me a miracle of healing.* * * * And I have called you to join me in praising God who is able to save people in these days just as Jesus did in the days of his flesh."

"Since then," said Mr. Farwell, "he walked upon two good legs, like any other man; and the shrunken muscles, by means of proper exercise, as he expected returned to their normal proportions."

While not tending to make Mr. Moody in the least extravagant in his views it was a manifestation of God's nearness, and goodness, and power, and that still the promises held good—for daily bread as for healing—and springing up in his own renewed faith he grasped the hand of the Lord with firmer grip than ever.

Presently some of his friends began to inquire secretly as to how he was living and learning of the bareness of his board and the hardness of his bed, they insisted on providing him with abundant comforts of life. The Lord evidently still had plenty of work for him to do.

To some of his friends who blamed him for neglecting his own personal, worldly interest he would say, "God is rich and I am working for him."

His favorite text of scripture was, "This one thing I do; forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark, for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

Young Men's Christian Association.

FOR more than forty years the Young Men's Christian Association has been the right hand of the church, extended to welcome all young men who would enter her doors. As we have already stated, the Association of Chicago was born out of the great revival of 1857-8, and the dew of its youth and the Spirit, that first inspired and then baptized it, have been its most precious endowments unto this very hour.

Ten years after its organization less than two hundred and fifty societies could be found in all the United States; but to-day there is scarcely a town of any importance where the doors do not swing open at the touch of a stranger's hand, revealing the light, and cheer, and rest, and help, and friendship that await him. Fifty years ago the churches were doing their work in the regular way, with their Sabbath services, Bible schools, and prayer meetings; but the external agencies for reaching the careless and unconcerned, the stranger and the outcast, were comparatively few and left to individual initiative.

Free libraries, free reading rooms, were scarcely known, while the Institutional Church had not even been dreamed of. And if in any of our larger towns and cities the Association seems to be losing somewhat of its attractive power, it may be because the churches are becoming Christian Associations that believe in working seven days in the week, instead of one, for the salvation of the individual and the uplifting of the masses. Many of the narrower or more conservative divines who had little idea that the churches of Christ were organized for the very purpose of making aggressive warfare against the kingdoms of the devil, were disposed to speak contemptuously of this useless fifth wheel to the gospel chariot. Our civil war, however, proved that the extra wheel every caisson

had to carry was of inestimable value to the safety and effectiveness of a battery of light artillery. Selfish criticisms were sometimes heard against the large amounts of money spent in buildings, equipment and maintenance, which might have accomplished so much more good if poured through the routine channels of church work. It is a sufficient answer to all such captious criticism that some of the largest hearted, most devoted Christian men to be found in our churches felt that some new means must be devised to overtake some part of the enormous amount of work still left undone.

Looking back over those fateful years in the sixties, it would seem as if God was, by the great revival of 1857-8, preparing the heart of the nation for the awful sacrifice of war, and by the organization of the Young Men's Christian Association training young men who might render most valuable assistance in ministering comfort and consolation to the sick and the dying.

When Mr. Moody cut loose from business that he might spend all his time in working for Jesus Christ, his heart was already taking in

A SECOND LOVE.

From its beginning he had given to the Association a large measure of his devotion and zeal. Now that his time was all his own for Christly service, he had been appointed chairman of the visiting committee to the sick and to strangers, for which he was so peculiarly well fitted. Chicago was a city of great distances. From the Lake shore the streets ran in every direction until they vanished in the boundless prairies. The city was his parish. The missionary pony was a necessity if he was ever to visit his field, and one was bought out of the vanishing remnant of that thousand dollars, not to divide his labors but to multiply them—as the pony had four legs to his two.

An old resident on the Northside who was familiar with

him in those days, declares that he would chase the small fry up the streets and down the alleys, and after a Sunday morning's search for new scholars, would emerge from some dirty lane, or court, his pony literally covered with ragged urchins, followed by other of the same sort, holding on by the pony's tail, catching by the stirrups, or clinging to each other's rags; and these he would march in grand procession down to the North Market Sunday school.

Mr. S. A. Kean, for many years treasurer of the Chicago Young Men's Christian Association, speaking of those days, said:

"Moody found a congenial field of labor in the Association. When we joined it had but a few members; and, though it was called a young men's association; it was composed and managed almost entirely by middle-aged, or elderly men. As a consequence, its methods and policy were quiet and conservative. Moody's advent among them was like a stiff northwest breeze. His zeal and devotion were the life and the hope of the Association. But he shocked the nice sense of propriety of some of these gentlemen by carrying its work among a class of people who had hitherto been neglected, under the impression that its proper line of effort was among the higher classes of young men.

"Under Moody's leadership the Association became, like the North Market Mission, a free and popular institution—extending its influence to all classes of society, and bringing the cultured and wealthy to the assistance of the ignorant and the poor.

"Mr. Moody was always fertile in schemes and expedients for raising money for the Lord's work, but of the many tens of thousands of dollars which he secured for the Association, he received nothing whatever for himself.

"He always refused a salary, saying it would embarrass him and limit his freedom to go at a moment's notice wherever the Lord might call him. I was treasurer of the Associ-

ation from the time of his first connection with it, and I do not remember (he spoke from memory, as all the books were burned in the great fire) to have paid him a dollar, either for his services or the expenses incidental to his work. Neither do I remember any appropriation being made for his assistance, though he often needed and always deserved it."

Mr. Moody soon became the acknowledged chief in the department of city mission work. He arranged that each mission school should be visited by and make reports to the Association. He also endeavored to have each mission taken under the care and patronage of some strong and wealthy church. By this means the missions were strengthened, the young people given opportunity for personal service and the churches themselves roused and stimulated to greater activity in every department of their work.

Under his inspiring leadership a great deal of lay talent was brought into use and vastly multiplied. Some one has said that the Lord only gave Mr. Moody a half of a talent, but by diligent use he became the greatest soul winner in the world. The success of the Association even at that day, in bringing into the Kingdom large numbers of persons who had seemed to be utterly reprobate, caused the greatest astonishment. It became a blessing to all the evangelical churches in the city and soon commanded the confidence and co-operation of almost the entire Christian community.

The first year's report of the committee of visitation, of which Mr. Moody was chairman, gives the number of families visited as 554, and the amount of money used in their relief as \$2,350. The spiritual results, the souls comforted, the hearts won to the love of the Lord Jesus, the Book of Life to be opened at the last day can alone reveal; but it is safe to say that Mr. Moody was at that time the minister of Christ to more bodies and souls than any ordained clergyman in the city. The missions were all active and thriving. The poor had the gospel preached unto them—often in spite of them—

selves. The noon prayer meeting, "though not always select, was generally forcible," and the manifest blessing of God rested on the man whose faith and zeal had roused a vast Christian brotherhood to realize their power and privilege as believers in Christ, and set them to work.

CAMP AND FIELD.

General Sherman once said: "War is hell." It must be a most righteous cause indeed that can justify an appeal to arms. When the "dogs of war" are let loose and the aid of the "God of battles" is invoked, it is not the immediate issue of a battle, nor of a campaign, nor even the terms of peace that can unerringly point out the side "whereon the right doth lie." It may require the passing of many years or even centuries before men may begin to read with any certainty what were the hidden purposes of an over-ruling providence.

In 1860 the United States was approaching the days of a tremendous struggle. It has been said that the famous "House-divided-against-itself" speech of Abraham Lincoln delivered in the hall of the House of Representatives at Springfield, Illinois, on the seventeenth day of June, 1858, secured for him the nomination for the presidency. In that speech he said: "I believe this government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free. I do not expect the house to fall, but I do expect it will cease to be divided." His election hastened the hour, and his inauguration precipitated the "Irrepressible Conflict." On the 14th day of April, 1861, the first gun was fired on Fort Sumter, and on the 15th the proclamation was issued calling for seventy-five thousand men.

Then came quickly the call for three hundred thousand more, and the four long and bitter and terrible years of war to preserve the integrity of the American Union and deliver it from the curse of slavery, had begun.

No one who has lived through those years of sorrow, suf-

fering and sacrifice, can ever forget the magnificent uprising of the people at the call of patriotism and duty. The war afforded the occasion also for the manifestation of the most remarkable Christian heroism and devotion that Christendom has ever witnessed, whereby many thousands of sick and wounded soldiers were saved from death, thousands redeemed from the power of the temptations and vices of the camp, and many brought into the kingdom of God from the very edge of the grave.

ORGANIZATION OF THE CHRISTIAN COMMISSION

The annals of the Christian Commission will remain, perhaps forever, as the noblest record of what the power of the Spirit of Christ can accomplish among men. Thousands of Christian men and women, inspired by the example of Him "who came not to be ministered unto, but to minister," were found everywhere, both in camp and on the battlefield, in hospitals and in the prisons, like good angels going wherever there was need that they could reach, and ministering alike to the suffering of the "boys in blue" and the "boys in gray." In the midst of all the horrors of war, where the harvests of death were constantly ripening, God was working through these devoted servants miracles of mercy, and miracles of grace, the like of which had never been seen before.

We are sure our readers will appreciate the insertion of a leaf or two out of these records regarding the organization of the Christian Commission.

The great revivals which had preceded the civil war had prepared many of the young men of the country to carry their religion with them into the camps as they responded to the call for three hundred thousand men.

The Christian Associations in Washington, Philadelphia and Chicago, and other cities, were all busy in their own way looking after the spiritual interests of the soldiers, but there

had as yet been no united effort on their behalf. Many Christian gentlemen felt that they should combine, in some measure, efforts for their temporal welfare with those for their spiritual, believing, as Mr. George H. Stuart very sensibly said: "There is a good deal of religion in a warm shirt and a good beef steak." Accordingly, the International Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association, of which Mr. George H. Stuart was chairman, and Mr. John Wanamaker, secretary, called an informal convention of the American Associations to meet in New York on the 14th of November, 1861.

The following resolution was adopted unanimously: "That it is the duty of the Young Men's Christian Association to take active measures to promote the spiritual and temporal welfare of the soldiers in the army, and the sailors and marines in the navy, in co-operation with the chaplains and others. Also that a Christian Commission, consisting of twelve members, who shall serve gratuitously, and who may fill their own vacancies, be appointed to take charge of the whole work."

Of this Commission Mr. George H. Stuart was chosen president. He has said that he considered it the most important position he ever filled, as it introduced him into what he ever after regarded as the great work of his life.

Of this Commission Mr. John V. Farwell, of Chicago, was a member.

In January, 1862, the executive committee of the Commission issued an address setting forth the great needs of the army, and the work which had been committed to their care. The address stated that there were seven hundred thousand men in the army and navy who had left the comforts of home to endure hardships, and many of them to die, for their country, and appealing urgently for means to minister to their temporal and spiritual welfare. But it was not until May 14, 1862, that their first delegate was commissioned, and their special work fairly begun.

The government gave the Commission every facility possible for carrying on their work in the camps, in the hospitals, or on the battlefields. All the railroads applied to endorsed the printed commission that was given to their delegates, furnishing transportation free of charge; they also carried all their stores and publications, and supplies of every sort, free of charge. All telegraph lines also in the country were freely placed at their disposal. No matter how long a despatch was, if it bore the signature of George H. Stuart, it was marked D. H. (Deadhead). We will only take space to narrate a single instance of the character and rapidity of their work. We find it in the life of George H. Stuart:

"We were often obliged," he writes, "to use these wires in great emergencies to raise money; as in the case of

THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG,

when I found that our treasury was largely overdrawn, while over twenty thousand wounded soldiers of both armies had been left on the battle-field, to whom we speedily sent three hundred and fifty-six delegates, with nearly a hundred thousand dollars worth of stores. Before starting for the field myself, I drew up a long despatch, to be sent to the leading cities, stating the facts and asking for the privilege of drawing for different amounts. Boston, I asked for ten thousand dollars; and the response came back the same day, 'Draw for sixty thousand.'

It was in the work of the Christian Commission that Mr. Moody, so well known in Chicago, was brought more prominently before the notice of the public. At the outbreak of the war, Mr. Moody, as chairman of the devotional committee of the Christian Association, found their opportunities for doing good vastly increased. A large camp of rendezvous and instruction was formed in the southern part of the city, called

CAMP DOUGLAS.

With the arrival of the very first regiment, the committee

were there and a religious service was held. Public worship and prayer meetings were everywhere established within easy reach of the soldiers. The zeal and devotion of the Christian soldiers were thus stimulated at the very outset and they were encouraged and helped to take a bold stand for Christ, and not be ashamed of His name.

Very soon Mr. Moody was the leader of a well organized band of one hundred and fifty Christian workers, who were carrying the gospel news from camp to camp, and from tent to tent with all the ardor and tenderness of brotherly affection. By his efforts a Y. M. C. A. chapel was erected at Camp Douglas, at a cost of \$2,300, in October 1861—the first camp chapel in existence. Over fifteen hundred of these services were held in and around Chicago by the Association during the war. Of these meetings Mr. Jacobs has said:

“Mr. Moody seemed almost ubiquitous. He would hasten from one barrack and camp to another, day and night, week days and Sundays, praying, exhorting, conversing personally with the men about their souls, and revelling in the abundant work and swift success which the war had brought within his reach.”

Many of the soldier converts having been sent to the front in Kentucky, they made most earnest appeals that Mr. Moody would come down and establish similar meetings in their war camps. In response to their repeated calls Mr. Moody was sent to the army near Fort Donelson, having the honor of being the first regular army delegate from Chicago, if not the first from any Association.

Mr. J. V. Farwell was made chairman of Mr. Moody's war committee. When news arrived of the fall of Fort Donelson, February 15th, 1862, a special committee of relief was sent with Mr. Moody to the field, and with them went many others eager to minister to the sick, the wounded, and the dying. On the way up the river from Cairo a discussion arose as to the most efficient way of doing the great work lying before

them. Mr. Moody, full of the idea of saving souls, urged that the first business in every case was to find whether the sick or dying man were a child of God; if he were, then with a word of prayer they were to pass on to the next; but if not, he was to be pointed at once to the Savior.

Robert Collyer, a Unitarian divine, declared that the first comforts to be administered to these men who were ready to perish, were whiskey, brandy, milk punch, and the like. "Brace up the nerves of the poor fellows," said he, "and help to keep them alive, rather than begin trying to prepare them for death."

Another minister thought that both were right, and both were wrong. They ought to do both according to circumstances, though agreeing with Mr. Moody, if the poor fellow were actually dying, he should at once be told the story of the thief on the cross.

Mr. Collyer was on his feet in a moment. "What!" said he, "are we to tell our dying heroes, who have gone forth to fight our battles and save our flag, while we stay comfortably at home, are we to talk to them about thieves?"

The applause that greeted this speech showed where were the sympathies of the crowd, who had gathered about them. There is a very wide belief or feeling, at least, that "Christ isn't going to be hard on one who has died for his fellow-men." That to die for one's country is a quick and sure way of getting to heaven.

The Crusaders went forth to battle for the possession of the Holy Sepulchre under the blessing of the Pope, who promised deliverance from all the pains of purgatory and immediate entrance into heaven to all who fell in battle or by the way. They went out to meet their Moslem foe, who were equally fanatical, believing that "Paradise lies under the shadow of the sword." But the wide experience of Christian men ministering on many a battle field bears universal testimony that Mr. Moody was right. No dying soldier was ever

enabled to rejoice in a sure hope of eternal life, except through faith in the crucified Redeemer.

In the presence of men whose names were already entered on the roll call of death, with but a few hours or moments to live, Mr. Moody was to learn, under the teaching of the Holy Ghost, how most effectively and speedily to point their anxious hearts, their longing eyes unto the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world. His addresses often contain allusions to scenes of army life, and among them occurs this

STORY OF A DYING SOLDIER.

"After one of our terrible battles—I was in the army, attending soldiers—I had just lain down one night, past midnight, to get a little rest, when a man came and told me that a wounded soldier wanted to see me. I went to the dying man. He said, 'I wish you to help me to die!' I said: 'I would help you to die if I could. I would take you on my shoulders and carry you into the kingdom of God, if I could, but I cannot. I can tell you of one that can.' And I told him of Christ being willing to save him; and how Christ left heaven and came into the world to seek and to save that which was lost. I just quoted promise after promise, but all was dark, and it almost seemed as if the shades of death were gathering around his soul. I could not leave him, and at last I thought of the third chapter of John, and I said to him: 'Look here, I am going to read to you now a conversation that Christ had with a man that went to him when he was in your state of mind, and inquired what he was to do to be saved.' I just read that conversation to the dying man, and he lay there with his eyes riveted upon me, and every word seemed to be going home to his heart, which was open to receive the truth.

"When I came to the verse where it says: 'As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up: that whosoever believeth in him should not

perish, but have eternal life,' the dying man cried: 'Stop, sir, is that there?' 'Yes, it is all here.' Then he said, 'Won't you please read it to me again?' I read it the second time. The dying man brought his hands together, and he said: 'Bless God for that! Won't you please read it to me again?' I read through the whole chapter, but long before the end of it he had closed his eyes. He seemed to lose all interest in the rest of the chapter, and when I got through it his arms were folded on his breast. He had a sweet smile on his face; remorse and despair had fled away. His lips were quivering, and I leant over him, and heard him faintly whisper from his dying lips: 'As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up; that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life.' He opened his eyes and fixed his calm, deathly look on me, and said, 'O that is enough! that is all I want.' And he pillowed his dying head upon the trust of those two verses, and in a few hours rode away on one of the Savior's chariots and took his seat in the Kingdom of God."

One of the Christian Commissioners gives the following instance of another kind of

ANSWER TO PRAYER.

"A party of our men found themselves one night on a battlefield, in charge of a great many wounded soldiers, who, by reason of the sudden retreat of the army, were left wholly without shelter or supplies. Having done their best for the poor fellows—bringing them water from a distant brook, and searching the haversacks of the dead for rations—they began to say to themselves, and to one another, 'These weak and wounded men must have food, or they will die. The army is out of reach, and there is no village for many miles; what are we to do?' 'Pray to God to send us bread,' said one.

"That night, in the midst of the dead and dying, they held a little prayer meeting, telling the Lord all about the case, and begging Him to send them bread immediately; though from

whence it could come they had not the most remote idea. All night long they plied their work of mercy. With the first ray of dawn the sound of an approaching wagon caught their ears, and presently, through the mists of the morning, appeared a great Dutch farm wagon, piled to the very top with loaves of bread. On their asking the driver where he came from, and who sent him, he replied:

"When I went to bed last night I knew that the army was gone, and I could not sleep for thinking of the poor fellows who always have to stay behind. Something seemed to say to me, 'What will those poor fellows do for something to eat?' It came to me so strong that I waked up my old wife, and told her what was the matter. We had only a little bread in the house, and while my wife was making some more I took my team and went around to all my neighbors, making them get up and give me all the bread in their houses, telling them it was for the wounded soldiers on the battlefield. When I got home my wagon was full; my old wife piled her baking on the top, and I started off to bring the bread to the boys, feeling just as if the Lord Himself were sending me.'"

Is it any wonder that men who were working so constantly amid such scenes, and with such experiences as these, should have become bold to claim the promises? Any wonder that they seemed to come into terms of holy intimacy with God, and pleaded with the Lord as with a most personal friend? Is it strange that their faith in the simple words of the gospel of the grace of God should increase mightily, as they saw so many precious souls go sweeping through the gates in glorious triumph?

As reports of these wonders of grace wrought in the field and camp, were made by Mr. Moody and his co-laborers on their return from frequent excursions to the front, the Chicago noon-day prayer meetings became intensely interesting. They became in fact the very heart and center of the religious life of the whole northwest. Requests for prayer came pour-

ing in by the thousands, followed by tidings of gracious answers received, and sometimes with gifts of money and supplies for helping on the work of the Commission.

While Mr. Moody was often among

THE FIRST TO THE FRONT

after such battles as those at Pittsburg Landing, Shiloh, Murfreesboro, Chattanooga, his greatest works were being carried on in Chicago. His North Market Mission, the Christian Association, and Camp Douglas—now transformed into a prison for captured rebels—divided his time, but only multiplied his energies and devotion.

A great revival under Moody's preaching took place among the ten thousand prisoners confined there. Meetings were held every afternoon and evening, and great excitement was produced throughout the city. The tidings went far and wide. These boys in gray became brothers in Christ, and "when their time came to be exchanged, they went to their southern homes thanking God for their bonds, in which His servants had found them, and where they, though prisoners of war, had found peace and liberty in the Savior."

Mr. Moody was privileged to enter Richmond with the army of General Grant, and many of the scenes he there witnessed have been used to illustrate the work of Christ as a deliverer. We can not more fittingly close this chapter than by giving the following incident as he was wont to relate it:

"We had been in Richmond but a few hours before I heard that the colored people were going to have

A PUBLIC MEETING

down in the great African church that night, and I thought to myself, although I am a white man, I will get in there somehow. I had a hard fight to get in, but I did succeed at last. It was probably the largest church in the south. There were supposed to be three or four thousand black people there, and they had some chaplains of our northern regiments for their

orators on the occasion. Talk about eloquence! I never heard better. It seemed as if they were raised up for the occasion. I remember one of them, as he stood there on the platform, pointed down to the mothers and said: 'Mothers, you rejoice to-day that you are forever free, all your posterity is free; that little child has been taken from your bosom and sold to some distant state for the last time.' And some of those women shouted right out in meeting, 'Glory to God!' They couldn't keep the good news to themselves. They believed they were delivered. They believed the good news.

"Then this man turned to the young men and said: 'Young men, rejoice to-day! It is a day of jubilee, a day of glad tidings. We come to proclaim to you that you are free. You have heard the crack of the slave-traders' whip for the last time.' And they shouted and clapped their hands, and said, 'Glory to God.' Then he turned to the young women and said: 'Rejoice to-day! You have been on the auction block and sold into captivity for the last time.' And then they clapped their hands and shouted for joy. It was a jubilee. What made them so glad? They believed they were liberated and that is what made them so joyful. People want to know why Christians are so joyful. It is because they have been delivered from the power of Satan."



Builds His First Church.



THOSE four long years of dreadful war were also years of great spiritual power over all the land. There was scarcely a group of soldier boys from the country cross roads, or company from the town, or regiment from the city, that did not start as it were from beneath the very shadow of the cross. What earnest, living words were spoken in those last services; words of warning and entreaty, words of inspiration and hope; and mingling with the suppressed sobs of wives and mothers, and gaspings for breath on the part of strong men, were the closing words of prayer commending the departing soldiers to the loving care and the great mercy of God. The coldest, hardest hearts would grow tender, and eyes unused to weep would fill with tears as the compassion and love of God were invoked for those who were suffering in prison or in hospital, in camp or on the field; and men who forgot to pray for themselves, would respond with earnest and sincere, though silent, "Amens." By the side of every preacher of the gospel to

"BOYS IN BLUE," OR "BOYS IN GRAY,"

death seemed to stand, pointing with skeleton finger to the yawning graves on every battlefield, and saying, "Do thou shoot God's arrows and I'll shoot mine." What was to be done had to be done quickly and tenderly; and for that work, as we have seen, hundreds of Christian men and Christian women had gone forth in the name and in the strength of the Lord Jesus.

Mr. Moody often used to say that he would much rather get ten men to work than to do the work of ten men; yet in all his herculean labors among and for the soldiers, he was not only doing the work of ten men, but was also inspiring and directing the labors of hundreds more, while with all his mar-

velous and untiring energy he thus wrought—happiest when he had the most to do— Mr. Moody had not lost the power of his first love. His North Market Mission still occupied the first place in his thought and life.

Beneath the overshadowing presence of God, which was felt throughout the land, special blessings attended the work on the North Side. The school had crowded hard the capacity of the North Market Hall, and in the very midst of the war, 1862-3, Mr. Moody set to work to raise money to build

A MISSION CHAPEL.

In 1863 a very commodious building was erected not far from the old market on Illinois street, at a cost of about \$20,000. The regular attendance at the school was now something like one thousand, with about a thousand others passing through it every year. Among these there was a large nucleus for a permanent congregation. Between three and four hundred persons had become converted, and needed pastoral oversight. They needed also the training and development of Christian character, which can only be gained under the discipline and responsibilities of a regular church organization.

The history during the last forty years of the rise, growth and permanent usefulness of Mission schools proves the wisdom of the decision to which Mr. Moody was led or driven by the very logic of events. A strong hint of the purposes of Providence may always be found in the very nature of things—and in the nature of people, as well. There was no place for the Mission converts in the regular congregations which were to be found in that district. Though the doors might swing open to them and a true Christly spirit might welcome them, these poorly clad and ignorant people couldn't feel at home among strangers. Then, the style of preaching, however true to the spirit of the gospel, was away out of their reach. They had not been brought up in the church, had not been born in any regular way, but, like Topsy, they

had just "grewed" out of the ground, out of slime pits. And no pastor with two sermons and a weekly lecture to prepare for a critical, fastidious city congregation, could possibly give these people that personal oversight, care, sympathy and help which were so much needed in the development of the religious life of these missionaries of religion.

They knew nothing but the life of the Mission. They had grown up in poverty and ignorance and were slowly growing up into something better. But where they had received their first impulses unto a better life, where first they had learned to trust in Jesus Christ as a Savior, that place was, and that place alone, could ever be, to them a "home." And so the development of

AN ORGANIZED CHURCH

out of the unorganized mass of humanity forming the school, was in the nature of a divine evolution. No one knew so well as Mr. Moody the conditions of life out of which these hundreds of converts had come into the knowledge and love of God. None knew so well their spiritual needs, and upon the heart of no one else did such a burden of responsibility rest for their future welfare. Hence, after much careful consideration on the part of those most deeply interested, and with prayer for divine guidance, the conviction gradually grew clearer that, for the spiritual growth and larger life of these converts, a church should be organized within the mission itself. Acting on this conviction, Mr. Moody invited all the city ministers of his acquaintance, and prominent laymen with whom he had been associated in Christian work in city, camp or field, to meet in council at the Illinois Street Chapel for the purpose of organizing a church. There was a large attendance, and most of the evangelical denominations were represented, and after prayer, Mr. Moody arose and presented the business for which he had called them together. He gave a rapid sketch of the rise of the mission, of the great success which had attended it in bringing sinners to Christ.

Then he stated the difficulties in the way of persuading these converts to unite with other churches; hence the necessity of an organization of these believers into an orderly and regular church, in which the ordinances of the gospel might be celebrated, and of which he might be the recognized pastor, that so the work of the Lord might be carried on with increasing power. As he proceeded to state the case it became increasingly evident that many of the common forms would not suit their case at all. It would be amusing, were it not such a serious matter, to notice how quickly the brethren began to make excuses. His near neighbor and friend, the rector of an Episcopal church felt obliged to withdraw from the council, which he could not officially recognize, though expressing his great pleasure in the good work being done.

A good Baptist brother could not assist in the work of the council because Mr. Moody had not gone down into the water nor come up out of the water, but was satisfied with the ordinance as administered by Dr. Kirk, after the fashion suggested in the text, "I will sprinkle clean water upon you and ye shall be clean." A Presbyterian divine expressed his sympathy with the work, but was sorry that he could only assist in the organization of a Presbyterian church.

A Methodist pastor, a fast friend and fellow worker, was sorry that these good people could not be organized into a Methodist church, with class meetings, love feasts, quarterly meetings and camp meetings—all of which seemed so well suited to their spiritual needs.

But Mr. Moody held to some of the strong points of Calvinism, nor could he be persuaded to join Conference, nor did he propose an itinerant ministry for his church, though he was a great traveler himself. Only the Congregationalists were left and on their simple polity the believers were organized into the "Illinois Street Church." This was their all-inclusive idea of a church, that they were a company of saved sinners, that Mr. Moody was their pastor, and Jesus Christ

was head over all. The candidates were then examined, the ordinance of baptism administered at the hands of the ministry present, and then with tears and songs of joy they celebrated together their first communion.

This church, though thus organized, has never been reckoned a Congregational Church. Mr. Moody never received any other ordination than that of providence and the spirit of God; nor has his name ever been published in the minutes of that or any other religious body. After the great fire a new and very commodious church was built on another street, hence its name, "The Chicago Avenue Church," though popularly known to this day as "Moody's Church."

It may be a matter of interest to our readers to have their "Articles of Faith" reprinted, as a statement of the things most commonly believed, and that only in the very words of scripture, furnishing thus a basis of doctrinal union in which all who love our Lord Jesus Christ can entirely agree, though they may never agree in forms of worship or church polity.

ARTICLES OF FAITH.

"1. We believe in the only true God (John 17:3), the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost (Matt. 28:19), who created all things (Rev. 4:11) and upholds all things by the word of His power (Heb. 1:3); in whom we live, and move and have our being (Acts 17:28). A God of truth, and without iniquity, just and right is He (Deut. 32:4) and He shall judge the world (Ps. 9:8).

"2. We believe all scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness; that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works (2 Tim. 3:16, 17).

"3. We believe that by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin, and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned (Rom. 5:12) and judgment came upon all men

to condemnation (Rom. 5:18). For the wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord (Rom. 6:23).

"4. We believe that there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved (Acts 4:12); for other foundation can no man lay than that is laid which is Jesus Christ (I Cor. 3:11). We also believe that Christ died for our sins according to the scriptures, and that He was buried, and that He rose again the third day according to the scriptures (I Cor. 15:3-4.) and sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high (Heb. 1:3) now to appear in the presence of God for us (Heb. 9:24).

"5. We believe God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life (John 3:16); and he that believeth not God hath made Him a liar; because he believeth not the record that God gave of His Son, and this is the record, that God hath given to us eternal life, and that this life is in His Son. He that hath the Son hath life, and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life (I John 5:10-12).

"6. We believe that Christ, the head over all things to the church (Eph. 1:22), hath comanded us to baptize in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost (Matt. 28:19); and that the same night in which He was betrayed He took bread; and when He had given thanks He brake it, and said, Take, eat: this is my body, which is broken for you; this do in remembrance of Me. After the same manner also He took the cup when He had supped saying, This cup is the New Testament in my blood. This do ye as oft as ye drink it, in remembrance of Me; for as often as ye eat this bread and drink this cup, ye do show the Lord's death till He come (I Cor. 11:23-26).

"In accepting and subscribing to the above articles of faith, we by no means set aside or undervalue any of the scriptures of the Old and New Testament, but believe all to be equally

God's own written word, given to us through the inspiration of the Holy Spirit; but the knowledge and belief of the truth, as stated in our articles of faith, we deem necessary to salvation and sound doctrine, and thereby requisite for Christian fellowship."

To this church and its great school Mr. Moody gave the most of his time and energy, though calls for his services to attend revivals and conventions were becoming very frequent and urgent. The interest and attendance increased rapidly in the new church. The secret of Mr. Moody's success was largely in his

WONDERFUL POWERS OF LEADERSHIP.

All the members had something definite to do. It is said that the bell in the first church building rang out every night in the year for some kind of a religious service. There were meetings of all sorts and for everybody: for mothers, and men, and strangers, and boys, and girls; Bible meetings; gospel meetings, and on Sunday the services were in an almost continuous series from early till late, and Mr. Moody tried to look in on all of them.

He believed every Christian had a work to do and he was trying to help people find out what they could do.

Mr. Moody once speaking on this subject, said: "God has a niche for every one of His children. Happy the man or woman who has found his or her place. A great many men want to do big things. That is the mistake I made when I started out. I wanted to preach to intelligent people, but I found the people didn't like to hear me. So I began with the children. They liked to hear me, and I got along very well. I grew right up along with them. But it was years before I could talk profitably to grown people. I talked to the children and it was a grand school. It was the preparation I needed. That was my theological seminary."

At Northfield he was once asked how to start

A COTTAGE PRAYER MEETING.

"The way we used to do in Chicago," he said, "was this: We would go around from house to house till we found a woman who was willing to have a meeting in her house—it might be an unconverted woman. It takes a good deal of moral courage for any woman to have a meeting in her house, where all the people in the street know her, but if you get her consent, ask the neighbors to come in—a great many people who won't go to a church will go to a cottage prayer meeting. Some of the best hours I have spent in my life were in the cottage meetings. If I have had any success, that is where I learned to preach. Get twenty or thirty mothers together with their children. Read a portion of scripture. Get the children to sing; it will always interest a mother to hear her child sing, even if it doesn't sing as well as Mr. Sankey. Talk comforting words to the mothers. I tell you what: I'd rather a thousand times talk to these mothers than to Gospel hardened sinners. When a young mother is just beginning to feel her responsibility, it isn't very difficult to reach her heart."

AS A PASTOR

Mr. Moody knew all his people and all his people felt acquainted with him. Everybody in the district knew the number of his little modest frame cottage. Like Job he could say, "The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me; and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy."

Mr. Hitchcock, a superintendent in his Sabbath school, has given an account of two hundred calls which Mr. Moody made one New Year's Day. A carefully prepared list of residences had been made, many of the families living in garrets or in upper stories in tenement houses:

"At an early hour the omnibus which was to take him and several gentlemen on their rounds was at the door. On reaching a family belonging to his congregation, he would leap out of the 'bus, spring up the stairways, rush into the

room, and pay his respects as follows: 'You know me; I am Moody. This is Deacon DeGolyer, this is Deacon Thane, this is Brother Hitchcock. Are you all well? Do you all come to church and Sunday school? Have you all the coal you need for the winter? Let us pray.' And Mr. Moody would offer ten or twenty words of tender, earnest supplication that God would bless the man, his wife, and each one of the children. Then, springing to his feet, he would dash on his hat, dart through the doorway, and down the stairs, throwing a hearty 'good-bye' behind him, leap into the 'bus and off to the next place on the list; the entire exercise occupying about a minute and a half."

We are not surprised that long before the day was done the horses gave out, as Mr. Moody insisted on their going on a run—and then they proceeded on foot. One after another his companions gave out and returned to his house as best they could, while the tireless pastor finished this long list of calls alone, and then returned home in the highest spirits, and with no sense of fatigue, to laugh at his exhausted companions for deserting him.

Mr. Moody always liked to have scripture mottoes decorating the walls of the church and the Sunday school rooms. The story is a familiar one that the gas burners above the pulpit were arranged to spell out in great letters of light, the precious words,

"GOD IS LOVE."

"One Sunday night in winter a poor, shivering fellow was passing the place, and seeing the vestibule door open, went in to shelter himself from the cold. The inner door was ajar, and being curious to see for once the inside of a place of worship, he looked cautiously in. The strange light above the pulpit caught his eye and fastened his attention, and the holy words burned themselves into his heart. He entered the meeting, gave himself to Christ, was soon happily converted, and became a useful member of Mr. Moody's church."

We can easily understand how Mr. Moody's relations to his church were of the closest and most tender character. Most of the members of it had been won to Christ by his own ministry. Many of them had been verily plucked as brands from the burning, had been drawn up from many a pit of sin. Many had been rescued from utmost poverty and degradation. How could they love him enough? Is it any wonder that for his sake they would toil, and even suffer if need be for him who had brought them out of darkness into the light and liberty, and joy and fellowship of the children of God? How willingly, under his inspiring admonitions did they themselves strive also to become soul winners!

Thus the church was brought up to a high degree of practical efficiency. Many of those wild lads were growing up to be useful men, well trained in the Bible and helpful in carrying on various kinds of religious services. Among the deacons and leading members were quite a number of very acceptable preachers, who, during his absences from home, were quite well able to conduct the regular services. But for a long time he made it a point to get back for his own work on the Sabbath.

In an address delivered at Northfield on "Enduement for Service" there is a reference to this period of his ministry:

"It is important to know whether the work we are doing is the work God would have us do. I remember that at one time when Dr. Kirk came to Chicago, his old power came back upon him, and he just shook that city as I had never seen it shaken. I suppose if he had stayed, there would have been thousands and thousands converted. The mayor of the city and the leading men all came to hear him, and they said, 'If we could have that kind of preaching we would be glad to hear it.' But he went back to his pastoral work. I believe that man was meant for an evangelist; yet he went back to visit the widow and the fatherless. That was an important work, but others could have done it. Some men

are gifted one way and some another. One man has got gifts as a pastor, and another has got gifts as an evangelist, while another is specially qualified to stir up Christians. Let every one ask

AM I IN THE RIGHT PLACE?

Am I where God wants me to be? If we would do that, it might break up a good many pastorates. Are you ready—ready to cut the ties?

“When I was in Chicago I used to take a circuit out in the country and preach during the week-evenings; but I think I made a great mistake in binding myself too closely to my regular work. There was time after time when there would be a hundred inquirers in the country and yet I would hurry away so as to preach in my own place in the city on Sunday night, and then perhaps only find myself beating against the air. Let us be ready to go anywhere—to go everywhere the Master calls. If you want this power for service, God will give it to you. Just say: ‘Here I am, Lord; send me where you please, only give me souls. Give me power to win souls for Jesus Christ.’ When that is the uppermost thought in our hearts He won’t disappoint us.”



Farwell Hall.



AS WE study the various sketches of the life and labors of Mr. Moody, or recall the last twenty-five years of most marvelous success in everything he has undertaken in the ministry of the gospel, in the service of humanity, we are astonished beyond measure. But when we consider that this man made it his entire business to serve the Lord, why should we be astonished? At the very beginning of his wider ministry he has revealed to us one factor in his great success: "The men who have been successful are not those who work by fits and starts, but three hundred and sixty-five days in the year. By the grace of God, these eighteen years I have been kept working for God. People complain of how cold other people are; that is a sign that they are cold themselves. Keep your own heart warm, as if there were no other but you in the world. Keep working all the time, at steady, constant work. For the last eleven years I have not let a day pass without saying something to somebody of Christ. Make it a rule that never a day pass without speaking for Christ. People won't like it. If you are a living witness for Christ it makes people mad against you. The man that is popular with the world is not a friend to Jesus Christ. You can not serve two masters. The world hates Christ, and if you are a friend of the world, you can not be a friend of His. You may be sure that something is wrong with you when everybody is your friend. Every man here can win souls for Christ."

The five years from 1866 to 1871 were years of tremendous energy and enterprise. The greater blessings attending the building of the Illinois Street Church, with its vastly increased facilities for Christian work, made Mr. Moody very eager to have a new building erected for the Christian Association work. The rooms they were then occupying were greatly overcrowded and entirely inadequate for the new

work that he was inaugurating. We have heard of a certain dark closet under a stairway used generally for the storage of wood and coal that was the only place he could find for private prayer in the Methodist Church block. Their noon-day meetings were thronged. A great work of salvation was being carried on, and many were being turned away, when Mr. Moody and two other young friends entered into a written covenant to pray unceasingly for a new building.

Some said: "The only way for us to obtain a new building is to elect Mr. Moody

PRESIDENT OF THE ASSOCIATION."

It went very much against the grain with many of the more wealthy, cultured and conservative members among both the clergy and the laity to think of having such a blunt, unlearned man as Moody elected as head of the most prominent Association in all the country. The electioneering was very exciting, but the friends of Mr. Moody won out by a few votes and he was elected president. At once a building committee was appointed, of which Mr. John V. Farwell was chairman. A stock company was formed to hold the building in trust. Certificates were issued to bear six per cent. interest from date of the completion of the edifice. The rentals of stores and offices were expected to pay interest and expenses and afford a surplus of \$10,000 or \$15,000, annually, with which to buy in the stock. "But so large a portion of the building was to be devoted to religious uses that subscription to its stock had a sweet savor of Christian liberality. It might possibly pay for itself. But probably the investment would bring larger returns in heaven than on earth." The placing of over \$100,000 of this stock was the great financial success of Mr. Moody's life. The name and fame of his splendid edifice, with a hall large enough to seat three thousand people, were widely known throughout the Christian public of the English speaking world.

On Sunday evening, September 29th, 1867, this spacious

hall crowded with a vast assembly, was opened and dedicated to the worship and service of Almighty God. From the address delivered by President Moody—the only title, I believe that he ever honored by wearing—we cull but a brief extract or two:

“If there is one thing more than another for which Chicago is distinguished, it is the rapidity of its growth in size, wealth and in the extent of its trade. But of the great and swift successes which have come to us, none is more striking than that of the Young Men’s Christian Association.

“During the last month, while we have been getting in sight of the end, many a man has said to me, ‘Don’t get proud.’ That is good advice. I feel, more than anything else, and more than ever before, that Jesus has accomplished this great result for us. And for this wonderful blessing I want you all to praise Him.

“A few years ago this Association was growing weaker and weaker, and at one time it came very near dying. Those who organized it made the mistake of supposing that if they opened some rooms, and gave notice of meetings to be held in them, sinners would come there of their own accord to be saved. But they were not long in finding out that if they would save the lost they must search for them in the by-ways and dark places, where they are hidden away from the light of Christ and His gospel.

“Then we began to go out and bring them in. That was just what Christ told us to do. And now, because we have obeyed Him and gone to work in His way, Christ has helped us to build this hall.

“But it seems to me the Association has just commenced its work. There are those indeed, who say we have reached the limit of our power. But we must rally round the cross; we must attack and capture the whole city for Christ.

“When I see young men, by thousands, going in the way to death, I feel like falling at the feet of Jesus, and crying out to

Him with prayers and tears to come and save them, and to help us to bring them to Him.

"His answer to our prayers and His blessing on our work, give me faith to believe that a mighty influence is yet to go out from us, that shall extend through this country, and every country in the state, through every state in the Union, and finally, crossing the waters, shall help to bring the whole world to God.

"We must ask for money, money, more money at every meeting; not for the support of the Association as it now is, but to enlarge its operations. We want to build homes for young men and for young women, mission schools, Magdalen asylums, as well as places of resort for innocent amusement and mental and social culture; so that there may be no excuse for our young people being caught in the traps which Satan sets for them all over the city."

Standing on that platform and gazing upon the sea of glad and shining faces, rejoicing together in what God had wrought through them, it is little wonder that he looked out on the future and longed to see the greater glory of God. Grandeur than that vision splendid that rose before his ardent imagination have been the magnificent results of a thirty years' service since that blessed hour. He was permitted with his friend and co-laborer, Mr. Sankey, and other helpers, to carry on the most extensive evangelistic labors that ever mortal man has accomplished. He was permitted to girdle the globe with his enthusiastic and successful ministries. He rejoiced to see rising on the hills of Northfield and Mount Hermon schools for the Christian training of thousands of earnest-hearted young men and women, and in the heart of Chicago a splendid church and Bible institute for the salvation and education of thousands more. The Lord poured into his hands gold by the hundreds of thousands of dollars that these early visions and desires of his soul might come to glorious fruition. It was as if the Master had said: "The world shall have one ex-

ample given to it of what one talent may amount to during a single man's life time when put out to usury."

After a most eloquent address, Mr. Farwell presented his report as treasurer, from which it appears that the cost of the entire plant and equipment was only one thousand dollars short of an even \$200,000; and a little later Mr. George H. Stuart, of Philadelphia, was introduced to that most enthusiastic audience. As president of the United States Christian Commission no man living could have been more welcome, as certainly none was more loved and honored, for his magnificent management and consummate leadership of that Commission during the war. It was while engaged in that work that he had first met Mr. Moody, and had come to value his sterling worth and enthusiastic devotion as a Christian worker. Mr. Stuart began his speech by saying that he had traveled over eight hundred miles expressly to be present at the dedication of the first hall ever erected for Christian young men. He described the origin of the Young Men's Christian Association in 1844 in London in meetings for prayer held in the private room of Mr. George Williams, a clerk in a mercantile house, situated in St. Paul's churchyard.

"The Chicago Young Men's Christian Association was revival born. It was among the first in existence. It was also among the earliest and most successful missionary organizations brought into use in connection with the war. God has been with you. You have had the 'God bless you' of thousands of soldiers, and now that the war is over, untold thousands of sinners out of Christ wait for your peaceful ministry in his name. * * *

"And now with the hope of youth and the vigor of manhood your Association commences a new and splendid career, blessed with the confidence of all branches of the Christian church. Therefore, inscribe upon your banners the words of the heroic missionary, Carey: 'Attempt great things for God and expect great things from God.'"

Near the close of the service, Mr. Moody rose and said:

"It was the generous subscription of thirty thousand dollars by the chairman of our building committee, which purchased this land and gave us at the outset a good hope of all we see to-night. Now, by way of giving honor to whom honor is due, I propose that we name this building

FARWELL HALL.

All in favor say 'Aye.' " With a glad, tumultuous shout, the hall was christened. We may imagine but not describe the enthusiasm that marked the services of that memorable evening. What volumes of praise, what solemn words of thanksgiving and of supplication! What tears of gladness, with renewal of vows! What an overshadowing of the divine presence rewarding and encouraging their faith!

As we strive to realize something of what all that meant for the spiritual and material welfare of the multitudes in that great, bustling, driving city of Chicago, let us not forget to thank God for the energy, courage, devotion and zeal of that young man, just passing thirty years of age, who was the vitalizing force and unifying power that made Farwell Hall a possibility—Dwight L. Moody.

That we are not saying too much is proved by a most remarkable testimonial of the confidence of the Christian ministers and the members of the Young Men's Christian Association, when they voted to give over the entire direction of the meetings in Farwell Hall to Mr. Moody, the president of the Association. Who could have believed it possible that the humble clerk in a shoe store, who but twelve short years before was gathering ragged, dirty vagabonds off the streets into a deserted shanty and reading to them stories of the gospel by the light of a few tallow candles, should now have placed at his free disposal one of the finest halls in America, and the most completely equipped establishment in which to carry on Christian work that could be found in the whole world?

Never was Christian layman so honored before—yet it did

not seem to kindle any spark of selfish pride; but it did give his ceaseless ambition wider spheres of service.

The noon prayer meetings, under his impetuous leadership often filled the smaller hall with its thousand chairs, and on special occasions the great hall was used. He was not above doing any Christian work that he asked anybody else to do. To the man who began seeking lost sinners on "The Sands" there was nothing beneath him. To him who could go among the saloons and from the street corners capture a dozen roughs and take them with a rush into his evening services in the "Chicago Avenue Church," it was an easy thing to stand on the sidewalk and invite men to "go right up to the noon prayer meeting."

STRANGERS' MEETINGS IN FARWELL HALL.

He organized a meeting on Monday evenings especially for strangers, of which he gave a vivid description to the young men of Edinburgh, in telling them how great need there is of sympathy if one would reach the hearts of men. He said:

"Some men have courage, perseverance and zeal, but their hearts are as cold as an icicle. Christ might have been born in a palace had He chosen, but poor men would have said He had not come for them; but He was born in a manger, lower than their own rank in life. The minister who speaks to people as if he were separate from them, that tells them what they should do, this and that, will not carry them with him. To speak to men from a higher platform is not the way to do them good. It should be what we do—we poor sinners and you. The milk of human kindness is a great element in bringing souls to Christ.

"We have in Chicago a meeting for strangers; and it is most blessed. Every Monday night, seventy-five to a hundred young men newly arrived in the city, assemble to find friends. A young man coming from the country to a situation

or to college in town, feels very lonely. He walks the streets and has no one of all the crowds to speak to him, and he is miserable. That is the time when his heart is softest; then, if any one speaks to him, or shows him acts of kindness, he never forgets it.

"The devil watches for friendless youths like these; and the ensnaring paths of vice seem refuges from loneliness. Such a young man, walking along the street, sees a big brown paper pasted on a boarding, or at a railway station, or somewhere else, having painted on it, 'Strangers' meeting to-night. All strangers invited to attend.' So he goes, and meets a kind look and words of friendship, and it is better to him than anything in the world.

"During our war there was a southern man who came over to a Wisconsin regiment, saying he could not fight to uphold slavery. Sometime after, the mail from the north came in, and all the men got letters from their relations, and universal joy prevailed. This southern man said he wished he were dead; he was most unhappy, for there were no letters for him. His mother was dead, and his father and brothers would have shot him if they could, for going against them. This man's tent-mate was very sorry for his friend, and when he wrote to his mother in Wisconsin, he just told her all about it.

"His mother sat down and wrote to her son's friend. She called him her son, and spoke to him like a mother. She told him, when the war was over, that he must come to her, and that her home would be his. When the letter reached the regiment, the chaplain took it down to where this man was standing and told him it was for him; but he had no friends; it must be for some one else. He was persuaded to open it, and when he read it he felt such joy he went down the lines saying 'I've got a mother.' When afterwards the regiment was disbanded, and the men were returning to their homes, there was none who showed so much anxiety as this man to get to his mother in Wisconsin. There are hundreds of young men

who want mothers, and any kindness done to them will not lose its reward."

It is said that the intensity of the feeling under the burning words of Mr. Moody was such that at the close there was a great burst of applause commencing, which Mr. Moody checked by quietly lifting his hand, and saying: "We don't want applause; and mind, it's Sunday."

We have already quoted the sentence, "If you are a living witness for Christ it makes people mad against you." And perhaps no man ever made more people mad by his eager, blunt manner than Mr. Moody; but how often a blessing followed, as the following incident will show:

"You must stop your impertinence," said one of his friends to him, one day. "You narrowly escaped a beating from a man whom you asked in the street whether he were a Christian or no. He said he would have slapped you in the face if he had not remembered you were a non-combatant."

"Do you remember his name?" inquired Mr. Moody. It was given him. "Have you seen him within a few days?" "No." "Well," said Mr. Moody, triumphantly, "that man has come to be one of my very best friends. He was baptized and joined the church last Sunday; and he dates his first serious feelings from that impertinent question of mine."

In these direct appeals to strangers he was accustomed to act from impulse which he believed was given him by the Spirit of the Lord. One who knew him most intimately said of him:

"He seems always to be carried along on a sea of inspiration. He passes his life tossing on its waves where he is as perfectly at home as the stormy petrel on the ocean." But "to every man his work," was one of his favorite sayings.

Mr. Moody was an incessant student of the Bible. For years he rose at five o'clock that he might have a few hours of prayerful study of the Word, before beginning the arduous labors of the day, while before the noon-day meetings he

generally spent a half-hour in prayer before going down to the sidewalk to invite men to come in.

It is narrated of him that one day a merchant from a distant city was passing along a street in Chicago when he was suddenly stopped by a person whom he had never seen before, who, placing his hand upon his arm, and looking him full in the face, startled him by the question, "Do you belong to Christ?" For a moment he was too much astonished to reply, but at length, remembering that he was in the neighborhood of Farwell Hall, a smile broke over his face, and looking kindly upon his questioner, he replied, "You must be Moody." And so it was.

In at least this one thing Mr. Moody obeyed the injunction of the great apostle, "Be instant in season and out of season."

I have no doubt Mr. Moody made a great many mistakes and sometimes he stumbled; but it always seemed as if he stumbled towards Christ. Mr. Reynolds, a lifelong friend, narrated the following incident told him by a Christian brother:

"I shall always remember Mr. Moody," said he, "for he was the means of bringing me to Christ. I was in a railway train one day, when a stout, cheery looking stranger came in and sat down on the seat beside me. We were passing through a beautiful country, to which he called my attention, saying,

" 'Did you ever think what a good heavenly Father we have, to give us such a pleasant world to live in?' I made some indifferent answer, upon which he earnestly inquired: 'Are you a Christian?' I answered 'No.' 'Then,' said he, 'you ought to be at once. I am to get off at the next station, but if you will kneel down right here, I will pray the Lord to make you a Christian.'

"Scarcely knowing what I did, I knelt down beside him there, in the car filled with passengers, and he prayed for me with all his heart. Just then the train drew up at the station and he had only time to get off before it started again. Sud-

denly coming to myself, out of what seemed more like a dream than a reality, I rushed out on the car platform, and shouted after him, 'Tell me who you are!' He replied, 'My name is Moody.' I never could shake off the conviction which took hold of me, until the prayer of that strange man was answered and I had become a Christian man."

With the same impetuous zeal he would sometimes walk up and down the aisles in Farwell Hall scanning the faces of the congregation for tokens of the Spirit's strivings; and when he noticed a thoughtful or penitent looking person he would go right to him and say, "Are you a Christian?" If the answer was at all doubtful he would quickly say, "Do you want to be saved? Do you want to be saved now? Let us pray," and the half-penitent soul and Christians about would fall on their knees while Mr. Moody prayed for him and the man would find himself, as it were, pushed head foremost into the kingdom of heaven. Mr. Moody soon came into great prominence throughout the central west and northwest as the organizer of Christian Associations, teaching men out of his twelve or fifteen years' experience in Chicago, how to plunge into the rapids of sin down which sinners were sweeping, to rescue them from destruction.

He insisted that they must go out and seek the lost, seek everywhere in the courts and alleys, in highways and byways, in saloons, gambling dens, and brothels, if by any means they might save some.

But scarcely were all the agencies centering in Farwell Hall brought into highest state of efficiency before by fire in January, 1868, it was suddenly, totally destroyed. The financial loss was very great, as it was but partially insured; yet almost before the ruins were cold, new plans for a finer hall still were well under way. Mr. Moody and Mr. Farwell were both pledged to this great enterprise.

Many of the old stockholders rallied nobly to their help; new ones were solicited, and, in another year, a second Far-

well Hall, grander than the first, arose on the same foundations.

One of the special means of reaching and retaining the hearts of the poor was through

THE RELIEF DEPARTMENT

of the Association as administered by Mr. Moody. It was said of him that he never gave away a pair of trousers, or pair of shoes, or a load of wood or pound of sugar or tea without an earnest exhortation or prayer; and on all possible occasions the recipients were urged to give their hearts to Christ, and attend the prayer meetings in Farwell Hall. The poor in all parts of the city, as well as in the district about his church, came to know Mr. Moody, and would run after him, sometimes to ask assistance, very often to express their gratitude and love. If any one praised his charity he would say, "Don't praise me, but if you love me, love Christ for my sake."

While tender hearted and full of sympathy with those in distress, he dispensed relief to them as he did to the wounded soldiers on the battlefields, not primarily for the sake of comforting their bodies, but with the hope of saving their souls. This was the consuming passion of his soul—recognized and felt and acknowledged to be such by Christian friends and men of the world—without cant or pride or self righteousness, or slightest measure of self-seeking, and this fact gave him access to the hearts and pocket books of rich men, whom no other man could reach.

The four years during which Mr. Moody was president of the Association were years of great spiritual power. His Sunday services were most remarkable. Beginning the day with a Sabbath morning sermon in his church, he devoted the afternoon almost entirely to his great mission school, and after meetings. The climax came in the evening at Farwell Hall, where he generally repeated his morning sermon, though with endlessly varied applications and illustrations. With a single exception this was the largest Protestant congregation in

Chicago, and was always followed by inquiry meetings in the smaller hall, where many members who had been trained in his church proved most efficient helpers.

Farwell Hall, with the finest audience room in the city, became the great religious center of Chicago. Great religious campaigns were organized in it, and great revivals swept out from it. During all those years the leading, organizing, directing spirit, the man whose presence was felt down through the minutest details of all its multiplied agencies for good, was this same humble, earnest, devoted, wonderful worker and growing preacher—Dwight L. Moody.



Finds a Larger Sphere.



AFTER twelve years of such diversified and indefatigable labors, there was probably no man then living who could more wisely answer the question of Christendom, "How shall we reach the masses?" And especially was this true in his experience in building up his great mission school.

Mr. Moody, feeling his lack of all the wisdom of the schools, sought his instructions directly from the Lord. "If any man lack wisdom let him ask of God* * * * and it shall be given him." And his simple faith had been so honored that in spite of his headlong and impetuous manner, he was listened to with greatest respect and had gradually come to be a master among men. His work had been so greatly blessed that his presence was eagerly sought by the Sunday school conventions of the various counties and especially at the great state conventions. Mr. Moody, Mr. Jacobs, and Major Whittle, were widely known as the Chicago Trio, and were the closest companions on many of these tours.

Mr. Moody felt it to be his special mission to bring the convention itself under the power of the gospel of Jesus Christ and the power of the Holy Spirit. In these meetings there were the beginnings of a new life for him—he was finding out the hiding place of divine power. The wonderful results were seen in the great meetings held at Springfield in 1865. These brethren laid their plans carefully and prayerfully for making this convention one of great spiritual power. They went down three or four days before the date of the convention, arriving on a Saturday. The churches were thrown open to them, the afternoon service resulting in the awakening of seventy persons. The revival meetings continued right through the week, with about two hundred professed conversions. The

sessions of the convention were made glorious by the presence of the Holy Spirit. All hearts were thrilled by the

POWER FROM ON HIGH

and the delegates went down as from Pentecost to carry the holy fire to their own churches and schools. Revivals were kindled everywhere and the reports brought up to the next convention revealed the glorious news that about ten thousand conversions were directly traceable to the Pentecostal baptism of the previous year.. These reports kindled such enthusiasm that the convention arranged through county committees for the visitation of every district in the state in the interest of Sunday schools. These visitations were followed by county conventions throughout all the southern part of the state, conducted by Mr. Moody and Mr. Reynolds of Peoria.

The progress of these brethren was one long series of revivals. The interest increased continually as the news swept over the towns like a prairie fire. There were camp meetings, field preaching, street preaching, preaching in churches, court houses, in public squares—preaching everywhere. Gallatin county reported that the number of conversions reached upwards of six hundred.

Hearing reports of the great blessings following these conventions and means of grace, the Young Men's Christian Association, of Boston, invited Mr. Moody to attend

A GREAT SUNDAY SCHOOL MEETING

at Tremont Temple, and explain the Illinois method. He explained the character of their work and roused a good degree of enthusiasm, but the conservative brethren got the floor and raised so many objections and found so many lions in the way that they actually voted to postpone the whole matter for a year. But Mr. Moody was not to be easily defeated. The convention was about to adjourn—a complete failure—when he whispered to the chairman, "Call another meeting this evening; tell the people I will speak."

The temple was filled to hear the man who had been so com-

pletely turned down in the afternoon. Mr. Moody had already proved himself a masterful man, full of resources and of profoundest convictions and with great power over popular audiences. He began cautiously with a thrilling description of his work at the North Market Mission; gave them incidents of the rescue of wharf-rats and gutter-snipes, discouraged men and fallen women redeemed, restored and becoming cultivated and honorable men and women, and when his audience had reached the point of intensest interest he turned the tide very skillfully, as follows:

"Brethren and friends, I am not very much used to putting motions and bringing them back again after they have been voted down; but we must do something to correct that wrong vote this morning. Now, everybody in the house who is not satisfied with that vote, and wants to go to work at once and organize this state after the Illinois plan, let him stand on his feet, hold up his right hand and say 'Aye.' "

As by a common impulse, the entire congregation rose to their feet and answered "Aye" in a shout so loud that before the close of the year its echoes were heard all over the old Bay state.

Thus Mr. Moody went from Maine to California, from Chicago to Texas, St. Paul to New Orleans, year after year, organizing and rousing up Young Men's Christian Associations, laboring in revivals, gaining wider experience and deeper training for the marvelous work across the sea, which the Lord held in store for him.

The year 1871, however, was to prove in its far-reaching consequences one of the most eventful in all his life—

AN EPOCH MAKING YEAR.

In it he was to learn how to preach as he had never preached before, he was to find his Jonathan, to whom he would cleave during life, and he was to be swept by the great fire out on his world-wide mission. Heretofore his sermons had been chiefly made up out of his personal experience, of remarkable conver-

sions, of rousing appeals to Christians and fervent calls to sinners to repent and believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and great power had accompanied the word. He was studying the Bible with utmost eagerness and feeding his soul on the rich and precious promises, but he was now to learn how to preach it, and he was himself to become one of the most successful Bible teachers of his age.

It happened on this wise. Mr. Moody was about to leave on Saturday for some convention and in arranging for the Sabbath he said to his wife, "I have received a letter from Harry Moorhouse who calls himself

'THE BOY PREACHER'

and he says he will preach for me if I wish it. It is too late to get any one else; and I suppose we must let him try it in the morning; but if he makes a failure you must tell the deacons to find some one else for evening."

On his return he anxiously asked what sort of a preacher Harry Moorhouse had proved to be.

"He is a wonderful preacher," was the reply. "On Sunday morning he preached from the text, 'God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' A crowd filled the church at night, when he took the same text again, and so wonderfully did he explain it that the deacons have asked him to preach every night this week."

It was a week long to be remembered. Night after night he preached from the same text to immense congregations, until he made the love of God appear the central truth of the Bible. At the close of the last service he said: "If I were to die to-night and go up to heaven, and there meet Gabriel, who stands in the presence of God; and if I were to ask him how much God loves sinners, I think he would say: 'God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life.'"

When the meetings were over, Mr. Moorhouse said to

Mr. Moody: "You are sailing on the wrong tack; if you will change your course and learn to preach God's words instead of your own, He will make you a great power for good."

To Mr. Moody these words were as a revelation from heaven. He began to see that the word of the Lord giveth light. From this time on the exhortation of Paul to Timothy came home to him with tremendous force:

"I charge thee, therefore, before God, and the Lord Jesus Christ, who shall judge the quick and the dead at His appearing and His kingdom: Preach the word."

But how could he acquire such knowledge of the word? He had no time to study books; besides, he had no books to study.

Mr. Moorhouse said, "You only need one book for the study of the Bible."

Mr. Moody responded, "You must have studied a great many books to come by your knowledge of it."

But the answer was, "No! Since I began to be an evangelist I have been a man of one book. If a text of scripture troubles me, I ask another text to explain it; and if this will not answer, I carry it straight to the Lord."

Here was a new scheme of education for the pulpit. Every man his own theological seminary; the only text book the Bible; Christ and the Holy Spirit the faculty. In this school Mr. Moody thought he might become a scholar. Thirty years later we find that the Bible is the only text book in use in the Chicago Bible Institute.

Mr. Moody was so much impressed by these remarks that he asked Mr. Moorhouse to show them how to study the Bible. At a meeting of fifty or sixty persons at Mr. Moody's house there was held the first "Bible reading" of which there is any record in America.

Henceforth Mr. Moody became more than ever

A MAN OF ONE BOOK.

He had a very simple rule to govern him in his choice of read-

ing matter: "I do not read any book unless it will help me to understand The Book."

Besides the Bible Mr. Moody used constantly Cruden's Concordance and the compact Bible Text Book, issued by the American Tract Society as invaluable aids to trace a single word or doctrine through the various books. He has answered the question, "How am I to know the word of God?" as follows: "By studying it with the help of the Holy Ghost. As an American bishop said, not with the blue light of Presbyterianism, nor the red light of Methodism, nor the violet light of Episcopacy, but with the clear light of Calvary. We must study it on our knees in a teachable spirit. If we know our Bible, Satan will not have much power over us, and we will have the world under our feet. I think I have got the key to the study of the Bible: Take it up topically. Take 'Love,' for instance, and spend a month in studying what the Bible says about love, from Genesis to Revelation. Then you will love everybody, whether they love you or not. In the same way take up 'Grace,' 'Faith,' 'Assurance,' 'Heaven,' and so on. When you study the Bible, be sure you hunt for some thing. Spend six months studying Genesis; it is the key to the whole book; it speaks of death, resurrection, judgment—it is the seed-plant of the whole Bible. Read the same chapter over and over and over again, and don't leave it until you have understood it. About the twenty-eighth time you have read a chapter you will see the Man Christ Jesus, who is on every page of scripture. Here is another way: Take up one word in a book, such as the word 'believe' of St. John's gospel. Every chapter but two speaks of believing. Look up the nineteen 'personal interviews' with Christ recorded in that gospel. Take the 'conversions' of the Bible. Take the seven "blesseds," and the seven 'overcomes' of Revelation. If you want to get the best book on 'assurance' read I John, 3, and the six things there worth 'knowing.' Take up the five 'precious things' of Peter, or the 'verily's of John."

The visit of that great English preacher, Rev. Dr. Punshon, was also a great blessing to him. The doctor preached for him in Farwell Hall several times. Among others he preached his great sermon on

DANIEL IN BABYLON

which took a vivid hold on Mr. Moody's imagination and showed him that the characters of the Bible were actual men and women, different from other men only in their perfect faith in God.

During that whole summer Mr. Moody studied and preached the biographies of the Bible. One after another the old heroes of faith were called to rise before his vision and show themselves to his amazed and delighted congregations. Far and wide he preached those sermons and they have never lost their power. They have been published in many forms. It may be the more interesting to read a closing page or two of his sermon on Daniel now the inspiration of its writing is known. In that scene in which Mr. Moody describes the king coming in the early morning to the lion's den, approaching the very edge of the platform as he does so, and, in a voice trembling with fear and yet vibrant with hope, crying down through the mouth of the pit, "O, Daniel, servant of the living God, is thy God, whom thou servest continually, able to deliver thee from the lions?"—in that scene, which one can never forget, one feels that his dramatic powers have reached their most thrilling climax.

THE DELIVERANCE OF DANIEL.

"There must have been great excitement throughout all the city of Babylon after the decree of the king had been proclaimed. How jubilant were the enemies of Daniel! Their schemes had prospered. Daniel was as good as slain. He will never observe that command to call only on the name of the king. He will not even be prudent; he will not dissemble. He will surely be found at his window opening towards Jeru-

saalem. Rightly had they judged this Hebrew prophet. The lion's den had no terrors for him. He would rather be in the lion's den with God than on the throne itself without Him.

"And yet he loved the king. In him he recognized a sovereign who had come to the kingdom through the overruling providence of God. He knew that his life was in danger through the malice of his enemies. The king had not meant to strike him to death. And so at the hours of prayer he stretched his hands out towards Jerusalem and prayed for the holy city, for the captive people, for speedy deliverance and restoration to their own land through the kindness of Darius the king. Uncertain as to the issue of the decree against himself, he may have prayed with greater fervor than usual, when the watchful spies spring out of their hiding places and rush off to the king, crying:

" 'O Darius, live forever! Do you know there is a man in your kingdom who will not obey you?'

" 'A man who won't obey me! Who is he?'

" 'Why, that man Daniel. That Hebrew whom you set over us. He persists in calling upon his God.'

"And the moment they mention the name of Daniel, a frown arises upon the king's brow; and the thought flashes into his mind: 'Ah! I have made a mistake; I ought never to have signed that decree. I might have known that Daniel would never 'call' upon me. I know very well whom he serves; he serves the God of his fathers.' So, instead of blaming Daniel he blames himself; instead of condemning Daniel he condemns himself. And then he casts about in his mind as to how he could manage to preserve him unharmed. All that day, if you could have looked into the palace, you would have seen the king walking up and down the halls and corridors, greatly troubled with the thought that this man must lose his life before the sun sets on that Chaldean plain; for if Daniel were not in the lions' den by sundown the law of the Medes

and Persians would be broken; and come what will, that law must be observed and kept.

"Darius loved Daniel; and he sought in his heart to deliver him. All day he sought for some plan by which he might save Daniel, and yet preserve the Median law unbroken. But he did not love Daniel as much as your King loved you; he did not love him as much as Christ loved us; for if he had he would have proposed to have gone into the lions' den in his stead. Let us remember that Christ 'tasted death' for us. I can imagine those plotters having a suspicion as to the king's feelings; and saying to him, 'If you break the law which you yourself have made, respect for the laws of the Medes and Persians will be gone; your subjects will no longer obey you; and your kingdom will depart from you.' So Darius is at last compelled to give him up; and he speaks the word for the officers to seize him and take him to the den. And his enemies would take good care that the den is filled with the hungriest beasts in Babylon.

"You might have seen those officers going out to bind that old man with the white flowing hair; they march to his dwelling; and they bind his hands together. And those Chaldean soldiers lead captive the man who a few hours before ranked next to the king; the noblest statesman Babylon had ever possessed. They guard him along the way that leads to the lions' den. Look at him as he is led along the streets. He treads with a firm and steady step, bearing himself like a conqueror. He trembles not. His knees are firm; they do not smite together. The light of heaven shines in his calm face. And all heaven is interested in that aged man. Disgraced down here upon earth, he is the most popular man in heaven. Angels are delighted in him; how they love him up there! He had stood firm; he had not deviated; he had not turned away from the God of the Bible. And he walks with a giant's tread to the entrance of the lion's den; and they cast him in. They

roll a great stone to the mouth of the den; and the king puts his seal upon it. And so the law is kept.

"Daniel is cast into the den; but the angel of God flies down and God's servant lights unharmed at the bottom. The lions' mouths are stopped; they are as harmless as lambs. And if you could have looked into that den you would have found a man as calm as a summer evening. I do not doubt that at his wonted hour of prayer he knelt down as if he had been in his own chamber. And if he could get the points of the compass in that den he prayed with his face toward Jerusalem. He loved that city; he loved the temple; and probably with his face toward the city of Jerusalem, he prayed and gave thanks. And later on I can imagine him just laying his head on one of the lions, and going to sleep; and if that were so, no one in Babylon slept more sweetly than Daniel in the den of lions.

"But there was one man in Babylon who had no rest that night. If you could have looked into the king's palace, you would have seen one man in great trouble. Darius did not have in his musicians to play to him that night. Away with music and singing! There was no feast that night; he could eat nothing. The servants brought him dainty food; but he had no appetite for it. He felt troubled; he could not sleep. He had put in that den of lions the best man in his kingdom; and he upbraided himself for it. He said to himself, 'How could I have been a party to such an act as that?'

"And early in the morning—probably in the grey dawn, before the sun has risen—the men of Babylon could have heard the wheels of the king's chariot rolling over the pavement; and King Darius might have been seen driving in hot haste to the lions' den. I see him alight from his chariot in eager haste, and hear him cry down through the mouth of the den: 'O Daniel, servant of the living God, is thy God, whom thou servest continually, able to deliver thee from the lions?'

"Hark! a voice gives answer—why, it is like a resurrection voice—and from the depths come up to the king's ear the

words of Daniel: 'O king, live for ever! My God hath sent His angel, and hath shut the lions' mouths, that they have not hurt me; forasmuch as before Him innocency was found in me; and also before thee, O king, have I done no hurt.'

"The lions could not harm him. The very hairs of his head were numbered. I tell you, that whenever a man stands by God, God will stand by him. It was well for Daniel that he did not swerve. Oh, how his name shines! What a blessed character he was!

"The king gives command that Daniel should be taken up out of the den. And, as he reaches the top, I fancy I see them embracing one another; and that then Daniel mounts the king's chariot and is driven back with him to the royal palace. There were two happy men in Babylon that morning. Most likely they sat down at meat together, thankful and rejoicing.

"'No manner of hurt was found upon him.' The God who had preserved Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego in the fiery furnace, so that 'no smell of fire had passed on them,' had preserved Daniel from the jaws of the lions.

"But Daniel's accusers fared very differently. So to speak, they 'dugged a pit for him; and are fallen into it themselves.' The king orders that Daniel's accusers shall be delivered to the same ordeal. And they were cast into the den, 'and the lions had the mastery of them, and brake all their bones in pieces or ever they came at the bottom of the den.'

"Young men, let us come out from the world; let us trample it under our feet; let us be true to God; let us stand in rank, and keep step, and fight boldly for our King! And our 'crowning time' shall come by and by. Yes, the reward will come by and by; and then it may perhaps be said of one, or another, of us: 'O man, greatly beloved!' Young men, your moral character is more than money, mark that! It is worth more than the honor of the world; that is fleeting, and will soon be gone. It is worth more than earthly position; that is transient and will soon be gone. But to have God with you,



Ira D. Sankey.



Rev. F. B. Meyer.

and to be with God—what a grand position! It is an eternal inheritance.”

To return to the narrative. Another of the great events in Mr. Moody's life in 1871 was his finding his Jonathan in the person of

MR. IRA D. SANKEY

the most effective gospel singer of the passing century, whose voice so long retained in a remarkable degree its sweetness, its pathos and its force. For almost thirty years he was Mr. Moody's companion and fellow-laborer in the gospel; his voice carrying the message into the very depths of many souls that had remained shut against the appeals of the preacher.

It was in June, 1871, that Dwight L. Moody and Ira D. Sankey formed the partnership that made the names of Moody and Sankey household words the world over. No one knew the great evangelist so well as Mr. Sankey. He had worked with him, had come into the closest personal contact with him day after day and year after year. In speaking of Mr. Moody's wonderful work Mr. Sankey said:

“When Dwight L. Moody died one of the greatest preachers of the century passed away. We labored together for almost thirty happy years. I followed him through life and I followed him on his last journey—to ‘Round Top.’ Death has for a time put a stop to our work together. Some day, some blessed day, in other worlds, perhaps, we will take it up again.

“Our first meeting seemed an act of providence. Mr. Moody never sat down and folded his hands and waited for the Lord to bring about what he wanted. He did not believe in passive Christianity. So in this, as in every other, he went to work, trusting in the Lord for success.

MEETING OF MOODY AND SANKEY.

“We met at an International Convention of the Young Men's Christian Association in Indianapolis, Ind. I was at that time an assistant collector of revenue at my old home in New Castle, Pa. Mr. Moody was just beginning to win a reputation

as an evangelist in Chicago. I had been singing in religious meetings since I was a boy and doing considerable work in the church. But this was the way I spent my leisure hours. I was making a good salary and enjoyed my business too thoroughly to think of giving it up and devoting my whole time to the work of an evangelist.

"A few days after arriving in Indianapolis I learned that Mr. Moody, of whom I had heard but whom I had never seen, would conduct a prayer meeting at a certain small church. I determined to go, as I felt an almost uncontrollable desire to hear him. I arrived late and took a seat near the door. Scarcely was I seated when the Rev. Robert McMillen, whom I knew quite well, touched me on the elbow and asked me to sing something, as the singing so far had been very poor. I started in with that ever-popular old hymn:

There is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Immanuel's veins.

The congregation joined heartily in the song.

"At the close of the service Mr. McMillen invited me to go up and meet Mr. Moody. As I drew near he stepped forward, and, taking me by the hand, looked at me in that keen, piercing fashion of his, as if reading my very soul. Then he said abruptly, 'Where are you from?' 'Pennsylvania,' I replied. 'Are you married?' 'I am.' 'How many children have you?' 'Two.' 'What is your business?' 'I am a government officer.' 'Well, you'll have to give it up!'

"I was too astonished to make any reply, and he went on, as if the matter had already been decided: 'You are just the man for whom I have been looking the last eight years. You'll have to come with me to Chicago and help me in my work.'

"No other instance in my long association with him better illustrates Mr. Moody's direct, terse, forceful way of doing things than this. I might just as well have given up and joined him then. I might have known I would have to do it. But I struggled against it. A fine position and a good salary were

not to be relinquished at a moment's notice. Mr. Moody saw that I was not willing to consent to his plan, so he asked me if I would not join him in prayer about the matter. I told him I would, but I prayed that I might hold on to my office and my home.

"The next day I got a card from Mr. Moody asking me to meet him at a certain street corner and sing for him at an open air meeting. I wrote on the same card, 'I'll be there.' I was there on time. In a few minutes he came also. He didn't stop to speak, but walked into a store on the corner and borrowed a dry-goods box. He came out and rolled it to the edge of the sidewalk and asked me to sing. I did so, and a crowd began to collect around us. Mr. Moody got up on the box and began to preach—as I never heard any man preach before. His hearers were electrified. They hung on his every word. They were mostly workingmen, going home to their suppers. They forgot that they were tired and hungry. The crowd grew so dense around us that we had to close, and Mr. Moody said that he was going to hold another meeting at the Academy of Music. We started down the street, singing as we went. And the crowd, with their dinner pails, followed us, filling the main floor of the building, and again he spoke to the crowd of men of all classes with such power and pathos as moved hundreds to tears. He had but a few minutes to preach, and seeing that the convention was gathering to discuss the question, 'How to Reach the Masses,' he closed with a very short prayer and dismissed the meeting.

"The next step, several months later, was that Mr. Moody invited me to spend a week with him in Chicago. I went.

"When the week was over I resigned my position and joined forces with him for our life work. The result will never be fully known.

"Mr. Moody's simple, direct manner of work has often been described. His tremendous earnestness, his indomitable energy, his lovable personality, and above all and through

all, his thorough goodness, won him the hearts of millions. No one could meet him without admiring him. No one could know him without loving him. The rich, the learned, the poor, the happy and the miserable—convicts shut in by iron bars and the great ones of earth—alike found that Mr. Moody had a message for each and every one of them. In England, Mr. Gladstone attended our meetings at the Agricultural Hall in London. John Bright was another great man who listened to Mr. Moody with the keenest pleasure. The Princess of Wales came often to our services at Her Majesty's Opera House in the Haymarket, and so did the Duchess of Sutherland. The Duchess of Teck, formerly Princess May, was also an attendant at our meetings.

"We have often been asked to estimate the number of our converts. This is an impossibility. Mr. Moody always replied to this question: 'Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey never number their converts; God alone knows who were converted and who not.' One of the largest meetings we ever held was in Agricultural Hall, London, when we had 17,000 men present. In many places we filled halls holding from 10,000 to 12,000 people.

"Mr. Moody never tried to exalt himself—never thought of himself. He made no attempt at fine speeches or rhetorical phrasing. He once said: 'Christ talked in parables. Oh, how I wish I could talk in parables! I would if I knew enough.'

"In 1879 Mr. Moody, who said that he had for some time been impressed with the idea of founding a school for those in the humbler walks of life, established the Northfield Seminary. Here the discipline and influences are such as will give the best results in the development of character. In 1881 he founded the Mount Hermon school for young men and boys. Then his unflagging energy caused him to turn his attention toward the need for similar institutions in the west, and in Chicago, by his untiring effort, he started the school known as the Bible Institute for Home and Foreign Missions.

Much of the money he collected went to the support of these institutions and for educational work of all kinds.

"One of the greatest compliments to his preaching was that the sermon that would hold the rapt attention of the most intelligent of his congregation would also be listened to with the same eagerness by the children present. Any one—every one—understood what he said. His meaning was clear to every child; it was also convincing to the old. No other preacher ever mastered this art—if anything connected with Mr. Moody may be called an art—of reaching the understanding of old and young at the same time. His simplicity of language was remarkable. The strong individuality of the man spoke out in every sentence. The beauty of his powerful nature shone in his works.

"One of the reasons of his phenomenal success in bringing souls to God was that he believed absolutely, implicitly in the message he gave to men. His faith was the faith of a little child. No higher criticisms, no doubts ever dimmed his faith in the word of God. To him it was the truth, and the whole truth.

"Now the world grieves that one of the noblest souls of earth has passed beyond our ken. Our comfort lies in the fact that one day—'when the mists have rolled away'—we will meet him again."



The Great Chicago Fire.

IT was on the night of the eighth of October, 1871, and the day following that the fire-fiend came down upon the ill-fated city of Chicago. It cut through the very heart of the great city, swept across the river to the north, burned up more than 14,000 dwelling houses, left over 100,000 people homeless, most of them penniless, and having consumed nearly \$200,000,000 worth of property and hundreds of lives, it was blown out over the lake and vanished.

The city of Chicago is divided by the river and its branches into three principal divisions, North, South, and West. The north and south branches unite at a point not quite a mile from the lake shore, and flowing east to the lake form the boundary between the north and south divisions. The west division includes all lying to the west of either branch. From the lake shore, extending for miles up either branch was one continuous line of coal yards, lumber yards, grain elevators, factories, warehouses and railroad buildings. Beyond these in the west division is a residence quarter. The "business quarter" in the south division contained practically all the wholesale mercantile establishments, splendid retail stores, public buildings, such as post office, custom house, court house, city hall, two grand union depots, hotels, theatres, newspaper offices and all other great institutions to be found in the heart of a city. To the south of the business section was the most elegant residence district in the city.

The north division, along the river, was occupied by stores and factories, above them the residence quarters extended to Lincoln Park. On a few streets and squares lying near, or parallel to the lake, were to be found the residences of the more wealthy business men, the rest of the district being densely populated by the humbler classes.

The severest drought in many seasons was still prevailing

at Chicago and throughout the northwest, and a very severe gale had for several days been blowing from the southwest. On Saturday night, October 7th, there had been a \$1,000,000 fire on the west side of the river along the south branch. It had been the grandest spectacle ever witnessed; but the rapidity with which the flames licked up that poor quarter made the people shudder as they saw to what dangers they might be exposed. But that fire had died out and no one dreamed of the horrors that awaited them.

Whether the cackling of geese ever saved Rome or not, it is certain that the kicking over of a lamp by a vicious cow about nine o'clock on Sunday evening caused a more terrible conflagration than Nero rejoiced over when he saw Rome burning. If that poor Irishwoman had only milked that cow before dark, or if she hadn't milked her at all that night!—but the cow did kick over that miserable coal-oil lamp, and the funeral pyre of Chicago's early splendor was fatefully kindled. By the time the alarm could be sounded three or four tinder-boxes were on fire, and in five minutes the miserable houses of that western district were blazing like a huge bonfire. The fire department were on the ground in a few minutes, but they might as well have been in Alaska, as their engines were swiftly caught in the flames and left to destruction.

The fire flew on the wings of the gale until it reached the edge of the district burned over Saturday night, and then with a wild howl of fiendish delight the flames spanned the river on a whirlwind's arch and the fate of the city was sealed.

The Fire-Fiend—we wish there were a more terrible name—the Fire-Fiend, with hair of streaming flame rushed straight through the heart of the splendid commercial quarter, while from either hand fire-brands were flung far on either side, kindling fires that swept along a path a mile wide and an hour in the rear. The rookeries were burned like match boxes, but could not these magnificent “fire-proof” buildings of iron, granite and marble, the superior of which at that time did not

exist in the land, could not these withstand the whirlwind of flame? Vain hope! Before this blast of seven-fold heated flame and rain of blazing fire brands everything went down. At one o'clock the Chamber of Commerce was attacked and yielded as in a moment. The court house was next seized upon, the hundred and fifty prisoners in the basement being released from a doom as fearful as a Nebuchadnezzar's furnace—but it did not surrender till three o'clock, when the great bell gave way, pealing forth as it fell, a farewell dying groan.

Only to a Chicagoan perhaps, does it matter that we recall how swiftly fell Hooley's Opera House, the Times Building, or Crosby's magnificent opera house, which was to have been opened that very night. The flames lingered awhile to whet their fury against the seven-storied, marble fronted Sherman House, and the Tremont House. The magnificent trade palaces of Field, Leiter & Co., of J. V. Farwell & Co., Carson Pirie & Co., and many others, involving a \$10,000,000 loss soon disappeared in the flames. The isolated and "fire-proof" post office, with some two millions of treasure in its vaults also fell an easy prey to the fierce storm.

The belated right wing of the fiery demon now came sweeping up, gutting the Michigan Southern Depot, and the Grand Pacific Hotel, reaching out to Wabash and Michigan avenues, leveling the First and Second Presbyterian Churches, the Trinity (Episcopal), Church, also the palatial "Terrace Row" of residences. Soon it joined the central path of the storm and the destruction of the "business quarter" was complete. Only one large brick building, with iron shutters, near the river, came out of this seething furnace and tornado of fire and remained a monument of the past. The destruction in the south division was finished. The greatest suffering was yet to fall on the north side.

Thousands of the people were gathered on the streets leading to the bridges across the river, watching the fearful specta-

cle of the burning city. Up until two A. M. the bridges were still in use, but the showers of falling fire made the streets along the river impassable. Terrified, however, by the roar of the conflagration and the fear that it might leap the river, the entire population seemed to be aroused. Lights were seen in all the houses, swift moving figures could be seen in the rooms. Everywhere people were carrying goods out of their houses, when suddenly it was shouted through the streets that the water works were on fire. They were situated about a mile from the river; yet the fire-brands had been hurled with deadly strategy upon the engine house and the water supply would soon be cut off.

To their horror the people now found themselves suddenly surrounded by fire. There was at once a stampede for life—to the eastward, to the sands of the lake shore; to the westward, to the prairies, if they could reach them. But we will let an eye-witness describe the scene:

“Besides its foothold at the water works, from which the fire spread rapidly in every direction, it soon made a landing in two of the elevators near the river, and organized an advance which consumed every thing left by the scores of separate irruptions which the flames were constantly making in unexpected places. This was the system by which the north division was wiped out; blazing brands and scorching heat sent ahead to kindle many scattering fires, and the grand general conflagration following up and finishing up. Within the limits marked by the fire lines, nothing was spared; not any of the elegant residences of the patricians—not even those isolated by acres of pleasure grounds; not even the “fire-proof” Historical Hall, with its thousand precious relics; not even the stone churches of Robert Collyer and the Rev. Mr. Chamberlain, protected by a park in front; not even the cemetery to the north, whither many people removed a few of their most necessary effects, only to see them consumed before their eyes; not even Lincoln Park, whose scattering oaks were

burned to dismal pollards by the all-consuming flames; nothing but one lone house, the residence of Mahlon Ogden, which now stands as the sole survivor of the scourged district. The loss of life and the sufferings of those who managed to escape with life were severest in this quarter of the city. Only at the lake and the northern limits of the city was the conflagration stayed—or, rather, spent—for the lack of any thing to consume.

“The sensations conveyed to the spectator of this unparalleled event, either through the eye, the ear, or other senses or sympathies, can not be adequately described, and any attempt to do it but shows the poverty of language. As a spectacle, it was beyond doubt the grandest as well as most appalling ever offered to mortal eyes. From any elevated standpoint, the appearance was that of a vast ocean of flame, sweeping in mile-long billows and breakers over the doomed city. A square of substantial buildings would be submerged by it like a child’s tiny heap of sand on the beach of a lake; and when the flood receded, there was no more left of the stately block than of the tiny sand-heap.”

It was in the north division that the fatalities were the most numerous and shocking. There, especially in the quarter adjoining the river and north of Chicago avenue, which was thickly covered with the cottages of the poor, the flames ran along as fast as a man could walk, and, what was worse, was constantly leaping to new points, both due forward and laterally, and propagating itself faster than its victims could possibly flee before it, even if they had not attempted to save any of their goods. It was in this way that the monster devoured hundreds with his fiery breath. Within three blocks of Chicago avenue, on an area of not more than forty acres, there were found the bodies of forty-five poor creatures, none of which were recognizable, but which were undoubtedly the German and Scandinavian people inhabiting that quarter. The rapidity of the flames alone, however, would not have caused

the destruction of so many lives, but for the combination of other circumstances which worked fatally. There was a general hegira across all the bridges leading to the west side. Chicago avenue was the best of the thoroughfares tending in this direction. Through this the people poured like the mountain torrent through its too narrow gorge. All at once, when the fiercest blast of the monster furnace had begun to sweep through this section with heat which threatened death to thousands, it was discovered that the bridge was for the time impassable. The people were rushing, tumbling, storming toward it in terribly irresistible numbers. Those who were nearest the burning bridge could not turn back because of the pressure of the frantic multitude. They attempted to make a stand by passing along the word to beat back the on-surfing mass of men, and women and horses and wagons. But the task was simply impossible, as at the rearmost the crowd were now fairly lashed by the flames and could not stop. Whether the foremost hundreds would or not, they were forced to turn to the northward and attempt to escape through the burning streets to North avenue, half a mile further north, where was another bridge. Into the vortex of flame they plunge—may heaven send them guidance through it! Out from that vortex of flame some two-score of them never emerge. Alas! they knew not that those streets had no outlets over the river for some three hundreds yards or more. But for the fact that most of the streets were “thoroughfares,” leading out to the prairies and fields to the west and north, that fearful fire sweeping over the three miles of residences in barely six hours would have mown down the people by the thousands.

THE NIGHT AFTER THE FIRE.

All day Monday the fire raged through the north division—but its progress was watched with dazed eyes. The fierce struggles of the night and early morning were over. Hope

and fear alike had died out and only the apathy of despair was left, and dumb endurance. The thousands who had escaped into Lincoln Park were comparatively happy as at least there was no more danger from fire and there was room to rest.

But among the multitudes caught on The Sands between the river and the lake the sufferings at times were intense. The people were pent up in their uncomfortable prison, surrounded on the west and north by walls of living flame, that sometimes the blasts of terrible fire would sweep in upon them driving them far out into the lake, where they would submerge themselves to their necks, and being compelled to keep their heads drenched as the only protection against the scorching air and showers of fire brands. Here mothers stood, holding babes in their arms, and liable at any moment of panic among those still on the shore of being pushed beyond their depth. Indeed, it was reported that a number were drowned in this way.

On The Sands were also a great number of horses that had escaped or been taken from their stables, and the women and children were in constant terror of being trampled to death in their wild fury. Worse even than these were the human brutes—the vilest of the vile—who had broken into the saloons as they had fled, and had taken great quantities of liquor with them. These men and women made the night, as the day, hideous with their howlings and curses, their carousals and their fightings until they sank in beastly drunkenness on the beach.

Hunger now began to add its torments to those which the fear of death, anxiety for missing relatives and friends, and the continued exposure were inflicting upon them. None of these fugitives had tasted food since early Sunday evening, so that Monday night, although less fearful and exciting than Sunday, was one of greater suffering. Chilled by the water, yet blistered by the heat, exhausted by hunger and almost crazed with fear—what a horrible night they passed! Outlet there was none, help there was none, hope there was none, ex-

cept that their vitality might endure until this fierce whirlwind of flaming fire should have exhausted its pitiless wrath.

Fearful as had been the devastation of the fire it had not consumed the energy nor daunted the spirit of Chicago's great business men. From a city in New York came a telegram from Mr. Potter Palmer that rang out in clarion tones: "I will rebuild all my buildings at once. Put on an extra force and hurry up the hotel." Within a few days he telegraphed the New York merchants: "The mercantile firms with which I am connected, either as special or general partner, will pay in full at maturity."

We have only space for brief extracts from the Chicago Tribune, which on Wednesday gave a twelve column account of the fire and sounded out a rousing call for every man in Chicago to do his duty.

CHEER UP.

"In the midst of a calamity without parallel in the world's history, looking upon the ashes of thirty years' accumulations, the people of this once beautiful city have resolved that Chicago shall rise again!

"With woe on every hand, with death in many strange places, with two or three hundred millions of our hard earned property swept away in a few hours, the hearts of our men and women are still brave, and they look into the future with undaunted hearts. As there has never been such a calamity, so has there never been such cheerful fortitude in the face of desolation and ruin.

"Thanks to the blessed charity of the good people of the United States, we shall not suffer from hunger or nakedness in this trying time. Hundreds of train-loads of provisions are coming forward to us with all speed from every quarter, from Maine to Omaha. Some have already arrived—more will reach us before these words are printed. Three-fourths of our inhabited area is still saved. The water supply will be

speedily renewed. Steam fire engines from a dozen neighboring cities have already arrived, and more are on their way. It seems impossible that any further progress should be made by the flames, or that any new fire should break out that would not be instantly extinguished.

"Already contracts have been made for rebuilding some of the burned blocks, and the clearing away of the debris will commence to-day, if the heat is so far subdued that the charred material can be handled. Field, Leiter & Co. and John V. Farwell & Co., will recommence business to day. The money and securities in all the banks are safe. The railroads are working with all their energies to bring us out of our affliction. The three hundred millions of capital invested in these roads is bound to see us through. They have been built with special reference to a great commercial mart at this place, and they can not fail to sustain us. Chicago must rise again.

"We do not belittle the calamity that has befallen us. The world has probably never seen the like of it—certainly not since Moscow burned. But the forces of nature, no less than the forces of reason require that the exchanges of a great region should be conducted here. Ten, twenty years may be required to reconstruct our fair city, but the capital to rebuild it fire proof will be forthcoming. The losses we have suffered must be borne; but the place, the time, and the men are here, to commence at the bottom and work up again; not at the bottom, either, for we have credit in every land, and the experience of one upbuilding of Chicago to help us. Let us all cheer up, save what is yet left, and we shall come out all right. The Christian world is coming to our relief. The worst is already over. In a few days more all the dangers will be past, and we can resume the battle of life with Christian faith and western grit. Let us all cheer up!"

THE RELIEF WORK IN CHICAGO.

In this hour of direst calamity, there was, fortunately, a Re-

lief and Aid Society already in existence most admirably adapted to care for the tens of thousands of distressed and homeless people. It was an incorporated institution and in its directory were some of the very best men in the city, Mr. George M. Pullman being the treasurer. To this society on Friday following the fire, the mayor intrusted the entire work of relief.

From a report made by the Chicago Relief and Aid Society on November 7th, scarcely four weeks after the fire, we learn that the contributions received amounted to the handsome sum of \$2,051,023.55; that already over 4000 small houses of two rooms had been erected to shelter the homeless, containing the cook-stove, bed, table and necessary crockery—at a total cost of only \$110 each.

It was intended to build about 7000 more, and thus over 50,000 of the homeless would be housed for the winter. At that date some 60,000 persons were being fed daily. A committee sent from Philadelphia, of which Mr. George H. Stuart was chairman, visited Chicago the second week after the fire and reported that the work of the society was being carried on in the most systematic and careful manner and was worthy of the utmost support of a generous public.

In this whirlwind of fire Mr. Moody witnessed the

DESTRUCTION OF FARWELL HALL

and the church so dear to his heart, the scene of most precious revivals. His own cottage home, and the dwellings of most of his members, were all consumed to ashes, with nothing saved but what they could carry in their hands. His family, also, had to flee for their lives, and, as Mr. Moody said, he saved nothing but his reputation and his Bible.

From the site of the Illinois Street Church in every direction as far as the eye could reach only ruins could be seen. The relief department of the Young Men's Christian Association became one of the chief depositories of food and clothing

and these Mr. Moody with his usual lavish generosity, delighted to distribute to all the ragged, hungry and homeless ones who applied. Complaint being made that many unworthy persons were making spoils out of these supplies, he turned the work over to the Relief and Aid Society, and started east to hold religious meetings and solicit means to rebuild his church. Mr. Sankey meanwhile returned to his family in Pennsylvania and resumed his convention work.

In Brooklyn Mr. Moody found a hearty welcome extended to him by Rev. Dr. Cuyler and a new mission chapel was put at his disposal. It was but a few days before the power of the Lord fell upon the congregations and a great revival broke out which reached into the home church, and multitudes were asking, "What must I do to be saved?" From Brooklyn Mr. Moody went to Philadelphia, where a still more hearty welcome awaited him at the hands of Mr. George H. Stuart, who had then returned from his visit to Chicago. He had become specially interested in the work of that great school of a thousand and children who were now left shelterless.

"Those who knew what Mr. Moody had done for Chicago felt that in the rebuilding of the city that church and Sabbath school must not be left out. An appeal signed by Mr. Bucher, Dr. Hall, John Wanamaker and others, including myself, was issued to the Christian public asking for contributions for this purpose. I was designated treasurer." Thus writes Mr. Stuart. But finding that the contributions were coming in very slowly they said one day: "Mr. Moody, how much money do you need?" "If I had a thousand dollars I could build a great box that would hold my Sunday school," was the reply. "You shall have three thousand at least," they answered, and they kept their word.

A lot was purchased at the corner of Chicago avenue and LaSalle street, one hundred and nine feet by seventy-five; and as his subscription list kept increasing, he urged the brethren to build large. He had faith for the future. Thus by the



Prof. Henry Drummond.



Rev. G. Campbell Morgan.

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gifts of his friends and the free labor of his impoverished congregation, a great enclosure of rough boards was erected, covering the entire lot and looking like a street-car stable, with its flat gravel and tar roof, supported by lines of posts and beams. But the best thing about it was that it would hold lots of people. As it neared completion Mr. Moody returned to Chicago, telegraphed Mr. Sankey to come at once, and the day for the opening of the school was fixed. But where were his scattered flock to come from? Only a few buildings were in sight, except here and there some of the small dwellings erected by the Relief Society; and the friends somewhat anxiously looked out over the blackened and ruined district. To their joy and surprise the children began to gather in crowds as if springing out of every heap of rubbish and half-filled cellar, and some from miles away to the west. And the house—the barn—was filled with a crowd of a thousand children, many of the parents coming with them. Once more the church becomes a mission and

THE NEW TABERNACLE

becomes a greater blessing than the old North Market Hall.

Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey at once took up their lodgings in one of the class rooms, with a faithful teacher in the Sunday school as steward, cook and man-of-all-work. The building was kept warm night and day, and was always open to any hungry, homeless wanderers who might choose to enter. It was also a depot of supplies and provisions and these were now at his own hand for distribution. A hungry man was always more than welcome at his table in the classroom. On Sundays the services must have been a very feast of tabernacles, of thanksgiving, and praise for blessings spiritual and temporal, as the following program for the day will show:

Nine o'clock—The Lord's Supper. Half-past ten—Preaching by Mr. Moody. After service—Dinner in the class room with the teachers, and conversation on the day's lessons.

Three o'clock—Sunday school, Mr. Moody superintending. After school—Teachers' prayer meeting, led by Mr. Moody; then supper in the class room. After supper—Yoke-fellows' prayer meeting. Half-past seven—Preaching by Mr. Moody. After service—Inquiry meeting, lasting as long as there were any inquirers needing counsel.

During several months of 1871 Mr. Moody had passed through a terrible struggle of soul with respect to himself and his work. One great torment of his soul was the thought that he was such an ignorant man. He used to weep and pray in an agony in his closet. He was constantly begging his friends to pray for him. Having made the acquaintance of two aged women who were remarkable for their lives of faith in spite of great affliction, he used to go to them like a broken-hearted boy and ask them to teach him how to trust wholly in God. At last the answer came in

A NEW BAPTISM

and an entire consecration in the sunshine of faith that knew no shadow of doubt. He once spoke of this struggle in a prayer meeting talk in New York City, saying:

"About four years ago I got into a cold state. It did not seem as if there was any unction resting upon my ministry. For four long months God seemed to be just showing me myself. I found I was ambitious; I was not preaching for Christ; I was preaching for ambition; I found everything in my heart that ought not to be there, and I was a miserable man. But after four months the anointing came. It came upon me as I was walking in the streets of New York. Many a time I have thought of it since I have been here. At last I had returned to God again, and I was wretched no longer. I almost prayed in my joy, 'O stay Thy hand!' I thought this earthen vessel would break. He filled me so full of the Spirit. If I have not been a different man since, I do not know myself. I think I have accomplished more in the last four

years than in all the rest of my life. But O, it was preceded by a wrestling and hard struggle! I think I had never else got out of this miserable selfishness. There was a time when I wanted to see my little vineyard blessed, and I could not get out of it; but I could work for the whole world now. I would like to go around the world and tell the perishing millions of a Savior's lovè."

The baptism of fire which had swept over Chicago had also passed over his soul. Everything for which he had been ambitious had been completely destroyed. It would have been passing strange if such marvelous success as had attended his four years in the presidency of the Association, the great revivals attending his labors everywhere, had not fostered in some measure the pride of the natural heart. But this fire had, as it were, swept him back, beaten, to the feet of Christ. He must begin again at the bottom, literally humbled into dust and ashes. There the Lord met him as we have just read and under a glorious baptism of the Holy Spirit he had returned to his ministry among the poor and the lowly.

What a blessing his return was! He came in the fulness of faith; full of hope and courage, though like his people he had suffered the loss of all things. Paul's experience in part was repeated in Mr. Moody's, as, "Poor, but making many rich; having nothing yet possessing all things."

Mr. Sankey also was much comforted at this crisis by the testimony of a little child, a member of the Sunday school, who lay dying in one of the poor little huts so hastily built for the homeless. "How is it with you to-day?" he asked her. She answered, her face all radiant with a smile: "It is all well with me to-day. I wish you would speak with my father and mother." "But are you a Christian?" "Yes." "When did you become one?" "Do you remember last Thursday in the Tabernacle, when we had that little singing-meeting, and you sang, 'Jesus loves even me?'" "Yes." "It was last Thursday I believed on the Lord Jesus, and now I am going to be with

him to-day!" The strength of the testimony of that little child was enough to take Mr. Sankey to labor in the British Isles, as he has himself testified. "I remember," he added, when speaking of the circumstance in Scotland, "the joy I had in looking upon that beautiful face. She went up to heaven, and no doubt she said she learned upon the earth that Jesus loved her, from that little hymn. If you want to enjoy a blessing, go to the bedside of these bedridden and dying ones and sing to them of Jesus, for they cannot enjoy these meetings as you do. You will get a great blessing to your own souls."

Thus these true yoke-fellows became more devoted than ever to the preaching of Jesus Christ and Him crucified. It was a wonderful winter. A happier company than that Sunday school thus rising up among the ashes, could not be found anywhere on earth. All the troubles of the week were forgotten in those delightful all-day-long reunions of the Sabbath. Wave upon wave of revival swept over the Tabernacle meetings. Having only Jesus how much more precious He had become. With what exceeding earnestness and tenderness would Mr. Moody point all the struggling, careworn, discouraged men and women to the strong, living and sympathetic Jesus. Thus the winter passed, their common labors and sufferings and privation binding them all more closely to each other and to the blessed Savior.

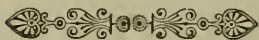
A VISIT TO ENGLAND

was made by Mr. Moody in the spring of 1872, for the purpose of attending the Evangelical Conference at Mildmay Park, London, Mr. Sankey being left in charge of the meetings and Sabbath school in the Tabernacle.

This visit, in the Providence of God, was very important as opening the way for the great evangelistic tours that were to follow and for the blessing which was to come into Mr. Moody's own life. In a brief stay in England he preached

almost a hundred times, and established a daily union prayer meeting in London. He also spent some time with George Muller, the founder of the famous orphan asylum at Bristol, which had been wholly maintained for many years by a sublime, child-like reliance upon the very word of God. Here he was also brought into closest communion with devout brethren, who believed in the near approach of the second coming of Christ, and came to share most profoundly in their convictions. Of this new light he has testified: "I have felt like working three times as hard ever since I came to understand that my Lord was coming back again. I look on this world as a wrecked vessel. God has given me a life-boat, and said to me 'Moody, save all you can.' This world is getting darker and darker; its ruin is drawing nearer and nearer; if you have any friends on this wreck unsaved, you had better lose no time in getting them off." At that time he met Henry Varley, an evangelist, and was impressed deeply by his remark: "It remains for the world to see what the Lord can do with a man wholly consecrated to Christ." He also overheard one Christian inquire of another concerning him, "Is this young man all O O?" And when asked, "What do you mean by O O?" replied, "Is he out and out for Christ?" "I tell you," Moody confessed later, "it burned down into my soul. It means a good deal to be O O for Christ."

The immediate result of this trip to England was an invitation to return again the following year for an evangelistic campaign. Thus the providences of God were combining to send forth these consecrated men—Moody and Sankey—to a work, the glorious results of which the records in the Lamb's Book of Life alone may finally reveal.



Moody and Sankey in England.



HE urgent invitation which Mr. Moody had received in 1872 from Rev. Mr. Pennyfather, rector of the Mildmay Park Church in London, and Mr. Cuthbert Bainbridge, a wealthy Wesleyan merchant of Newcastle-upon Tyne, had wakened in his heart great expectations. Under his recent baptism of the Holy Spirit, this hope grew and strengthened in him and he was enabled to claim the blessing beforehand. When a friend asked him, "Why do you go to England again so soon?" His reply was: "To win ten thousand souls to Christ."

This answer might seem to be the utterance of fanatical enthusiasm if not of presumption. But a gentleman from Manchester, England, in the midst of the wonderful work then in progress, said: "It was an inspiring motive that impelled him to the attempt. It was an ambition worthy of an apostle. It no longer seems a daring impulse that led him to the consecration of his earnest powers to such an heavenly purpose."

Having come to this decision he said to Mr. Sankey: "You have often proposed that we should go out evangelizing together; now go with me to England."

Acting on the advice of a friend whom he consulted and the inner promptings of his own soul, Mr. Sankey declined an invitation to go with Philip Phillips on a tour to the Pacific coast and decided to go with Mr. Moody.

They agreed to trust wholly to the Lord to direct and support them, sharing together whatever God by His providence should give them for their expenses and as a reward for their labors. They were to take no salaries. They were to ask for no collections; but to rely entirely upon the Lord for daily bread as for daily grace.

They were to take their wives and children. The day was

fixed, but there was no money to pay their passage. It was the last day, only a few hours from train time. A friend, his generous, true friend, Mr. Farwell, suddenly bethinks himself that they will want some money after reaching England; goes to say "Good-bye" and places five hundred dollars in Mr. Moody's hand.

One last trial, one last deliverance, and on June the 7th, 1873 they sailed from New York on an errand of love that was to be blessed to twice ten thousand souls—to the mightiest religious awakening that Great Britain had ever known.

A SINGULAR TRIAL OF FAITH

awaited them. Mr. Pennyfather died while they were on the ocean, and Mr. Bainbridge soon after their arrival at Liverpool. Mr. Moody at once telegraphed his arrival to Mr. Bennett, secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association, of York, from whom also he had an invitation, saying that he was ready to begin his meetings. Mr. Bennett replied that it would take at least a month to prepare the way for the revival, but asking what date he might be expected, Mr. Moody telegraphed "I will be in York to night."

It was a faith venture, in a city where few had ever heard his name, and only Mr. Bennett had ever seen his face. The field was by no means promising, as it was the seat of the archbishopric, of a cultured and well endowed clergy, amply provided with churches that were but poorly attended. Mr. Moody said to the doubtful secretary, "Every man has to make his own way, and we will begin Sunday." With great difficulty two or three churches or chapels were secured; but at their first prayer meeting, held on Sunday morning in a small room of the Young Men's Christian Association, only eight persons were present. And this was the beginning of

THE GREAT AWAKENING.

The first week's work considered as a revival was a most lamentable failure. The clergy (Church of England), and

the ministry, gave them scant courtesy, yet the common people heard them gladly. The Bible Readings attracted special attention and the manifest results were upward of two hundred and fifty professed conversions. The singing of Mr. Sankey was both a surprise and a delight. Never had they heard such gospel singing before. Crowds would gather in the street in front of his lodgings to listen to it. An instance is related of a woman who was convicted of sin while thus listening. On asking and obtaining an interview with the singer she was immediately led to the acceptance of Christ as her Savior. Many such conversions have taken place, but this seems to have been the first and one of the most striking.

The next door opened was not a very wide one. One solitary minister, Mr. Rees, of Sunderland, an open-communion Baptist, determined to invite Moody and Sankey to labor with his own congregation at Bethesda chapel. Meetings began there Sunday, July 27th.

In speaking of the coldness and opposition of the ministers to him in Sunderland it was remarked: "Mr. Moody had one whole minister, three-fourths of one other, and nothing, or next to nothing of all the rest, to help him in his meetings."

From the first however, large congregations gathered out of curiosity and to hear Mr. Sankey sing. But the work dragged heavily. No one in all the town, except Mr. Rees, gave them the least official notice. It was here that the famous word was uttered: "We can never go on in this way. It is easier fighting the devil than fighting the ministers."

But these men stuck bravely to their post for a month, though the harvest was comparatively scant. A good work, however, was done in the preaching of the gospel, and later when a delegation of young men came down from Edinburgh, led by

HENRY DRUMMOND,

the whole city was moved as never before in all its history. Before those meetings closed more than a thousand persons

in Sunderland alone, gave in their names as converts. In his weekly letter home, Drummond writes:

"Requests are pouring in on us from all quarters, and the work is just as deep as can be. We have three meetings each night, one exclusively for young men. Generally there are about a hundred inquirers in all every night, and as most of them come to the light before leaving, you may imagine the wonderful nature of the work going on around us."

Meetings of three or four thousand, daily addresses to hundreds of young men, crowds of anxious inquirers, urgent invitations from all quarters, the success of the work obviously dependent upon his presence, ministers and leading laymen in many towns looking to him as their chief—conceive of all this falling to a man, not quite twenty-three! His biographer writes: "The Sunderland Mission made Drummond a man."

But under Mr. Moody's preaching it was

AT NEWCASTLE

that the light was to be kindled which was to shine forth in all its glory over all Great Britain, and reveal the power of God in the labors of these humble evangelists.

Rev. David Lowe, a pastor in that city, went down to Sunderland to visit Mr. Moody's meetings. He arrived at the place just as a large number of inquirers were being sent into a separate room for instruction, and was surprised by the bluff greeting of Mr. Moody:

"Here, Brother Lowe, go in and talk to all these inquirers. There are so many you will have to make them into a little congregation and talk to them all together."

This led to an urgent call for Mr. Moody to go to Newcastle, which was accepted at once as from the Lord. And they went, determined by God's grace there to remain and "live down the prejudices of the ministers and the good people who do not understand us."

After preaching in various chapels for a week, Mr. Moody

settled down at Rye Hill Baptist Chapel, which would accommodate above sixteen hundred people. Soon this was crowded and Music Hall, with its fine auditorium, was also thrown open for the noon day prayer meetings, and evening services. In answer to the united prayers of the thousands of people now attending, the reviving power of God's love began to be felt to a most marvelous degree.

AN ALL DAY MEETING

held September 10th, was one of great blessing. The spacious chapel, with its galleries, was filled with those who had left business, home-cares and work, pleasure and idleness, to come and worship God and hear His word. Never was the faith of God's people more abundantly satisfied. They asked and it was given, they sought and found, they knocked and the door was opened unto them. It was at Newcastle that God set up His tabernacle that was to accompany them in all their journeys. By the pillar of fire and under mercy clouds these men were henceforth to move as led by the very presence of the Holy Spirit. The closing service came, when strong men bowed and wept out their manly sorrow like children. Mr. Moody would not say "Good-bye." No! but "Good-night," rather. The Jubilee Singers who were present, sang "Shall we meet beyond the River?" Then came the benediction. "The meetings were over, the great occasion past, the memory thereof to die no more."

It were as difficult to reckon up the results of that month of revival in Newcastle as of the spring rains which prepare the way for the flowers of May, and the harvests of autumn. The whole of the north of England was reached and aroused. Scores of Christian workers, quickened and instructed, went out into the neighboring districts, to tell the story of the cross. Hundreds of converts were received into the churches, and the tidings of the great outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon Newcastle and vicinity were sent by letters and telegrams all over Great Britain.

Rev. John Kelman, of Free St. John's, Leith, visited both Sunderland and Newcastle to learn for himself if the wonderful reports of their meetings were true. He had returned overflowing with joy, with Mr. Moody's promise to visit Edinburgh, and with holy expectations for Scotland. A committee was formed, of which Rev. J. H. Wilson, of the Barclay Church, Edinburgh, was chairman, and Rev. John Kelman secretary, to prepare for the coming of the evangelists.

Leaving Mr. Moody's work in Scotland for the following chapter, and the Impress of the Great Revival upon the Religious Life of Scotland for a later chapter by Rev. Dr. McMurtrie, Convener of the Foreign Missions' Committee of the Church of Scotland, we pass on to his great work in

MANCHESTER, ENGLAND.

Their meetings there began on a dark Sunday, November 29th, 1874, in a drenching rain, yet at eight in the morning two thousand workers gathered for the opening address by Mr. Moody. It was an inspiring talk on "Courage, Perseverance, and Love"—the three requisites of all workers for God.

For months previously strong supplications had been going up to the throne for a great blessing. The most delightful expressions of unity of faith and feeling was a union communion service held in two chapels, when over two thousand Christians from many churches sat down together in fellowship and love, and prayed to the great Head of the Church for grace and power. Already an awakening and reviving breath from heaven was passing over the face of the church. The unfolding of the revival in Manchester was more beautiful and refreshing to the spirit than the opening of spring after a long, dreary winter. The rapid clothing of the fields with spiritual verdure; the sweet fragrance wafted on every breeze from the gardens of the Lord; the glowing warmth of Christian love and zeal after a protracted season of coldness; the quickening of the graces of the soul into new life, and the

swelling buds of promise appearing everywhere from the very beginning, filled all hearts with joy and the assurance of most precious harvestings.

The afternoon meetings were still more remarkable. The incessant rain had not abated, yet both Oxford Hall and Free Trade Hall were filled to overflowing and Moody and Sankey conducted services in each one. A mighty interest was gathering which broke forth with wonderful power on Monday evening when Free Trade Hall was crowded to its utmost capacity. The presence of the Spirit of God was felt by all. The address was growing in intense earnestness, the speaker seemed to come into direct contact with the souls of the people, hearts melted under the fervor of his appeals. When he requested any who wished to be prayed for to stand up, business men began to rise. Before many minutes people were standing all over the house. Then followed the inquiry meeting. Mr. Moody said afterwards that it was the best meeting he had ever known on the second evening of a series.

Two or three thousand people crowded into the noon-day prayer meetings; and these became the very soul and center of the movement.

In a single week Manchester was all on fire. The most difficult of all English cities to be moved by anything except politics, was now fairly ablaze. On Sunday, December 6th, the Free Trade Hall presented a spectacle never to be forgotten.

"The building was densely crowded. Not an inch of standing room was unoccupied. Long before the appointed hour hundreds found it impossible to gain admission. And Mr. Moody—in what terms shall I describe his address? Theological critics might have said there was nothing in it, but only eternity will reveal how much came out of it. I should not be surprised if hundreds of conversions resulted from that single mighty appeal. Taking for his text the first question addressed to sinful man, 'Where art thou?' he brought it

home to the bosom of every hearer with a power and pathos that were simply irresistible. Having referred to the case of a young man who had cried out in the inquiry room, 'Oh, mother, I am coming,' the young man himself sprang to his feet, and exclaimed in tones of impassioned earnestness,

'THAT WAS ME.'

"The effect was electrical. Not an eye but was suffused with tears. The whole vast assembly was impressed with a profound sense of the presence and power of the Holy Ghost."

This religious awakening made most wonderful progress into the third week. The meetings were more and more thronged, and many souls were joyously converted. At one of the meetings the case was mentioned of an old gentleman seventy years of age who had been seeking Christ for thirteen years. He had come a far journey in order to be present at the meetings. Still he could not find peace. Last Friday evening as Mr. Sankey was singing "The Ninety and Nine," the light burst in upon his soul: 'That's me!' he cried, 'Jesus has been seeking me all these years wandering upon the mountains.' He accepted salvation then and there and found joy and peace in believing.

As the singing of "Jesus of Nazareth Passeth By," and "The Ninety and Nine" were the direct means leading to more conversions than any other hymns which Mr. Sankey sung, it were well to preserve the truth regarding the origin of this most pathetic and persuasive hymn and tune.

NINETY AND NINE.

Music to the words of the famous old gospel hymn, "There Were Ninety and Nine," forever identified with the work of Moody and Sankey, was composed by Mr. Sankey under the inspiration of Mr. Moody's early preaching. The two were traveling in Scotland during their first trip to Great Britain. On the train one day the singer cut from a newspaper the familiar lines of Miss E. C. Clephane:

There were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold,
But one was out on the hills away,
Far from the gates of gold.

He handed the clipping to his companion, who scanned the verse and returned it without comment. The same day Mr. Moody, in a public meeting, made one of the most earnest appeals of his ministry. His discourse suggested the tender care of the shepherd, and the people were profoundly impressed.

Suddenly the emotional tension of the audience was arrested by the speaker turning to his associate at the organ. "Sankey, sing something," he said. Taken by surprise, Mr. Sankey fumbled through his old hymn book, but failed to find either words or music for the occasion. The newspaper clipping was in his mind. On the impulse he placed it before him on the organ and began to sing. The marvelous power of the singer went direct to the hearts of the audience. He sang as he never had before. His voice was heard around the world. The hymn as sung by Mr. Sankey to-day is practically the same. "Sankey," said Mr. Moody, regretfully, years afterward, "there will never be another 'Ninety and Nine.'"

An incident in connection with the hymn so closely associated with the two evangelists is treasured among the fondest recollections of each. Upon returning from their first trip to England a great meeting of welcome was held under the trees in front of the old Northfield Church. At Mr. Moody's request Mr. Sankey sang the "Ninety and Nine."

Across the river, nearly a mile distant, on the porch of what was known as the "white house," sat Farmer Caldwell, the avowed atheist, miserable in his disbelief. He was angry because his wife and children had gone to the Moody and Sankey meeting, and his meditations were bitter. The powerful voice of Mr. Sankey rolled in upon him over the valley and echoed faintly from the hills. Before the singing died away, in the

afternoon silence of the mountain side, Mr. Caldwell was on his knees.

Nine years afterward "old man" Caldwell lay dying in Bon-ar Hall, one of the seminary buildings. Down the old North-field street another crowd was assembled. Mr. Sankey, standing upon the corner stone of the new church edifice of the town, was again singing the famous old hymn. Suddenly the dying man roused himself.

"I hear singing," he said to his wife. "Open the south window." Thinking it was only a fancy the wife tried to divert him, but when he insisted that he heard music the window was opened and he listened again to the song that had first touched his heart.

The closing week in Manchester was the most joyful of all. The tide of blessing which had been steadily rising was then reaching its flood. The earnestness of the preacher seemed to be met by the eagerness of the people, and the unconverted were urged to take refuge in Christ with a vehemence which brought hundreds into the kingdom. At the noon prayer meeting December 31st, Mr. Moody read and commented on the first part of the 138th Psalm. In his closing remarks he said he had to bless God for what he had done for him. It had been the best year of his life. He had been more used of God than in all the seventeen preceding years. He did not know of one sermon he had delivered that had not been blessed to the conviction or conversion of some soul. And thus his meetings in Manchester closed.

MEETINGS IN SHEFFIELD.

Messrs. Moody and Sankey arrived in Sheffield Thursday afternoon, December 31st, 1874. When the clock should strike the midnight hour what a wonderful year would be finished! What a record had its blessed days borne aloft of souls saved and a Redeemer glorified. What mighty influences had been started on their never dying mission. How

precious the far-waving harvests. The year opened for them amid the hushed and holy throng gathered in Edinburgh to watch the old year out and the new year in. It was to close for them while on bended knees they prayed for Sheffield.

THE WATCH-NIGHT SERVICE

was to be held in Albert Hall, before which an immense throng had been standing an hour before the doors were opened. A large number of ministers came on the platform about eleven o'clock. Mr. Sankey sang "Jesus of Nazareth Passeth by," as the close of the year drew nigh. Never before had such an effect been produced by his singing. Never had he been heard to sing with greater pathos the closing lines of the last stanza,

"Too late! too late! will be the cry,
Jesus of Nazareth has passed by."

"Mr. Moody spoke from Luke xix:10, 'For the Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost.' As illustrating this verse he graphically narrated the two stories immediately preceding the text—that of the opening of the eyes of blind Bartimeus and the conversion of Zaccheus. The stories were related in that way peculiarly Mr. Moody's own, making his listeners part and parcel of the scene, as if the whole thing were enacted just in the Targate, and Jesus were passing the hall doors. He connected the two stories by throwing out the thought that as Bartimeus was on his way home to tell his wife, Zaccheus met him. 'Why, isn't that the poor blind beggar? It's like him; but it can't be, for his eyes are open.'

" 'Yes, it is I.'

" 'What has made your eyes open?'

" 'Jesus of Nazareth did it.'

" 'Where is He? I must see Him.'

" 'He's just on the road to Jericho.'

" 'Away Zaccheus runs; and because he is a little man, he

gets up a tree to see well. Jesus stops, looks up, calls him, 'Zaccheus, come down.'—This was one instance of sudden conversion. Some don't believe in sudden conversion; but here Zaccheus was not converted when he went up the tree, yet he came down a converted man. We are told he received Jesus gladly. From these incidents, he proved how willing, how eager, Christ is to save all. What have we to do? Nothing! blessed be God. If we had we would never do it. Only accept. What had Zaccheus to do? Only come down, only obey.

"He concluded by drawing the attention of the audience to the fact that the old year was fast dying—only a few minutes—and what if the new year should come and find us where we were—lost! Oh, let each of us take it; the offer is here; will you have it? Salvation—ay, even before this year is closed you may be saved. As there are only a few minutes of this year remaining, let us finish the old and begin the new on our knees. The whole audience then sunk on their knees, and the new year found them bent in silent prayer. Mr. Moody asked those who were unsaved to stand up, that they might be prayed for. A few stood up and Christians were asked to pray for them. While the audience thus remained kneeling, the most intense stillness prevailed, broken only by an occasional sob.

"As the bells began to ring in the New Year, prayer was offered for the outpouring of the Holy Ghost on Sheffield. Mr. Moody then offered the closing prayer and with the doxology the meeting separated."

The meetings in Albert Hall were marked by the usual scenes now everywhere attending the services of these evangelists. Crowded meetings, thrice repeated every day attended by all classes of persons were accompanied by the usual power from on high.

The only peculiar feature here was an out-door service. The hall being entirely too small to accommodate the throngs

Mr. Moody went into the parish church yard and there preached to the largest audience he had ever addressed in England.

At the beginning of the second week's labor Mr. Moody telegraphed to Drummond (who was now regularly following up Moody's work, but with special reference to young men), saying: "Come to Sheffield at three to-day. I have a great men's meeting for you to-night." In writing of the work Drummond says: "My audience last night would number about three thousand, and to night I have another just the same. I think the work here is going to be splendid. All classes are moved from the mayor to the beggar."

MEETINGS IN BIRMINGHAM.

This city of four hundred thousand population had been far more noted for her political activity than for great religious vitality. For years she had been a political power in the land—Hon. John Bright sitting in the House of Commons as one of her representatives. Yet the city also boasted some very strong ministers, Dr. R. W. Dale, then living, being one of the finest preachers and ablest writers in connection with the Congregational body. In this city meetings were begun Sunday morning, January 17th, under most favorable auspices. The meetings were to be held in Bingley Hall, one of the most spacious buildings in the country. When John Bright addressed his constituents twenty thousand people could crowd into the hall which was not then seated—but for these services about fifteen thousand sittings had been provided. Two services had been held in the Town Hall—capacity nearly five thousand—on Sabbath morning and afternoon, but in the evening Bingley Hall was thrown open to all and was crowded throughout an hour before the time fixed, and the doors had to be closed against two or three times as many thousands as were within.

It was stated that never before in the history of Birmingham

had such great crowds been drawn together as had thronged their largest chapels and halls to hear the gospel. At least 160,000 persons had attended the services of the first ten days.

Mr. Moody said in the closing services, "I have never enjoyed preaching the gospel more than since I came to Birmingham. We have reached so many people. I think, if we could, we would take up Bingley Hall and carry it around the world with us." Although mere figures can never give any adequate idea of the good accomplished in such meetings, it is interesting to know that over two thousand persons giving names and addresses applied for tickets to the converts' meeting; and of these fourteen hundred professed to have been brought to Christ during those two brief weeks—the six hundred were still anxiously inquiring the way of life."

The following touching incident was related by Mr. Moody as showing

THE POWER OF PRAYER.

"A little boy was dying, and he said to his minister that he would like to do something for Jesus before he died to show his gratitude for what He had done for him. The minister said he could work for Jesus if he put down on paper the names of those he wished brought to Christ, and prayed for the conversion of each.

"The minister went away, and forgot the matter; not so the boy. Shortly there arose a revival of religion in that district, and special meetings were held. The father of the boy, a godly man, took part in them, and every night when he returned home his son inquired with an intense interest, which surprised him, about this one and that one, if he had been impressed or she had come to Christ, and when the answer was 'No,' he just turned to the wall and prayed. The little boy died, and under his pillow was found a paper containing a list of fifty-six names for whom he prayed, all of whom had been brought to Christ. Let us labor fervently in prayer, and God will bless."

MEETINGS IN LIVERPOOL.

On Sunday morning, February 7th, Mr. Moody began his services in the great commercial city of Liverpool. They were held in Victoria Hall, a building specially erected in thirty-nine working days at a cost of \$20,000 for his use. It could seat eight thousand persons exclusive of the platform, and one or two thousand could find standing room. At the first service, which was always for Christian workers, five or six thousand persons were present at the early hour of eight o'clock. The usual series of meetings followed, with ever increasing power and blessing. The tide of revival influence rose rapidly and waves of blessing flowed through every part of the great city. The average daily attendance at the three main services was upward of twenty thousand while thousands more were unable to gain admission.

At one of the noon-day meetings more than six thousand persons were present. Several hundred requests for prayer were presented, Mr. Moody saying, "Jesus knows them, every one."

Great interest was aroused by the account given by a gentleman from Dublin, where the meetings were still being carried on with great power—over two thousand Roman Catholics being in attendance there:

"A Roman Catholic lady while reading one of the Moody and Sankey hymns in a railway carriage was surprised by some one speaking to her, she having thought herself alone. The person said, 'I see what you are about.' To her greater alarm she saw it was her father-confessor; but he said to her, 'Don't be startled; I have been to those meetings in Dublin myself, and I have reason to be thankful and bless God for them.' Taking the book out of her hand, he opened it at the hymn, 'Jesus the Water of Life has Given,' and said it was when that hymn was sung in the Exhibition Building that God took away the burden of his sins; adding, 'Now I am going over to England to attend the services of those two good

men, and I shall never return again as a Romish priest to Ireland; God has burst my bonds.' ”

What the prophet only saw in vision became a glorious fact in Liverpool. The waters of grace which at first only reached to the ankles, and then to the knees, soon rose above the loins and became a mighty river that men could swim in. Thousands felt as if the whole city and district about it were in the mighty and loving hands of God.

While no figures are given, the inquirers and converts must have numbered thousands, and that month in Liverpool was considered as one of the most blessed harvest times granted during the two years they spent in Great Britain. On their last Sabbath the great Victoria Hall was four times crowded to its utmost capacity and with the meetings held in two other large halls the attendance could not have been less than fifty thousand. Such was Liverpool in February and March, 1875, while in June, 1873, to the call of the evangelists not a single soul had responded.

THE LONDON REVIVAL.

In a second class compartment of a railway carriage, two men, having nothing to distinguish them from ordinary passengers, are on their way up to London from Liverpool. Only a year and a half ago they were entering the city of York unheralded and almost absolutely unknown, with only a single man to greet them, and a bare half dozen to meet with them on Sunday morning to pray for God's blessing on England. They prayed in an agony of faith. Months roll by, and now that they are nearing the metropolis of the modern world, like St. Paul nearing Rome, they thanked God and took courage.

Tens of thousands, hundreds of thousands are waiting for them. London alone is to give them another ten thousand of precious souls to win whom for Christ they had ventured out alone and trusting only in God for the fulfillment of His prom-

ises. Twelve hundred ministers had met with Mr. Moody some weeks before and the time since elapsing had been spent in most active work and most earnest prayer for God's blessing to fall with wondrous power upon the four millions of people dwelling in that vast and mighty city.

One month is to be spent in each of the four great districts into which London has been divided. The largest halls to be had have been secured, others were being erected and fifty thousand dollars had been poured into the treasury towards the expenses. The meetings are to begin in Agricultural Hall, in Islington, North District, in the midst of a population numbering upwards of a million.

Only once had Mr. Spurgeon ventured to preach in that great structure to an audience of twenty-two thousand people. Temporary partitions were to be erected so that all could hear, and on Tuesday evening the first service was to be held. At six o'clock the crowds began to gather, and by half-past seven eighteen or twenty thousand persons had thronged the vast building.

Mr. Moody, after reading I Corinthians, 1:17-31, spoke in part as follows:

"He said that he had received letters from a great many Christians in London, who were praying that God might revive His work here. His great fear in coming to this city was that many might be leaning upon man, and upon the arm of flesh, and might take their eyes off from the living God. If a work was to be done in London, however, God must do it. It was not any new gospel that London wanted, nor any new power. It was the same old, old story that the ministers of the churches had been telling continually. God's ways were not our ways, nor His thoughts our thoughts, and we must not mark out channels for the Holy Ghost to work in when He comes.

"When God was going to destroy the world, and wanted an ark built, He did not tell a nation to do it, neither did He call

upon hundreds of men to do it, but one man, and he a man who was contemptible in the sight of the world; for the world laughed at him and mocked him. What was highly esteemed by man was an abomination to God and what was highly esteemed by God was an abomination to man. When He wanted to bring three millions of people out of Egypt, His way of doing it was quite different from any that man would have adopted. He did not send an army with chariots, but a man who had been forty years on the back side of the desert, and whose name had been forgotten among the children of Israel, a man slow of speech, a stuttering man.

"There was not a man whose name shone out on the page of divine history but was considered a fool in his day. He had no doubt that Enoch was considered a great fool in the sight of the world, but he walked with God, and God thought so much of him that He said 'Come up higher,' for He liked his company. Noah was the laughing stock of his day. Men made great sport of him; but he was willing to be a fool for God's sake, and God used him and blessed him. And if we want to be of use to God, we must be willing to be fools in the sight of the world. Look at Joshua going round the walls of Jericho. It was a most absurd sight. How the London press would have come down upon a scene like that! Fancy the Archbishop of Canterbury and other great dignitaries going round London blowing rams' horns! Everybody would be disgusted and say they should have golden trumpets at least. But that was not God's way. Look at Samson. When the Spirit was on him, how he worked. With a jaw-bone of an ass he slew a thousand men. People nowadays were not willing to work with the jaw bone of an ass. They wanted some polished weapons that the world would not say anything against; but Samson came down from the rock, and took up the first jaw bone of an ass that he came across, and went out and slew the Philistines right and left. What was wanted now was that every one should grab up the first jaw bone of an

ass that he could lay hold of, and not wait to do some great thing. How absurd it must have looked to see Gideon, with his three hundred men with their pitchers! What queer weapons those were! but every man stood in his place, and the result was that they routed the whole army. Look at Elijah fed by such unclean, contemptible things as ravens; and when the Lord sent him somewhere else, it was not to a palace or to a table laid with good things, but to a poor widow who had scarcely enough for a meal for herself and her boy. So it was at the present day, for God was unchangeable.

"It was said that we are living in an enlightened age. That might be true, but to God it made no difference. He still used base and contemptible and despised things to effect His purpose. When He wanted a book written that should do some good to the world, He did not call forth a philosopher, but a Bedford tinker, and the devil had his match when he got hold of John Bunyan. There was not a man present at the gathering whom God could not use if he were willing to be used. There was not a man in all Saul's army but knew that God could use him against Goliath, but only one, and he, the youngest of Jesse's family, was willing to be used. It was said of David's soldiers that they were all right and left handed men. That was what London wanted now, men who could use their right hand or their left hand, their eyes, their tongues, their ears, for the King of Glory. Who would have thought of Elisha to take the place of the wonderful old prophet Elijah? Men nowadays would go to the schools of the prophets and pick out some theological professor, but Elijah found a man behind twelve yoke of oxen, and Elisha slew his oxen, and started off with Elijah, consecrating all to the service of God. Christ did not call around Him the learned and the wise, but Galilean fishermen, and that handful of men shook the world. Even before he could use Saul the name had to be changed to Paul—the Little. What London wanted, and what the whole world wanted, was not eloquence, but Christ and Him cruci-

fied. Let every man and woman then, who loved the Lord Jesus, begin to publish the glad tidings of salvation; let them talk to their neighbors of the love of Christ and so rise and take the city, for God was able to do it. The world did not like to have Christ preached, but it was just what the world did not like that Christians must give it. The lion of hell was overcome by a lion; but the Lion of the tribe of Judah was also a Lamb. There was weeping once in heaven when John found no one worthy to open the book; but at last one touched him, and said, 'Weep not, John, for there is one worthy; the Lion of the tribe of Judah has prevailed and He is worthy.' And when John turned round to look at the Lion, it was a slain Lamb. God's Lion is a Lamb slain.

"Then, to attain success there must be union among Christians. There were three classes of people that ought to sympathize with this movement. Every minister who wanted to crown Christ king ought to be interested in the work; every Sabbath school superintendent and teacher, every missionary and colporteur ought at least to pray for it, and every father and mother ought to join in it. When he was in Liverpool the other day a woman came to him with a photograph of a beautiful boy, who, she said, would now be nineteen years old. She said he had had trouble and had fled from his home. She did not know what had become of him, and she asked him if he saw him in London, to try and win him to the Lord, that he might come back to cheer her heart. There were many such boys in London, and he hoped God would bring them to Christ so that they might go back to be a blessing to their parents and to the church at large. To all such he would say, 'Your mother still loves you, and wants you to return. Her heart is breaking for you. God wants you; Jesus wants you. There is room in heaven for you.'

"If there was unity among God's people in this work, no combination of power could stand against it. When the church, the pulpit, and the pew were all of one mind, Chris-

tianity would be like a red hot ball rolling over the earth, and all the hosts of death and hell would not be able to resist it. 'By this,' said Christ, 'shall men know that ye are my disciples if ye love one another.'

"When General Grant was marching on Richmond and his army had been repulsed in the Wilderness, he called his commanders together, and asked them what they thought he had better do. They advised him to retreat, but before morning an order was sent round, directing an advance in solid column on the enemy at daylight. That was what took Richmond, and broke down the rebellion. The Christians of London, too, must lift high the standard, and in the name of their God advance in solid column on the enemy before daylight. Let them work together, shoulder to shoulder, with a single eye to the honor and glory of Christ; let them pray that they might get self out of the way, and that Christ might be all in all, and then they would have success. Let their watchword be, 'Here am I; send me,' and the result was certain."

The first daily prayer meeting that Mr. Moody attended was the one held on Wednesday, March 10th,

IN EXETER HALL.

In three days of noon and evening services about eighty thousand persons listened to the glorious gospel of the blessed God. "It is simple truth to state that such meetings were never held before in London, if ever they were held in the history of the world." Sunday, March 14th, was a wonderful day. Such thousands of Christian workers had never assembled together before. Mr. Moody's theme was the usual one for the occasion. Text, Daniel, 12:3, "They that be wise shall shine," etc. At the afternoon service for women only, upwards of seventeen thousand gathered. Was there ever such a meeting before? More anxious souls thronged to the inquiry room than it could contain. The evening service was for men and an hour before time for exercises to begin the

building was crowded, doors shut, and thousands turned away. Again the inquiry rooms were crowded and Christians enough to talk with the anxious men could not be found. And this mighty movement in the souls of men before the first week had ended! Whence could this power be, if it were not from God? No less than twenty noonday meetings were regularly held in London, and the requests for prayer were far too numerous to be read. But whether the requests came up from the multitudes in the East End in broken sentences, or were written on perfumed paper by jewelled hands, there was the same agony of appeal for divine grace and help.

BOW ROAD HALL

in the East End was a wooden structure erected to hold ten thousand people, but this was all too small. These great congregations of the miserably poor and many of them of the miserably degraded recognized the sincerity of the man who spoke to them in that familiar manner which had drawn the population of The Sands to the Old North Market Mission. Mr. Moody made them feel that he was their brother and was not ashamed to own it. They listened to him most attentively, eagerly, drinking in new hope with every word that went home to their hearts with the greater and swifter force of salvation. It was a sight to make saints and angels glad to see hundreds of men and women, old and young, rise in that vast audience after one of his impetuous appeals to signify their desire to be saved.

Leaving the work then in other hands, Moody and Sankey would be whirled behind the fastest horses to be had, to

THE QUEEN'S OPERA HOUSE,

in the West End to face five thousand of London's most fashionable and aristocratic population. But there was no difference between a sinner driving to the Opera House in a carriage and a poor outcast dragging himself in rags to Bow Road Hall. Instinctively Mr. Moody's manner changed as

he addressed these circles of the wealthy, the cultured and the aristocratic. But he was the ambassador of the Most High, a messenger sent by the Lord Jesus Christ; and they instantly recognized a loftiness of soul in his simple, manly earnestness and forgot both the preacher and their rank as he proclaimed to them the love of God and pointed them to the Lamb slain for the sins of the world.

Hearts are alike the world over. Mr. Moody knew the gospel and he knew Jesus Christ, the only Redeemer, and the quickest way to Him. They wept over his stories illustrating the love of Christ for lost sinners, sang with devout rapture the sweet hymns of the gospel, and thronged the inquiry rooms seeking the Savior. It was no slight evidence of the presence of the love of God in the hearts of many of the wealthy and cultured men of business or of leisure that more than twenty-five thousand pounds—one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars—were brought in and cheerfully given to the great work of the Lord.

The same work of grace went forward, but with some features peculiar to itself, in Camborwell Hall, in South London, but space does not admit of any extended reference to that marvelous work of grace which now went spreading in ever increasing and widening circles of blessing throughout the great city of London.

By this time the religious world, and the secular world alike had come to fully recognize the fact that Mr. Dwight L. Moody knew and could teach some things better than any man in Great Britain—perhaps in the world—these three especially: First, the Doctrine of the Atonement, "Christ died for our sins according to the scriptures"; second, the Doctrine and experience of Regeneration, "Ye must be born again;" third, How to preach this gospel to the masses.

On the 12th of July, a parting meeting of thanksgiving was held at Mildmay Park Conference Hall. About seven hundred ministers were present, among them Dr. A. Bonar, who

brought the glad tidings that the churches of Glasgow had received seven thousand members as the fruits of their great revival.

In trying to say farewell to his English friends who had sustained him so faithfully in his great mission, Mr. Moody broke down completely and was compelled to leave abruptly, followed by their blessings and their prayers.

On August 6th, Messrs. Moody and Sankey, with their families, sailed from Liverpool, and landed in New York on the 14th. Mr. Moody had left New York a comparatively unknown mission worker; he returned

THE GREATEST EVANGELIST OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

These true yoke fellows now separated to their respective early homes to enjoy a brief holiday and well-earned rest. Mr. Moody, during his absence, had come to recognize the wider mission to which God was calling him, and having decided to make Northfield his home, he purchased for some \$3000, a plain, but roomy, frame house, with fine grounds attached, not far from his mother's home. Here he gave himself up to the more systematic study of his well-marked Bible, and to the preparation of new sermons. The spiritual desolation of that community and region so pressed upon his heart, however, that he soon began a series of meetings which were crowded with the people who gathered from many miles around. The final services were held on Sunday afternoon, October 17th, at which the cup of his joy was filled to overflowing. His younger brother, Samuel, had already been converted under this ministry, but his mother had not yet heard her beloved son preach. As they were getting ready to drive down in the old farm wagon, the mother startled her daughter by saying:

"I don't suppose there would be room in the wagon for me, this afternoon, would there?"

"Of course there will be room, mother," said the daughter. And the mother went down with the rest.

Mr. Moody preached with more than usual fervor, that was doubtless greatly increased by the presence of his mother. His earnest prayer for a final blessing on their gatherings was graciously answered, for, when those who wished prayer were asked to arise, among the twenty-five who responded was his own aged mother.

His strength gave way at the sight. Tears of joy ran down his face. He was completely overcome, and turning to his old friend, B. F. Jacobs, of Chicago, he said, trembling with emotion: "You pray, Jacobs, I can't."

Under this precious baptism of joy in the Holy Ghost, Mr. Moody now turned with renewed eagerness to the great fields in his own home land which had long been ripening for a glorious harvest.



Great Work in Scotland.



SCOTLAND is no stranger to especial outpourings of God's Spirit. In the sixteenth century under the bold preaching of John Knox, all classes felt his power, from the throne to the humblest cottage. An English ambassador said that his preaching "put more life into him than six hundred trumpets." Under his earnest appeal many soldiers enlisted in the Christian army; long established evils were broken up, and the vibrations caused by his spiritual thunder have not yet ceased to reverberate among her thousand hills.

When Whitefield visited Scotland in 1747, he preached in Edinburgh, Glasgow and Aberdeen, with great success. His matchless eloquence and spiritual fervor drew vast throngs; and his communion services, held in the open air, were sometimes administered in the presence of nearly twenty thousand people.

About the middle of November, 1873, two plain Americans bearing the humble title of evangelists entered the city of Edinburgh. They had neither the intellectual strength of John Knox, nor the glowing and lofty eloquence of George Whitefield, but they evidently had been baptized with power from on high.

When Mr. Moody received his first invitation to hold meetings in the capital of Scotland, it was with some misgivings that he accepted them, saying to himself, "What can such a man as I do up there amongst those great Scotch divines?"

But feeling sure that God was able with a worm "to thrash a mountain," he set his face northward to begin what proved the most remarkable series of meetings Scotland had ever known.

Their coming had long been anticipated, and full of ardent longings for the blessing of God to fall on their beloved city

and land, daily union prayer meetings had been begun which speedily became prophetic of the glorious work that was to follow. These meetings were rapidly crowded from place to place until the

ASSEMBLY HALL WAS CROWDED.

On Saturday, November 23d, the Music Hall was densely crowded at the opening services at which Moody and Sankey were advertised to preach. At the afternoon service Mr. Moody was unable to be present. In the evening Mr. Sankey was absent, yet both meetings were wonderfully blessed. This awkward beginning was set down as providential as showing that the power and blessing were of God, and not of men. From the very first no place in Edinburgh could contain the congregations which thronged to hear them. Three or four churches were constantly in requisition, and even then it was necessary to attend an hour or two before the time appointed, in order to be sure of admittance.

"One of the first things that impressed us," says Mr. Kelman, "was the extraordinary voracity of Mr. Moody's faith. We had been accustomed to go to the meetings, hoping God would bless us. But Mr. Moody always said, 'We know He will bless us,' and so well assured was he that God delighted to give large things in answer to prayer, that he was continually asking for blessings which were out of all proportion to our faith. But the blessings would come; sometimes so largely, that we did not know what to do with them. We were often absolutely overwhelmed with the power and the glory of God." At one meeting composed of sixty-six young men who were inquiring what they must do to be saved, sixty of them were blessed before they left the place.

There was nothing of novelty in the doctrine which Mr. Moody proclaimed. It was the old gospel—old, yet always fresh and young too, as the living fountain, or the morning sun, in which the substitution of Christ was placed in the cen-

ter, and presented with most admirable distinctness, decision and force. It was spoken with impressive directness, not as by a man half convinced and who seems always to feel as if a sceptic was looking over his shoulder, but with a deep conviction of the truth of what he said, as if like old Andrew Fuller, he could "venture his eternity on it." It was also spoken with tremendous earnestness, as if he felt that if he did not speak, the very stones would cry out.

PREACHING IN THE GRASS MARKET.

At first the work of grace was confined to the middle and upper classes of society, but later special efforts were made to reach the poor—and they are poor, indeed, in Edinburgh. Accordingly meetings were begun in the Corn Exchange, an immense building on the south side of the Grass Market, which lies under the Castle Hill. The meeting on Sunday night, December 28th, for men only, was one of the most extraordinary of them all. The building was crowded, the deepest interest prevailed. Mr. Sankey sang several hymns, such as "The Lifeboat," "The Prodigal Child," "Jesus of Nazareth Passeth By."

Mr. Moody began his address by telling the well-known story about Rowland Hill and Lady Erskine. Her ladyship was driving past a great crowd of people to whom Hill was preaching. She asked who the preacher was, and on being informed, told her coachman to drive nearer. Rowland Hill, seeing her approach, asked who she was, and when he was told, he said there was a soul there for sale. Who would bid, he asked, for Lady Erskine's soul? There was Satan's offer. He would give pleasure, honor, position, and in fact the whole world. There was also, he said, the offer of the Lord Jesus, who would give pardon, peace, joy, rest and at last heaven and glory. He then asked Lady Erskine which of these bids she would accept. Ordering her coachman to open her carriage door, she pressed her way through the

crowd to where the preacher was, and said, "Lord Jesus, I give my soul to Thee; accept of it."

Mr. Moody then went on to urge his hearers to give themselves then and there to the same Savior, who was that day preached in the hearing of Lady Erskine and accepted by her. He brought out the freeness of the gospel offer, and the importance of immediately closing with it. He then asked all who were anxious and desiring to be saved to follow him up to the Free Assembly Hall. A great crowd did so, and when they appeared there the doorkeeper announced to Dr. Bonar the startling news, "that Mr. Moody had brought up the whole Grass Market with him." The body of the Hall was cleared for these six or seven hundred anxious souls. Dr. Bonar, in referring to that meeting the next day at the noon hour of prayer, said: "In all my life I never preached to such an audience. The vast multitude bowed under the simple preaching of the gospel, and without any excitement were melted into tears of penitence, and the children of God to tears of joy."

NECESSITY AND POWER OF PRAYER.

I think we should give a very prominent place in that great revival to the earnest and united prayers of God's children that were everywhere and continually ascending to the throne of grace. The depth, the extent and permanency of the work especially were measured and determined largely by this wonderful spirit of prayer that prevailed. We think it so important that we give place to the following appeal for united and fervent supplication which was sent to every minister of every denomination in Scotland. This appeal was signed by thirty or forty of the most prominent pastors, professors, and honored and titled laymen in the grand old city of Edinburgh.

"Edinburgh is now enjoying signal manifestations of grace. Many of the Lord's people are not surprised at this. In October and November last, they met from time to time to pray

for it. They hoped that they might have a visit from Messrs. Moody and Sankey, of America, but they very earnestly besought the Lord that He would deliver them from depending upon them, or on any instrumentality, and that He Himself would come with them, or come before them. He has graciously answered that prayer, and His own presence is now wonderfully manifested, and is felt to be among them. God is so affecting the hearts of men that the Free Church Assembly Hall, the largest public building in Edinburgh, is crowded every day at noon with a meeting for prayer; and that building along with the Established Church Assembly Hall, overflows every evening when the gospel is preached. But the numbers that attend are not the most remarkable feature. It is the presence and the power of the Holy Ghost, the solemn awe, the prayerful, believing, expectant spirit, the anxious inquiry of unsaved souls, and the longing of believers to grow more like Christ—their hungering and thirsting after holiness. The hall of the Tolbooth Church, and the Free High Church, are nightly attended by anxious inquirers. All denominational and social distinctions are entirely merged. All this is of the God of grace.

“Another proof of the Holy Spirit’s presence is, that a desire has been felt and expressed in these meetings that all Scotland should share the blessing that the capital is now enjoying.

“It is impossible that our beloved friends from America should visit every place, or even all those to which they have been urged to go. But this is not necessary. The Lord is willing Himself to go wherever He is truly invited. He is waiting. The Lord’s people in Edinburgh, therefore, would affectionately entreat all their brethren throughout the land to be importunate in invoking Him to come to them, and to dismiss all doubt as to His being willing to do so.

“The week of prayer, from the 4th to the 11th of January next, affords a favorable opportunity for combined action. In

every town and hamlet let there be a daily meeting for prayer during that week, and also as often as may be before it. In Edinburgh the hour is from twelve to one o'clock, and where the same hour suits other places, it would be pleasing to meet together in faith at the throne of grace. But let the prayers not be formal, unbelieving, unexpected, but short, fervent, earnest entreaties, mingled with abounding praise and frequent short exhortations; and let them embrace the whole world, that God's way may be known upon earth, His saving health among all nations. If the country will thus fall on their knees, the God who has filled our national history with the wonders of His love will come again, and surprise even the strongest believers by the unprecedented tokens of His grace. 'Call unto me and I will answer thee, and show thee great and mighty things which thou knowest not.'

WATCH NIGHT SERVICES IN EDINBURGH.

When the bells of Tolbooth Church began to toll for the watch-night services at eight o'clock, there was not a vacant seat left in the hall. The presence of the Jubilee Singers also added greatly to the interest of the meeting, during which any one was allowed to sing, or pray, or speak as he might be moved by the Holy Ghost. Mr. Moody said he meant to speak a little on seven "I wills" of Christ, (Matt. iv:19; x:32; xi:28; Luke v:12, 13; John vi:37; xiv:16; xvii:24).

Mr. Sankey sang "The Water of Life." Mr. Moody then read Luke v:12, 13: "I will; be thou clean." "Some men say they are too vile to be received by Christ, but He says: 'I will.' John Bunyan was such a vile sinner that I do not suppose the society of Bedford would receive him, but Christ did. 'Lord, if Thou wilt, Thou canst make me clean.' 'I will, be thou clean,' and immediately his leprosy departed from him. If there is a man here with any sin to-night, he may come to Christ and be cleansed, and enter 1874 with a new creation.' There was an abandoned drunkard in America, so

lost that all his friends forsook him. He came to Christ, and is now, perhaps, the finest orator that ever lived. Jesus Christ loves you, pities you, will cleanse you if you come to Him. Kings call round them great men, but Jesus calls the vilest round Him."

(The Jubilee Singers here burst into "Come, Come to Jesus.")

"Whosoever shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my Father which is in heaven.' After, Come and be made clean by Christ, comes the 'I will' of confession. We require boldness to confess Christ. When I visited Boston I saw many grey heads there, but a little tow-headed Norwegian boy got up at that meeting and said, 'If I tell the world about Jesus, He will tell His Father about me.'"

Colonel Davidson said, "There is nothing more difficult than to confess Christ in a barrackroom. A brave soldier, who had won the Victoria Cross, told me that he was ashamed to pray before all the men and used to do so in bed, but one night he felt that was cowardly, so he sprang up and knelt down, expecting a shower of boots at his head; but no! he was not disturbed, and the men showed him more respect ever afterward."

Mr. Moody: "My friend, Mr. Balfour, says, 'Confess Christ at home.' Yes, at first. But when converted it is very important to make a stand, and confess Christ everywhere. Take the case of the man out of whom Jesus cast a legion of devils; he wanted to go with Christ. Howbeit, Jesus suffered him not; but saith unto him, 'Go home to thy friends, and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee, and hath had compassion on thee. (Mark x:19.) He was to go home first, but after that he went to Decapolis, and the whole region was stirred by his preaching, and 'all men did marvel.' Christ said, 'Go home, go preaching.'"

NO BISHOP ORDAINED HIM,

but off he went at once, and the effect was marvelous." Then

he spoke at length of the case of the man who was born blind (John ix:9). Rev. Mr. Arnot following in a very tender prayer.

"Field of Labor," was then sung by Mr. Sankey.

Mr. Moody resumed his comments, speaking on the "I will" of Matt. iv:19. "Follow me, I will make you fishers of men." "Jesus kept His word to Peter. He did become a fisher of men, and caught in one day three thousand of them in the gospel net. This past year, have you caught anything? 'Follow me,' says Christ, 'and I will make you successful.' Look back, do you know of any saved for God? I pity the worldly Christians. See Lot, knocking at the doors of his son-in-law and relatives, and begging them with fatherly anxiety to flee from the doomed city. They didn't believe him. He had lost his power of testimony; he had no influence; leanness had come upon him. I pity the child of God who has no influence. If others do not follow Christ let us. Let 1874 be a prosperous year to every child of God here. Let us leave our 'nets,' and let our first thought regarding everyman be, how can we win him to Christ? You do not know how much you may be the means of doing for Christ during 1874, if you will only try. One may convert a hundred, and from a hundred ten thousand may be saved. These may win a hundred thousand to God. The little rivulet that rises like a thread in the mountain becomes at length a great river when it falls into the sea. Andrew, looking at those three thousand men on the day of Pentecost, might have called them his grandchildren. A blind man was seen carrying a lantern, and was asked what he did that for. 'To prevent others stumbling over me.' We are either winning souls to Christ, or others are stumbling over us."

There was now a period of silent prayer, that all might win souls to Christ in 1874. The Jubilee Singers broke the silence with that beautifully plaintive melody, "Steal Away to Jesus."

Mr. Moody continued his comments on the "I wills" to that

blessed verse, "Father, I will that they also whom Thou hast given me be with me where I am," etc. (John xvii:24.) "I have formed a strong love for the people that I have met here every day, and I feel very sad about going away. Death will make sad separations. It is now on the stroke of the last hour. A year hence a good many here will be in their graves. Thank God for the great day coming when we will be gathered round the Master. Perhaps that day is nearer than we think it. The Bible is full of 'I wills.' We have been three hours at it and have only looked at seven most sweet ones."

Thus the services continued, growing more solemn as the last moments drew nearer; personal requests for prayer, praise, and brief, fervent petitions, then a sacred stillness, the felt presence of the Master, and the brooding of the Spirit of grace, came upon the hearts of the whole assembly. The emotions could not be longer suppressed. The gates seemed to stand ajar; heaven never seemed to be so near. It was as if their hearts were pressed close to the heart of God.

Five minutes before the hour struck, all were engaged in silent prayer—the deep, suppressed breathing, the half-stifled sob of penitence and devotion—then the bells pealed forth joyously to usher in another New Year of blessed opportunity. With two verses of "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," "Thou, O Christ, Art all I want," and the benediction by Mr. Moody, that great meeting closed. Then suddenly Mr. Sankey and the Jubilee Singers, with surcharged hearts, burst forth into joyous and triumphant praise, the like of which had never before been heard in any service in Scotland.

Such was the introduction to the year 1874. For Moody and Sankey it was to find a glorious issue at its close in Manchester, England, where Mr. Moody declared that it had been the best year that he had ever had—the one in which he had been more used of God in the conversion of souls than in all the preceding seventeen years of his life.

THE GREAT AWAKENING.

The awakening of Edinburgh was the arousing of all Scotland. The week of prayer was observed with a faith and fervor before unknown. The reports of the meetings had gone throughout all the land. The one purpose to have the Lord Jesus exalted and made supreme, and His glory in the triumph of His gospel, and the salvation of sinners, made manifest, united the ministers and Christian people of every name in the metropolis of Scotland. Tens of thousands of men, women and children of all classes of the community crowded the halls and churches during all the weeks the meetings continued. Multitudes of men assembled in the Corn Exchange, and throngs of women in the Assembly Halls and adjoining churches on the Lord's day to hear words whereby they might be saved; while on the week-days every place where services were held was crowded with eager, anxious throngs of Christians and hundreds seeking the way of life. In the inquiry rooms the old man of seventy five and the lads of a dozen years sat side by side; soldiers from the castle, and students from the University, the backsliding, the intemperate, the sceptic, the rich and the poor, the educated and illiterate—all seeking the way of life. One minister said after but a brief experience in these meetings, "I would not for the wealth of a world have the recollection of what I have seen and heard during the past week blotted out from my memory. * * * * It has been like eating of angels' bread, first to hear the cry of conviction, and yet more, to hear at length the utterance of the joy of reconciliation and peace." Dr. Horatius Bonar declared his belief "that there was scarcely a Christian household in all Edinburgh in which there was not one or more persons converted during that revival." The wave of joy that swept over that city where upwards of three thousand professed to have accepted of Christ as their Savior made it seem more like heaven than earth.

THE GRACIOUS VISITATION OF GLASGOW.

After a two weeks' visit at Dundee with precious results, Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey went to Glasgow to begin the most remarkable series of meetings they had ever enjoyed. Thousands of names were about to be enrolled in the Lamb's Book of Life. If there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth, what waves of intense delight were to pass over the celestial hosts as they looked upon the multitudes now walking on the banks of the beautiful Clyde, that would one day be found upon the banks of the River of Life that floweth forth from beneath the throne of God and the Lamb?

It was on Sunday, eighth of February, 1874, that the evangelists at nine o'clock, in the city hall, surrounded by three thousand Sabbath school teachers, began the Lord's work. What a change seventeen years had wrought in the position of Moody! He who had been obliged to gather a class for himself off the streets of Chicago before even a mission school would give him a place, is now greeted by three thousand teachers who are thrilled by his presence, and who seek through him God's richest blessings on their labors. They would salute him on his apostolic journey through the cities of the British realms with the shout, "Give God the praise."

Mr. Moody took this way of engaging the prayer and the personal interest and sympathy of three thousand Christian workers for Christ at the very beginning of his labors. His address made the privilege of working for the Lord appear so honorable and so pleasant—especially when he called the laborers to leave the householder to give whatsoever he might think best and not stop to bargain first "for a penny a day," that many felt truly humbled, and all were fired with a new desire and zeal to win souls—a work of privilege which angels might almost envy the children of men.

The evening service of that first Sabbath was fixed at half past six at the City Hall, but more than an hour before the

time it was crowded in every corner, and the immense multitude outside were invited to the three nearest churches, which were speedily filled. Mr. Moody's sermon on "The Gospel" was very earnest and powerful, while the singing of Mr. Sankey was at once felt to be the preaching of the gospel in a new and most attractive, as well as most impressive, melting form. The daily prayer meeting of Monday following was thronged by above fifteen hundred people. These noon-day meetings had been maintained with great blessing ever since the week of prayer. As one of the ministers said, 'It is not preaching that Scotland needs; it is prayer and power.' And there the power was bestowed and believers were filled with the Spirit to overflowing, and went forth inspired with a new and a mighty love for the unsaved.

Thursday evening's meeting was for men only. The City Hall was crowded with four thousand men. The very appearance of that sea of faces was solemnizing, as every one gazed upon Mr. Moody with fixed and intense earnestness.

"EXCEPT A MAN BE BORN AGAIN,"

was his theme. Special prayer had been offered for his service, and it was marvelously answered. Mr. Moody spoke with wonderful power, and the Spirit moved so mightily upon them that at times the whole audience was bowed down under the truth. Mr. Sankey's singing was with great effect. "Jesus of Nazareth Passeth By," brought great tears from eyes long unused to weep. More than a thousand remained for prayer and conversation. One of the results of these meetings was a call for the Christian young men of the city to meet with Mr. Moody at Ewing Place Chapel to consult as to what they might do to forward the Lord's work. In response to a request from Mr. Moody the whole number present, nearly seven hundred, rose and promised to band themselves together to carry out his suggestions to watch for souls, and to lay hold on other young men. They were to

meet every night at Ewing Place Chapel, their purpose to try to reach as many as they could out of Glasgow's seventy-five thousand young men.

On Thursday evening February 24th, a memorable scene occurred in the chapel. About one thousand young men had been addressed by a deputation of four students from Edinburgh. Dr. Cairns followed, then Rev. J. H. Wilson, of Edinburgh brought them to the point, "Why not to-night?" Mr. Moody coming in just at that time from City Hall, felt the impression that was upon the meeting, and proposed at once that an opportunity should be given for decision. The three front rows of seats were cleared, and on invitation given for all who desired to find the Savior, to come forward, they were filled at once; another three rows also were cleared and as speedily filled, and a third time with the same result. Some one present counted one hundred and one; and it was ever afterwards called the "One hundred and one night." During prayer intense emotion was manifested by many; and Christian friends remained talking with the anxious till nearly midnight. It is said that this was the first time the so-called "altar services" were ever seen in Glasgow.

MEETINGS IN A SHIPBUILDING YARD.

At one of the noon meetings, a gentleman brought Mr. Moody a paper signed by five hundred workmen in one of the ship yards of Glasgow requesting a visit from him during their noon intermission. Accordingly, on March 30th, Messrs. Moody and Sankey spent half an hour at the plant of Alexander Stephen and Sons. Nearly two thousand workmen and all the partners of the firm were present. Mr. Sankey opened the meeting by singing with great pathos the well-known and favorite solo, "Jesus of Nazareth Passeth By." Prayer was offered, and Mr. Sankey sang another solo, "The Lifeboat." Mr. Moody then delivered a very solemn and stirring address from the words "Behold I bring you glad tid-

ings of great joy," and a deep impression seemed to have been produced. At the close he expressed the delight he had experienced in addressing such an interesting audience, intimating that arrangements might be made for similar aid from time to time to those seeking thus to honor the Savior, and obtain blessings for themselves and others. Mr. Stephen, speaking in the name of both employers and employes, expressed thanks to Messrs. Moody and Sankey, (this is quite the fashion over there), for their kindness in thus complying with the requests sent to them last week, and exhorted all present to show their gratitude by accepting Christ. The meeting was brought to a close by Mr. Sankey singing the solo, "Prodigal Child."

This promise of Mr. Moody's was kept by a large choir consenting to go down twice a week for two months to sing for them, and by this means, with prayers and brief addresses, many of the workmen were led to the Savior. The superintendent, Mr. Howie, said that scarcely a day passed without his having men come to him anxious about their souls, who had been awakened by the singing of the "Gospel Hymns."

THE CRYSTAL PALACE MEETINGS.

One of the most remarkable gatherings during the three months of their stay in Glasgow was a great convention of Christian workers—an all-day meeting held in the Kibble Crystal Palace, in the Botanic Gardens, on the 16th of April. The Palace, which can be seated for six thousand people, was filled to overflowing. Nearly two thousand of these were ministers and office-bearers from Scotland and the North of England. Dr. Cairns declared this "Christian Convention to be unparalleled in the history of the Scotch, perhaps of British Christianity."

The interest in these wonderful meetings culminated in the farewell meetings of the last week, May 12th to 17th, inclusive, which were also held in the Crystal Palace.

On Tuesday evening the meeting was meant especially for warehouse girls and girls in shops who had been prevented by their late hours of labor from attending the other services. Over seven thousand five hundred tickets had been distributed, hundreds more had applied for them in vain. When the building had been crowded with over five thousand young women, the thousands outside were addressed by various clergymen—the greatest good humor prevailing even where they could hear nothing. Wednesday evening was for men, and upwards of seven thousand packed themselves within the great building and other thousands again heard the word in the open air. Thursday evening was open to all, but soon the doors had to be shut. Inquiry meetings were held in a church opposite after all these services, with precious results. On Friday came the young converts' meeting. Tickets had been given only to those who had given names, residence and names of their ministers—for everybody in Scotland belongs in some parish. About three thousand five hundred had received tickets on these conditions, the rest of the space being filled with Christian workers.

In speaking of this memorable occasion one writer says: "Mr. Moody's subject was, 'What God is able to do.' He was grand, and so happy! The ministers were a sight! They became quite wrapt up and excited. It was a treat to watch them. Moody talked a long time; Sankey breaking in with 'Daniel's Band,' and 'More to Follow.' But we could have listened long, all night, I believe." Mr. Moody in speaking of it, said, "It seemed as if we were then receiving the Spirit as a seal on all our meetings.

The Saturday noon service was for the children, while the evening service was specially for working people. But Sunday was

THE CROWNING DAY OF ALL.

It was a lovely May morning. The early service was for the factory and shop girls, and by nine o'clock the Palace was

filled. Mr. Moody spoke to them from the text, "There was no room for them in the inn."

The evening meeting was announced for half-past six o'clock, but an hour before that the great building was full both inside and outside, as an Irishman would say. Several ministers, with Mr. Sankey to lead the singing, began the services there, but by the time Mr. Moody arrived the crowds filled all the space between the Palace and the Botanic Gardens. The estimates of the great throng ranged from fifteen to thirty thousand, some policemen present putting the number much higher. On seeing the multitudes, Mr. Moody determined to preach from the carriage, in which he was driven to a central and commanding position. When this fact became known to those within the building, they quickly gathered on the outskirts of the crowd. To those who were near enough to hear easily, Mr. Moody seemed to surpass himself in earnestness, loudness and force. Mr. Sankey's voice was distinctly heard all over that vast assembly, as he sang "Nothing but Leaves," and other solos. The singing of hymns by those thousands of voices, sounding forth on that quiet Sabbath evening was deeply impressive—the whole scene one the like of which had never been witnessed before. When the out-door service was over, the multitudes slowly dispersing, five thousand anxious hearts, and Christian workers gathered in the Palace to hear for the last time the voice of one whom they had learned to love with such deep affection. That meeting continued till long after ten o'clock. It was a service of praise and prayer and of testimony and thanksgiving for what God had wrought among them. Many were greatly moved as Mr. Moody spoke his last solemn words. And then, as the twilight was rapidly deepening, one last appeal was made to those who felt that they were still unsaved, but desired to find the Savior. The emotion became intense as four or five hundred, perhaps many more, quietly rose all over the house, and as quietly resumed their places. Was it not the Spirit of

God brooding over the darkness and chaos of unhappy souls with the promise, "At evening time there shall be light"?

Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey returned at once to Edinburgh to hold three days services before starting on their northern tour. Those were days of great joy in that city, where God had done such great things for them. Rev. Robert Howie, of Glasgow, gave witness to the gracious and wonderful work wrought there. He stated that the three thousand, five hundred converts attending their farewell meeting did not represent more than one-third of those who had been converted, and at that last service in Crystal Palace, "about two thousand rose up asking to be prayed for—seeking the Savior."

Thursday evening, while yet there were several hours of sunshine to fall upon that ancient and glorious old city of Edinburgh, and upon her beautiful hills, tens of thousands of people hastened out to Queen's Park, on the way to Saint Anthony's Well, to attend the five o'clock farewell service. The word was with power. Earnestly and faithfully, was the gospel once more proclaimed, so simply that all could understand. It was a day of grace to many, a day of thanksgiving to many thousands more. Then the last solo of gospel entreaty, the last prayer, and the benediction. "There never was such a scene witnessed in Edinburgh, or anywhere else, so far as we have ever heard."

Through all that lovely summer, through all the cities of the north and west, the evangelists went everywhere, preaching the glorious gospel of the Son of God; "and great grace was upon them all." On the morning of September 4th, they took steamer on the Clyde for Belfast, Ireland, after more than nine months of harvest toil in the vineyard of the Master. The song of the reapers was still filling the air and floating far out to sea; while above all might have been heard the voices of the lately redeemed ones chanting "The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad. Praise ye the Lord."

The Great Revival in Philadelphia.

I DESIRE here to acknowledge the extreme courtesy and kindness shown me in being granted permission to make use of the "Life of George H. Stuart" written by himself, in preparing this work of Dwight L. Moody. I believe it is not too much to say that for a period extending over thirty years Mr. Moody had no warmer hearted, no more devoted, nor more faithful friend; none to whom he owed a larger debt of gratitude for personal assistance rendered and kindness shown, than Mr. George H. Stuart, the sweetest tempered, the most spiritually minded, the most unselfish and the most generous Christian philanthropist that Philadelphia has ever known. The Lord Jesus swung his second great commandment on a jewelled balance when he said "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." If ever a man exceeded that standard of duty it was Mr. Stuart, who literally made himself poor that he might make many rich. A name inseparably associated with that of Mr. Stuart's in the most wonderful revival services that America has ever seen, is that of Mr. John Wanamaker, whose bow still abides in its strength. There was no sight more interesting and touching than the daily presence upon the platform of Messrs. George H. Stuart and John Wanamaker—the gray head and the brown head consulting and rejoicing together—the one overcoming the infirmities of advancing years, and bringing forth fruit in old age with twofold the fire and enthusiasm which God gives to most of us younger men in our best days; the other consecrating with greatest devotion his executive ability and gifts of mind and voice to the service of God.

Mr. Stuart thus writes: "The great event in the religious history of our city during the year 1875 was the series of



John Wanamaker.



Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman.

evangelistic meetings held by Mr. D. L. Moody in the old freight depot of the Pennsylvania Railroad. Even before the war I knew of Mr. Moody as a faithful laborer in the Sabbath school cause in Chicago. In the labors of the Christian Commission he was one of our most efficient workers, and the first of our delegates to enter Richmond after its evacuation by the Confederate government. After the war it was my privilege to bring him to Philadelphia in 1866, before he had become widely known to the country, and it was with some difficulty that I procured any church for his evangelistic meetings. I finally obtained the Central Presbyterian Church, of which Dr. Alexander Reed had become pastor through my recommendation.

Mr. Moody soon crowded the house and the lecture room at the close of his meetings was thronged with inquirers. Yet some really good people said it was a mistake to have the pulpit occupied by a man who murdered the King's English as Mr. Moody certainly did when he first began to preach. I replied that I cared little or nothing about his grammar so long as he brought sinners to Christ. And Dr. Newton, of Epiphany Church was of the same opinion, for he was so impressed by his work that he opened that large church to him.

Upon the return of Messrs. Moody and Sankey from England, in 1875, there was a great desire expressed in Philadelphia to have them visit our city, Mr. Moody never having been here since he and Mr. Sankey, in 1871, had united their talents for the service of the Master. At one of the largest ministerial meetings ever held in Philadelphia, in the lecture room of the Arch Street Methodist Church, over which Rev. Dr. Harper presided, a unanimous and cordial invitation was extended to these evangelists to visit our city at an early day. A committee of ministers, of which Dr. Newton was chairman, was appointed to superintend the spiritual part of the work, while a committee of laymen, of which I was made

chairman, was constituted to look after the business matters in connection with the proposed meetings. On account of failing health I at first declined to serve, but Mr. Moody, who was then the guest of Mr. Wanamaker, hearing that I had declined, insisted on my acting, saying that he would pray for me. And here I may add that for the first time in thirty years I was entirely free from asthma for over six months following this promise, and that during all the cold winter weather, and amid such exposure as I for years had not dared to endure. Mrs. Stuart was so much impressed by this fact that she recently wrote to Mrs. Moody to get Mr. Moody to pray for me again.

When our business committee met the first question was, where shall we find a building large enough and central enough for the intended meetings? Various halls were named, including the large Academy of Music; but I insisted that none of these would be large enough to warrant us in bringing these evangelists to Philadelphia, and that we must raise the money necessary to erect a special building for their use. At this time I, with one other gentleman, was aware of the fact that Mr. Wanamaker had been negotiating with the Pennsylvania Railroad Company for the purchase of the large freight depot at Thirteenth and Market streets, which had recently been abandoned and which is now covered by his immense warehouse. As the offer of Mr. Wanamaker had not been accepted, I applied to Mr. Thomas A. Scott, the president of the road, to know on what terms he would rent the freight depot to us for the proposed meetings. His reply was, "One dollar per annum, provided you will give us possession on thirty days' notice." I cabled this to Mr. Wanamaker, who was in Europe at the time, and he replied that he was going to start at once for home.

I recall distinctly the thrill of glad surprise that ran through the audience at the next ministers' meeting when Mr. Stuart stated that when a gentleman now on his way across the At-

lantic should arrive, the question as to a place would soon be settled; and the whisper was that Mr. Wanamaker was going to buy the old depot. Soon after his return the purchase was completed and the free use of it was granted for the meetings as long as desired. In order to prepare it for these meetings a large amount of money was required, but this was quickly subscribed, an architect was secured and the vast edifice was fitted with a complete wooden interior structure to deaden the noise from the street, with new floors, a platform to seat one thousand persons, and eight thousand and nine hundred and four chairs on the main floor; thirteen hundred and four on the platform, and seven hundred and fifty-two in the committee rooms. These ten thousand nine hundred and sixty chairs I purchased and had shipped from Connecticut, at a cost of twenty-eight cents per chair. This I believe was the largest lot of chairs ever bought in this country.

Two-thirds of the way the floor sloped upward until it reached Market street front, an arrangement which gave every one in the audience equal opportunity of seeing and hearing. A vestibule thirty-three feet wide ran around three sides of the building, and ten doors gave egress from this—the largest being the three on Market street, which were the chief entrances. There were four main aisles from eight to ten feet in width, and four cross aisles six to eight feet wide. Speaking tubes gave immediate communication between the chief usher and his three hundred unpaid assistants, and between his platform and the speakers' platform, as also with the Central Police Station; there was telegraphic communication. The building was lighted by about a thousand gas jets.

Although the hall was so large, its acoustic properties were found admirable, and Mr. Moody could be heard perfectly in any part of the building.

While I was superintending the work of preparation, on a cold day in October the building being unheated, one of our

prominent ministers happened to come in, and asked me how many seats were being provided. When I told him the number he expressed great astonishment, saying, "Why, Spurgeon could not fill these chairs on every week night but Saturday, and do you expect Moody to fill them?" I told him I did. Shortly afterwards this same minister said to a friend of mine, after relating the circumstance referred to, that he never before thought that I was a fit subject for an insane asylum. While the doors were closed on a cold winter night in January and orders had been given to allow no other persons to come in, the house being crowded, this same minister knocked at the door, and had his card sent up to me on the platform with a request that I would have him let in, which I did.

"From November, 1875, until April, 1876, this vast hall was so crowded at times and that in all weathers, that the street cars were blocked up by the throngs outside seeking admission. People came from far and near in the country, and a day seldom passed without my receiving many letters asking me to secure seats for the writers. Among these letters there came one from an eminent judge of the Supreme Court, asking how it would be possible for the members of that court to gain admission without being obliged to mingle with the throng that waited in the streets for the opening of the doors. After fixing the night, I replied that I should be obliged to place the judges under arrest at the corner of Thirteenth and Chestnut streets, where a band of police officers would conduct them to the platform. It may not be amiss to state that Mr. Moody's preaching was not in vain in the case of one, at least, of these gentlemen, who was converted in answer to the prayers of a Christian wife.

"Among other distinguished men from a distance whom I was enabled to furnish with seats on the platform were President Grant and most of the members of his cabinet, who were accompanied there by Mr. Childs, at whose house I had

dined with them the previous day, when it was arranged that I should secure them seats for the next evening. The only one of all the meetings that I missed attending was on this evening, when I dined with Mr. Childs, and this I would not have done but for the prospect of securing the attendance of General Grant and his cabinet.

"Next after the power and spirituality of Mr. Moody's preaching, the most notable thing in the management of these meetings was his generalship in handling his audience of over ten thousand men and women of all classes in society, while dealing with topics which profoundly stir the emotions.

"I can truly say that his leadership was wonderful. Every one was impressed by it who gave a moment's thought to the difficulties of the situation. No interruptions, no ejaculations, even, were allowed. When a colored woman could no longer keep in her 'Hallelujah,' he stopped preaching and said, 'We will sing 'Rock of Ages,' while the person is taken out.' After the singing he quietly said, 'In a great audience like this it is necessary to have perfect quiet; and, although, I do not object to a hearty 'amen!' when a man feels it in his heart, it will be much better for you to wait till you get outside, and then you can go all the way home shouting 'amen!' as loud as you please.'

"It was this wise insistence upon self control which saved Mr. Moody's meetings from those nervous and physical extravagances which sometimes have attended even a genuine work of grace.

MR. MOODY TOOK COMMAND

on the very first day of the meeting, in a pleasant and courteous, but firm way. He told the huge audience gathered for the first time and most of them entire strangers to him, 'The doors will be closed when the service begins because we have all quiet during these services. We shall close these doors if the place is only half-full; and if the president of the United

States comes after that he can't get in. If the chairman of the committee, (meaning myself), is not here by half-past seven, we shall keep him out.'

"The arrangements as to the character and order of the meetings were made with Dr. Newton's committee of ministers.

THREE SERVICES A DAY

were held in the depot, except on Saturday, some for men only, others exclusively for women. Some were held especially for Christian workers, while others were for the general public, and were followed by inquiry meetings, in which Mr. Moody had the aid of a large staff of ministers and laymen, and devoted Christian women. On Sabbath there were three such services, Mr. Moody preaching at all three, in addition to his week-night labors."

After the main noon-day services were over in the old depot, special meetings for young men were held in the Methodist Church, corner of Broad and Arch streets, which were conducted by Mr. John Wanamaker with great prudence and skill. Opportunity for giving testimony was afforded the young converts, many requests for prayer were offered, and a great many young men were brought to a full decision for Christ.

THE NOON-DAY PRAYER MEETINGS

on Fridays were always devoted to temperance and a great many drunkards were redeemed.

On Friday, December 31st, Mr. Moody spoke on the "Resurrection Power of Christ," from the text, Matt. XXVIII:18, "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth." In speaking briefly on this theme Mr. Moody said that during the past week a prominent Christian man had said that he did not believe that a woman who had sunk very low through intemperance could be reclaimed; "But when we come to this chapter and read the words of the Risen Savior, we must see that

there is hope for every drunkard on the face of the earth. His grace is sufficient for every man's need."

Mr. Sankey led in the singing of "Yield not to temptation," and then the meeting was thrown open for testimony from reformed men. One after another testified to having been snatched as brands from the burning. One young man related in a very touching manner the story of his dissipated life, how he was redeemed by the faith and the prayers of his mother. The appetite for liquor was still strong in him, though God had kept him from temptation for the three years past.

The year closed with a most memorable

WATCH-NIGHT SERVICE.

Long before the meeting was to begin—nine P. M.—the building was crowded and so great was the pressure that several ladies fainted. Upwards of twelve thousand persons were present. Mr. Moody preached a very powerful sermon from the text I Kings, XVIII:21, "How long halt ye between two opinions?" Mr. Sankey sang, "Rejoice, be glad," and "Ninety and Nine." Mr. Moody then said he would turn the whole service into

AN INQUIRY MEETING.

"Here is Dr. Plummer," he said, "seventy-four years old. For fifty-five years he has been sitting at the feet of Jesus. I am going to put him on the witness stand and question him before you all. The doctor will take the pulpit." The venerable old man, with flowing white hair and beard, stepped forward, and Mr. Moody, assuming the attitude of an inquirer, presented one after another many of the difficulties and objections that are often made by those who are awakened to some sense of their need of a Savior.

The doctor answered with wonderful force and felicity. These questions and answers were printed in tract form, and

very widely circulated. We present just a few of them, somewhat condensed, but in the very words which were used.

Mr. Moody: "What is conviction?"

Dr. Plummer: "Conviction is a clear persuasion that a thing is true. Religious conviction is a clear, settled persuasion of five things: First, that I am ignorant and need instruction; second, that I am guilty, and deserve wrath and not pardon; third, that my heart is vile, and must be renewed; fourth, that my condition is miserable and that I am poor and naked, and blind and wretched; fifth, that I am without strength; I cannot save myself."

"What is the use of conviction?"

"It is to light up the soul to the faith of Jesus."

"Is any amount of distress necessary?"

"Lydia had no distress; God opened her heart and she gave attention to the things spoken by Paul. The jailer of Philippi would not have accepted Jesus without alarm. If a man will accept the Son of God, he need have no trouble."

"What is conversion?"

"To be converted is to turn from self, self-will, self-righteousness, and from sin, and to be turned to Christ. The turning point is man's conversion, is his acceptance of Jesus Christ."

"Why must a sinner come to Christ for salvation?"

"Because Christ is the only Savior. All the angels in heaven and all the saints on earth can not save one sinner."

"Can a man be saved here to-night before twelve o'clock?—saved all at once?"

"In my Bible I read of three thousand men gathered together one morning, all of them murderers, their hands stained with the blood of the Son of God. They met in the morning, and before night they were all baptized members of Christ. God added unto the church daily such as should be saved. If you are ever saved, there must be a moment when you accept Christ and renounce the world."

"What is repentance?"

"It is turning to God with abhorrence of sin, and cleaving to Christ with promise of obedience. A thorough change of heart is followed by a thorough change of character."

"How can I know that I am saved?"

"The fact that God is true. It is the word of the living God, whose name is Amen. 'He that believeth on the Son of God hath everlasting life.'"

"What if I haven't got faith enough?"

"Glory be to God, if I can touch the hem of my Savior's garment, I shall be saved. A little faith is as truly faith as a great deal of faith. O, come and trust Him fully. Cry as did the disciples, 'Lord, increase our faith.'"

"But I don't know that I have the right kind of faith."

"The thief on the cross did not say, 'if I had a little more faith I would ask thee to remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom.' He offered his prayer in the faith he had, and Christ accepted him."

"But I don't feel that I love him enough."

"And you never will. To all eternity you never will love Him as much as He deserves.

" 'Had I ten thousand, thousand tongues,
Not one should silent be;
Had I ten thousand, thousand hearts,
I'd give them all to thee.' "

"When temptation comes it is so much stronger than my resolution that I yield. What shall I do?"

"Look to Jesus. He was 'in all points tempted like as we are yet without sin.' Christ can give us the strength of giants. Jesus is the best Master, and the best Friend in the universe. Glory be to His name forever."

As the hour of twelve drew near, Mr. Moody made a passionate appeal to those present to come to Jesus before the old year should expire. While all were on their knees engaged in prayer, Mr. Sankey broke the solemn silence by sing-

ing in tones most plaintive and impressive: 'Almost Persuaded.' A magnetic power was felt in every heart and many suppressed sobs were heard.

The clock struck twelve, and with a "Happy New Year" from Mr. Moody the great Centennial year had begun.

What glorious days had crowded the year since that watch-night service in Sheffield! Edinburgh, London, Philadelphia! Perhaps the names of a hundred thousand converts had been enrolled on high; the spiritual power of hundreds of thousands of Christians had been most wonderfully increased; their lives had been enriched beyond all power of language to express. Marvelous baptisms of the Holy Spirit had been poured out in answer to prayer.

The writer of this brief sketch of the life and work of Mr. Moody had been privileged to spend the year from May, 1874, to 1875, in Edinburgh, and had the pleasure of attending the last service Mr. Sankey held in the great Assembly Hall.

The papers there were giving full reports of the great meetings Moody and Sankey were holding in London. But the students were specially interested in the great blessing following the labors of Drummond and other delegates from the new college.

Returning from Scotland and called to a pastorate in Philadelphia, in the summer of 1875, a wide door was opened for work during the continuance here of the Moody meetings. I have already narrated what wonderful success everywhere attended Drummond's meeting for young men. From April 1874, to July 1875, he had followed up the work of the evangelists and was by their side in London. He thought he had found his vocation, but in a conversation with a very dear friend it had been shown him "how the evangelist's career was apt to be a failure—perhaps a few years of enthusiasm and blessing, then carelessness, no study, no spiritual fruits, too often a sad collapse." That sent him back to his last year at college. Yet Drummond found it very hard to resist the

appeal which Mr. Moody sent him to come to Philadelphia; and judging from the previous year's labors we are not surprised at the urgency of that appeal:

Philadelphia, Dec. 4, 1875.

My Dear Drummond:—The work among young men in this country is growing splendidly. I am glad I went to England to learn how to reach young men. Could you come over and help us? I think you would get a few thousand souls on these shores if you should come. You do not know how much I want you with me. Come if you possibly can. * * * * May God bless you and make you thrive in His kingdom, is my prayer. Yours with a heart full of love,

D. L. Moody.

It were idle to wonder what greater blessing had come to our young men if Drummond had accepted the invitation. But it was not to be. I refer to it here only to recall the fact that this attachment grew stronger to the very last between these two men, who were living almost at the very antipodes of social and intellectual culture.

DRUMMOND'S LOYALTY.

No more signal proof could have been given of Drummond's enthusiasm for the gospel and loyalty to his old friends than was given on the occasion of his first visit to America in 1879. He was in Boston, with but five days to spare before sailing for home. He had an invitation to meet Longfellow and Holmes at dinner. But he learned that eight hundred miles away by Lake Erie were two men who were more to him than philosopher or poet, and it only required a moment's thought to convince him that a visit to America would be much more than incomplete without a visit to Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey. And thus he writes of his decision:

"It was hard, I must say, to give up Longfellow, but I am of those who think that the world is not dying for poets so much

as for preachers. I set off at once. * * * * Neither of the men seemed the least changed. There they were before me, the same men; Mr. Sankey down to the faultless set of his black neck tie; Mr. Moody to the chronic crush of his collar. I can scarcely say I have much to record that would be in itself news. For my own part I am glad of this. We do not want anything new in revivals. We want always the old factors—the living Spirit of God, the living Word of God, the old Gospel. We want crowds coming to hear, crowds made up of the old elements, perishing men and women finding their way to prayer meeting, Bible reading and inquiry room. These were all to be seen in Cleveland. It was the same as in England and Scotland. I was especially pleased to find that it was the same as regards quietness. I had expected to find revival work in America more exciting; but, although a deep work was beginning, everything was calm. There was movement, but no agitation; there was power in the meetings, but no frenzy. And the secret of that probably lay here, that in the speaker himself there was earnestness but no bigotry, and enthusiasm, but no superstition.”

Like many other pastors who for weeks gave their evenings to their own special services, I gave all the other time I could spare to the meetings in the old depot. From among the many remarkable conversions occurring at the inquiry meetings one may be given as illustrative of the deep power of conviction which followed the mighty appeals of Mr. Moody.

It was at the close of a noon-day service and the inquiry room for men on the east side of the great audience room was filled with some two hundred anxious men and Christian workers. Prayer had just been offered for the blessing of the Holy Spirit, when a man near whom I was standing called out, “Here is a man who has not heard a prayer before for seven years. He wants somebody to pray for him.” I stepped to his side and kneeled to pray with him. In a conversation following I learned that he had only arrived in the

city from Baltimore at eleven o'clock that morning. Passing the building he was attracted by the singing and by the power of the Spirit he had been brought under deepest conviction of sin. He had fallen under the power of strong drink and by reason of his bad habits had lost situation, reputation, money and friends. But he accepted at once, and with a glad heart the forgiveness of sins through Jesus Christ our Lord, united with the church of which I then was pastor, and continues there till this day, a most consistent, exemplary and honored member.

SOME SPECIAL MATTERS

of great interest may here be summarized in closing this sketch of the great revival in Philadelphia.

The expenses of this remarkable and most blessed series of meetings was upwards of forty thousand dollars. This was the entire expense account, including the fitting up of the old depot, the enormous amount of advertising and the running cost of management. Not one dollar of this went to either Mr. Moody or Mr. Sankey, nor would Mr. Moody allow any collections to be taken up at any of the meetings. This required that the entire amount should be raised by private subscription, and that this was accomplished speaks volumes of praise for that business committee of which Mr. George H. Stuart was chairman, and Mr. John R. Whitney was the treasurer.

The most important, perhaps, of all special meetings held were those of the Christian Convention, called to meet on January 19th and 20th. This convention was attended by over twenty-five hundred ministers and laymen. Many of these reported very precious revivals following their return to their various fields of labor. Special blessings also attended the fifteen daily prayer meetings that ran parallel with the meetings in the old depot and thus the people in all sections of the city were kept in closest touch with the central meetings.

To say that ten thousand persons were added to the churches in the city and the vicinity as the direct or indirect results of these meetings, would not seem an exaggeration. Seventeen thousand copies of a little book for inquirers were sent out to those whose names had been given as such.

Very full reports of the meetings and sermons were published in all the secular and religious papers and extensive accounts were sent throughout all the country by the Associated Press. The whole country was roused, and everywhere the churches were filled with great expectations. New zeal was awakened, and most earnest prayers were daily offered that our whole land might be blessed as wonderfully as England, Ireland and Scotland had been.

These meetings in Philadelphia, which closed on Friday evening, February 4th, with an immense throng in the old depot, were almost the beginning of that wider reputation and most glorious success which was to follow Mr. Moody for almost twenty-five years more as an evangelist throughout all the greater cities of our own land and to cease not till he had compassed the globe and finished his work in that brief, final campaign in Kansas City, in November, 1899.

The scope of this volume will only allow of the slightest sketch of Mr. Moody's evangelistic labors for another year; and then we will invite your attention to the great educational work which he inaugurated at Northfield and Mt. Hermon—which will abide as the most lasting memorial of his tireless energy and boundless zeal in the cause of Christian education. The Chicago Bible Institute has been laid on quite a different foundation and will require separate treatment.

On leaving Philadelphia, two days, February 5th and 6th, were spent at Princeton, N. J., where a great revival had broken out during the week of prayer for colleges. The stay of Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey over the Sabbath was greatly blessed, both to the town and to the college. The students continued to carry on their meetings for nearly a month, and

largely through their individual efforts they resulted gloriously in the conversion of upwards of one hundred of their fellow collegians.

Very careful arrangements had been made for their visit of

TWO MONTHS IN NEW YORK.

Mr. Moody received the most hearty co-operation of the ministers of the evangelical churches. A choir of nearly 800 voices and a willing band of several hundred Christian workers were ready to take up their work at the very first meeting.

An immense building on Madison avenue had been secured and partitions had been put up dividing it into two large audience rooms, with smaller ones for the inquiry meetings. In spite of the fact that the hall would thus accommodate 10,000 people, thousands could not get in and several overflow meetings were also organized. The convention for ministers' and laymen, which had become a fixed part of every mission of any duration was held with great enthusiasm and the last meeting for converts was attended by 3500 persons to hear his parting address.

Their campaign in Brooklyn, in October, before they visited Philadelphia, which had added nearly 2000 to the churches, had in part prepared the way for this larger blessing in New York.

Mr. Sankey, after these meetings ended, turned his face homeward to Newcastle, Pa., for a time, while Mr. Moody visited several cities in the south, returning to Chicago after an absence of three years, by way of St. Louis. He found a splendid new church, costing nearly \$90,000, had arisen on the site of that rough but commodious after-fire tabernacle. Thirty thousand dollars of the final indebtedness on this church had been paid off out of the royalty fund from the sale of the Moody and Sankey hymn books, which amount had been sent to Mr. George H. Stuart from London.

After assisting at the dedication of this spacious, but plain-

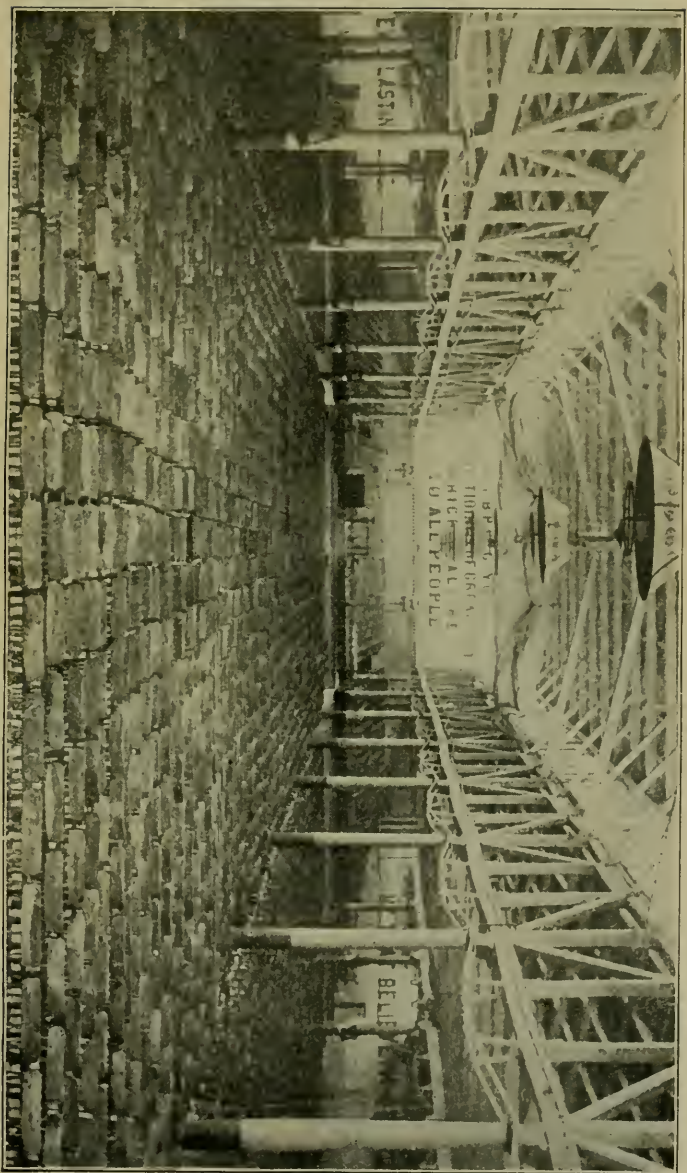
ly finished and furnished church, Mr. Moody returned to Northfield. A month later and Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey were

BACK IN CHICAGO

ready to begin, October 1st, a great and very successful revival. A huge tabernacle seating 8000 people, and costing \$20,000 had been erected; and, with the heartiest welcome they had ever received, with an "All hail," and "God bless you" rising from ten thousand voices, they began their work. In less than five years Chicago had recovered from the losses of the great conflagration and was spreading out on every side. And now upon the new Chicago God was pleased to pour out a pentecostal baptism of the Holy Spirit and nearly five thousand souls swelled the roll of the blessings that filled their hearts with boundless gratitude and joy at the watch night service of 1876.

Edinburgh, London, Philadelphia, Chicago!! Who can tell the story? What mortal voices lift the anthems of praise? Only the Hallelujah chorus as sung by the redeemed before the throne can worthily magnify the name of God, who at the hands of these humble servants and in the midst of all the people had wrought such wonders of salvation. To Him be all the glory forever.





Old Depot in Philadelphia Interior.



Old Depot in Philadelphia Exterior.

Photo. by R. Newell & Son, Phila.

Northfield Seminary Life.

By Mrs. A. W. Yale (One of the girls.)

MR. MOODY happened one day to be driving the steep road which leads up and over one of the mountains or hills which overlook Northfield. At the summit there suddenly came into view one of those lonely farmhouses so often found on unfrequented roads, and here Mr. Moody found, as has frequently been related, young girls engaged in the monotonous occupation of making baskets. It was by no means an unusual sight, especially in New England, but it attracted Mr. Moody's attention, and the thought at once flashed into his mind, "Those girls have as much right to an education as any one else, but how can they get it?"

As a result of this mental question, a number of large, hand-



View of Northfield Seminary.

some buildings of brick or stone stand upon a smooth green campus which slopes gently down to the Connecticut. Northfield Seminary, with its well-equipped dormitories, gymnasium, library and recitation halls, its complete curriculum, and its corps of competent teachers, is Mr. Moody's answer to his own problem of educating not three girls but over three hundred yearly.

The seminary as it stands to-day is the growth of a number



Marquand Hall.

of years, and had its humble beginning in the north wing of Mr. Moody's own house which he fitted up for the accommodation of a few girls. A small brick recitation hall was the next acquisition, and to meet the growing needs of the school a large farmhouse was purchased for a dormitory, and christened Bonar Hall, in honor of Mr. Moody's personal friend, Dr. Andrew Bonar, of Scotland. Gourd-like, the school continued to grow, and East Hall was erected, having accommodations for sixty. Stone Hall was the next addition to the group, and was paid for by the royalties from the gos-

pel hymn books. "Mr. Sankey sang that building up," Mr. Moody was wont to observe as he pointed to it.

The attention of the trustees of the Marquand estate was attracted by the institution, and Marquand Hall, a large brick dormitory, with accommodations for eighty, is a tangible evidence of their interest in Mr. Moody's educational work.

The old brick recitation hall had been superseded by Stone



Talcott Library.

Hall and the former sold as a dwelling house. Urged by the necessity for more dormitory room, it was re-purchased, and in its enlarged and improved state, again took its place among the seminary buildings, as the "Revell." This shows the rapid growth of the school, for but a short time previous, Mr. David M. Weston had given to the seminary the dormitory which bears his name.

A growing need had been felt of a library, and this was met by a generous friend of the institution, Mr. James Talcott, of New York. Talcott Library, a small building in the Moorish style of architecture, not only well serves the purpose for which it was intended, but is an ornament to the campus. Skinner Gymnasium was the latest gift to Northfield Seminary, and completes the number, since the great



Skinner Gymnasium.

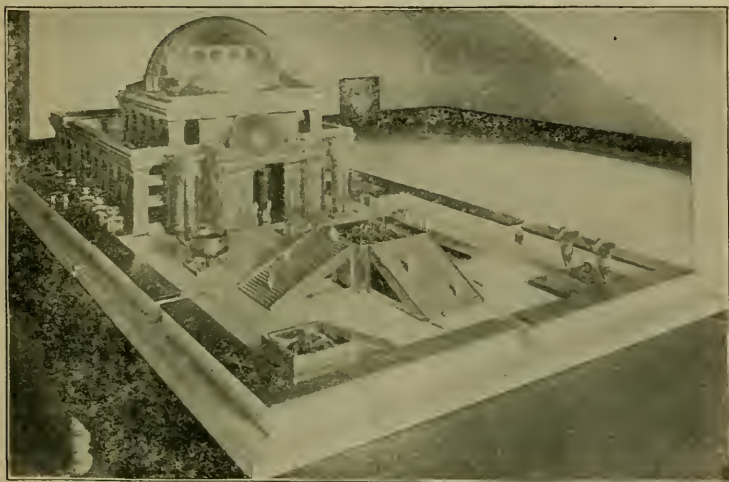
Auditorium is only used during the summer conferences, and cannot be strictly classed as a seminary building.

Such was the evolution of a school, the plan of which many considered impracticable and Quixotic, and whose failure was confidently predicted, especially as the yearly fee was placed at such a low figure, one hundred dollars, that each student cost the institution sixty dollars per annum more than she paid. But the corner stone upon which the seminary rested

was the scriptural promise, chosen for a motto, "I the Lord do keep it; I will water it every moment, lest any hurt it, I will keep it night and day."

THE CURRICULUM.

Mr. Moody left the arrangement of the curriculum to more experienced heads than his own, but upon one point he was firm, that the Bible should occupy a prominent place in the course of study, for Northfield Seminary was to be essentially



Model of Solomon's Temple at Northfield.

a Christian institution. So the scriptures are studied in no desultory, haphazard fashion, but thoroughly and systematically. Examinations are held in Bible the same as in any other subject, and the "prep." who in her first days at the seminary wandered aimlessly through the New Testament in search of Thessalonians, is a good Bible student by the time she has reached her senior year.

As for other studies, three excellent courses are placed at the option of the student, namely, the English, general and

college preparatory. The first is a scientific course, omitting Latin and Greek, and having modern languages as electives.

The second includes Latin, a few of the sciences, with modern languages, while the third, as its name would imply, prepares the pupil to enter any college.

Household Science was introduced some time ago and has proved one of the most popular departments. In a room especially fitted up for the purpose, and provided with every convenience, the girls receive instruction in such practical subjects as cooking, sewing, washing, ironing and the general care of a house. "Domestic Science" was the name by which the course was originally known, but it was found necessary to change this, since many, inferring that its purpose was to train domestics, sent to the seminary for cooks and chambermaids.

In purpose and spirit, Northfield Seminary and Mt. Holyoke strongly resemble one another, but even before the latter became a college the requirements were much higher than those for Northfield. Since Mt. Holyoke received its charter as a college, and discontinued the seminary course, its standard is as high as that of any other college, and the Northfield graduate who completes the college preparatory course, is well prepared to enter the freshman year of Mt. Holyoke College.

THE TOWN OF NORTHFIELD.

Northfield is an ideal town for the location of a school, and cannot fail to impress one who visits it for the first time. It is one of those quaint New England villages, whose broad, long street is shaded by a double row of venerable elms and maples, and many of whose residences are built with a firmness and stability which suggests protection from marauding Indians. A slight acquaintance with the history of the town will show that such precaution was not unnecessary in the colonial days, for Northfield was settled in the times when



Main Street, looking South.



Main Street, looking North.

men worked in the fields with their guns at their side, and the villages were encircled by a stockade for the sake of safety.

The Northfield of the past is scarcely less interesting than that of the present, and the antiquarian will find his researches amply repaid. The early settlers chose the location of the town wisely, for they built their homes on a long bluff, overlooking the broad, fertile meadows, beyond which wound the



Main Street; looking South from Belden Rock.

Connecticut, while upon the east a low ridge of mountains gave protection from sharp easterly winds. It was at the extreme northern end of the town that land was purchased for Northfield Seminary, and the buildings stand upon a hillside which gradually slopes down into the meadow land, past which the Connecticut flows.

The new pupil, coming for the first time to Northfield, gets her earliest glimpse of her future Alma Mater from the stage



Old Field House.



An Old Northfield Residence.

as it rattles along the road beside the river. The little town of South Vernon, scarcely more than a railroad junction, is soon left behind, and just beyond its limits, Northfield comes into view, across the river. It does not nestle, like the conventional village of fiction, but lies stretched out at full length along the bluff.

The seminary buildings at once attract the eye—Marquand Hall, with its mediaeval-like tower; East Hall, in a



Mr. Moody's Home, from the North.

more severe style of architecture; Skinner Gymnasium, with its long windows; Weston Hall, plain and unpretentious, further back on the hillside; Stone Hall and Talcott Library, whose soft grey contrasts with the dull red of the brick buildings; Betsy Moody Cottage, designed especially for the sick, and for those needing rest, while farthest back of all rise the towers of the great Auditorium. Close adjoining the smooth velvety campus, one can distinguish a pleasant home-like house, painted the conventional white, with green blinds, and



Rear of Marquand Hall.



View from Tower of Auditorium.

this is the residence of Dwight L. Moody. Other features of the town catch the eye; the spire of the Congregational Church, and at some distance further down two other spires, the gilded cross surmounting one unmistakably indicating a Catholic church. Oriental travelers are wont to describe the beauties of Constantinople as seen from a distance, the white



Main Street, East Northfield.

minarets and domes gleaming through the shining green of the trees, but tell us that once within the city the beauty vanishes and all the fancied charms are dispelled by the unclean streets and unsavory odors.

Northfield is not a Constantinople, for it is no less a pleasure to walk through its broad, well-shaded streets than to view it from a distance, and the mind of the Northfield alumna often turns back to the days when she rambled in Bonar



Northfield from Across the River.



Old Bridge Across Connecticut River.

Glen, with the dead leaves rustling under her feet, or rowed over the clear waters of Minnehaha Lake.

SCHOOL LIFE.

As for the school life of Northfield it differs somewhat from that of an ordinary boarding school. The students are not the daughters of wealthy parents sent to "finish" their education, and whose idea of boarding school is to have a lively time with as little study as is consistent with receiving their diploma. The girls who come to Northfield are there to work, and are anxious, especially those who have been denied early advantages, to make the most of their time.

Perhaps it may seem that girlish pranks are considered a little too seriously, but when it is remembered that a large number of applications are refused simply for lack of room, it will be seen to be no more than simple justice that careless, idle girls be asked to withdraw in favor of those really hungering for an education.

The spirit of the school is plainly to be felt among the students for girls are respected and loved not for their social position nor for their fathers' means, but for what they themselves are. The exclusive cliques, so common in boarding schools, do not flourish here, and in their place is a Christ-like spirit of unselfishness and consideration for others.

MR. MOODY'S LOVE OF MUSIC.

Music was one of Mr. Moody's hobbies, and the singing of Northfield Seminary and Mt. Hermon School was the pride of his heart. At the morning chapel exercises of the former, upon one occasion, he gave out a hymn, and was apparently dissatisfied with the stumbling manner in which it was sung. He turned to the pianist in surprise.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "Don't the girls know that hymn?"

"The first four lines are a bass solo," replied the accompanist, meekly.



The Moody Residence.



Residence of A. P. Fitt, Mr. Moody' Son-in-law.

At another time, when both schools were assembled in the village church for the Sunday morning service, he suggested that they "sing while the friends were gathering," and selected the gospel hymn known as "Have courage my boy, to say 'No.' " The refrain was,

"Have courage, my boy,
Have courage, my boy,
Have courage my boy, to say 'No.' "

"That's very good," was his comment at the conclusion of the first verse, "But it's just as necessary for a girl to know how to say 'No' as a boy, so I want all you young men from Hermon to sing that chorus again, and sing, "Have courage my girl, to say 'No.' "

The hymn in its improved form, was accordingly sung, and although the sentiment was, no doubt, an excellent one, the spectacle of three hundred young men earnestly exhorting their girls to say "No" was too much for the risibles of the congregation.

At the morning chapel exercises of the seminary, he one day selected a hymn whose chorus repeated again and again, "We'll all be ready when the bridegroom comes." The first time the hymn was sung through with perfect gravity, but the repetition was too much for the three hundred girls thus cheerfully expressing their readiness for the bridegroom, and a ripple ran over the assembly.

"I guess we'll try another," said Mr. Moody, with a smile.

INCIDENTS OF MORNING WORSHIP.

Many interesting incidents occurred at the morning worship, and it frequently happened that some visitors addressed the school. A lady of extreme corpulence was asked to lead the service one morning, and she accordingly opened the scriptures and began, "Have mercy upon me, O Lord, for man would thwaller me up." A smile, rapidly contagious, spread over the school, and the thought was in more than



Mr. Moody's Donkey.



Marquand Hall, from Residence of D. L. Moody.

one mind that the man who did the "thwallering" would need the "merthy."

From time to time distinguished visitors came to the seminary, among whom was the late Professor Drumnond, a warm personal friend of Mr. Moody's. He began his remarks with, "I suppose a few of you young ladies are feeling homesick." (It was at the beginning of the fall term.)

"No, no," interrupted Mr. Moody quickly, "we don't ever have homesick girls here."

The visit of Dr. James Stalker, of Scotland, was looked forward to with much interest, and at Mr. Moody's request the school practiced metrical psalms, "For the Scotch are very fond of psalms," he assured us. Upon the eventful occasion of the visit, the psalms were sung and their rendering warmly praised by Dr. Stalker.

"But," he added, "over in Scotland I hear psalms, psalms and nothing but psalms and now that I have come over here, I want to hear something else beside them. Sing some real good gospel hymns for me, please."

It was at Mr. Moody's suggestion that the custom of an annual sacred concert was established. This name, unfortunately associated with questionable entertainments in the low-class theatres, meant in this case a concert the program of which was entirely composed of sacred music. A number of Mr. Moody's favorite gospel hymns were sung, interspersed with more difficult selections by the choirs of both schools.

Mr. Moody, as has already been said, was fond of music, although possessing no ear whatever for it, and unable to carry the simplest tune. A song recital was given in Stone Hall one evening by a friend of the school, a young lady with an excellent contralto voice. After a number of songs Mr. Moody called for more, and suggested that she sing a favorite hymn of his, "Then shall my heart keep singing." The singer was tired, and demurred at first, but finally consented on the condition that he sing it with her.



Main Street, East Northfield, looking North.



Old East Northfield P. O.

"Very well," he replied with alacrity, and at once joined her upon the platform. "You must bow to the audience," she prompted, and he accordingly made a low bow. The pianist began the hymn, and they sang it together, the clear contralto notes and Mr. Moody's low mumbled monotone mingling discordantly. When the chorus was reached the young lady could no longer control herself, but broke down completely with laughter, while Mr. Moody continued bravely to the end.

THE GRADUATE OF NORTHFIELD

has many a pleasant recollection of her school-days, which will not easily slip from the memory. The walks on the crisp October afternoons when the air was sharp and bracing, and the dead leaves rustled beneath the feet, the rambles in spring time, in search of the delicate trailing arbutus, the skating on Minnehaha Lake, and the coasting on the smooth "crust" from Round Top nearly to the river.

Pauchaug Hill, once the scene of Indian ambushes, as a granite shaft bears witness, is a veritable coasters' paradise, a paradise whose gates are barred to the seminary student, because the hill, with its sharp curves, has been the scene of many an accident.

Other recollections come to mind, for Northfield school days are inseparably associated with Mr. Moody. He was a familiar sight as he drove about in his buggy, Lion, the mastiff, trotting behind. Sometimes he was alone, at other times one of his grandchildren accompanied him, for never was there a more devoted grandfather than he. His son bore loving testimony to his character as a father, at the funeral service, while his tender affection for his aged mother, who passed away in 1896, could not but impress those who knew him.

He officiated at the baptism of his daughter's child, little Emma Moody Fitt, and those who were present enjoyed the informality of the occasion. As the service began, the baby's face puckered ominously, and a wail seemed imminent.



Round Top.



Minnehaha Lake.
(Wanamaker Lake)

"Never mind if she does cry," said Mr. Moody to his daughter, reassuringly, "we've all heard a baby cry before now."

When the service was over he returned the child to its mother's arms, and turned to the congregation with a beaming smile. "She's been a real good baby, hasn't she?" he asked proudly.

Just before his death, he alluded to the two little grand-



View from Round Top.

children who had died. "I have been within the gates," he said; "and seen the children, Irene and Dwight."

The seminary student who was in trouble or perplexity, invariably found in Mr. Moody

A SYMPATHIZING FRIEND

ready with practical, common sense advice. One young girl came to him in great anxiety. "Mr. Moody," she said, "I be-



A Northfield Residence.



Hotel Northfield.

lieve I'm backsliding, for when I go to bed at night, very often I don't feel in the least like praying, but would rather go right to sleep. Do you think there is something the matter with me spiritually?" "My dear young lady," replied Mr. Moody, "it shows that you are working hard, and are simply tired and sleepy when night comes. Don't worry about your spiritual state when it's just bodily fatigue."

The tired body of the great evangelist has been laid to rest under the pines on Round Top. "I hope I shall be on Round Top when the Lord comes again," he had often said, and it was therefore chosen as his burial place.

Standing beside his grave one can look upon the buildings of Northfield Seminary, and see the students passing to and fro, hundreds of girls, who but for his tireless energy and strong faith would never have received the priceless boon of an education.

A mile to the south, the Hotel Northfield is plainly visible, where each winter a Christian Training School prepares one hundred young women to engage in active Christian work.

Over to the southwest, the eye can distinguish Mt. Hermon School, where over three hundred earnest young men are being educated, who otherwise would never have known this privilege.

Mr. Moody needs no monument of marble or granite, for these schools and the countless young men and women who have gone out from them to lead lives of service for the Master, are a memorial which will endure forever.

"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord from henceforth; Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them."

The Northfield Conference.

NORTHFIELD and the Summer Conference! What memories these words kindle, as we utter them; how many hearts and in what different parts of the earth, near and remote, throb with quicker pulses as they recall those happy, holy days at Northfield. Those vacation experiences amid the foot-hills



View of Northfield.
(Showing Old Congregational Church where
the first conference was held)

of New England have marked a transition line in the spiritual experience and fruitfulness of many Christian lives. There unnumbered children of God have crossed the Jordan and entered upon a higher, deeper and more potent career of life and usefulness. Northfield is to them the synonym of a

blessed surrender and trust which were followed by a more blessed rest, joy and victory, as they from thenceforth began to reign in life, by Jesus Christ, through the abundance of grace and the gift of righteousness. Northfield has been to many of the Master's consecrated servants not merely a Bethel where their Lord, though not fully recognized, had yet received their selfish vows, but more a Penuel, where they met Him face to face and yielded their all in glad and utter surren-



Meeting upon Round Top.

der, to receive in return a new name and a new nature, to find themselves by His grace henceforth princes, having power with God and men. We may gather in soul-stirring conference at Northfield again for many a coming year, but the all-dominating personality of the conference founder and long-time leader, moulding and welding into a unit of praise and purpose the vast gatherings in the great auditorium will not be visible.

Neither shall we be permitted again as we gather on Round



South Vernon Station.



Store at South Vernon.

Top at setting of the sun to draw close about him as he exhorts, and pleads with us to become more like the Christ, our Lord, and to yield our whole being to the doing of His will in service or in sacrifice. But in a very profound spiritual sense, Moody will be at Northfield still, to the eye of memory, and to the spiritual apprehension an undying influence and a living factor ever. The sweet memories of those summer



Congregational Church.

days of privilege, peace and power are fragrant and lasting, like holy incense are more than sacred memories; they are living seeds bringing forth their harvest, thirty, sixty, an hundred fold in our imperfect but purpose-filled lives.

The personality of the great leader of assemblies has vanished, but the institutions which he founded at Northfield and Chicago will live on, and among those institutions the summer conferences are not the least important. These gather-



The Auditorium.



Meeting of August Conference in Auditorium.

ings for the quickening of the spiritual life of the believer, and for the increase of his power and skill in Christian work will live and grow in usefulness as the years go by.

It is deeply interesting to study the origin of great modern movements in the kingdom of Christ on earth. How spring such movements into life? Not from explicit command suddenly flashing from the page of inspiration; but God first puts a deep sense of need in awakened souls; this need finds expres-



Residence of Dr. A. T. Pierson.

sion in an earnest cry, which is heard at God's throne, and by some attentive and obedient ear on earth. Then the Holy Spirit stirs within that listener's heart the purpose to meet the need and the consecrated man goes forth in the Holy Spirit's strength to execute. Hence every great movement of God has its visible beginnings in the action of the servant of God stepping out and starting in humble fashion the great enterprise which God desired to actualize upon the earth. Thus the



Site of First Y. M. C. A. Camp.



View from Camp Northfield.



Group of Campers.



Farewell to Camp Northfield.

schools and thus the summer conferences of Northfield were chosen. As Mr. Moody went throughout the length and breadth of our country he discovered on every hand, children of God, unsatisfied with their knowledge of his words and longing for deeper experiences of His presence and power. To meet this deep need of the believer's soul, the great evangelist decided to call together from every part of America and the world, students, whether young men or women; ministers, missionaries and Christian workers, for Bible study, conference and prayer. The hearty interest, prayer and co-operation manifested by thousands, whether present or absent from the very opening conference in 1880 clearly proved that their purpose and spirit were accordant with the divine will, and that they were supplying a great need to the spiritual life and activity of the Christian world. To these summer convocations thousands of young men and women from our colleges have gathered, with results to themselves and to their own and future generations which the Omniscient One alone can estimate.

To Northfield gladly hastens the missionary when on leave of absence from his far away field of labor, where isolation, deprivation and the subtle influences of antagonistic religions and degrading surroundings like a deadly miasma have enervated his spiritual life. And he drinks to the recovery of his strength and the renewal of his powers for heroic service.

To Northfield comes the busy pastor at vacation time. It was the saying of a quaint and brilliant preacher of Princeton. "Every young minister after a dozen years in active service, is like a pump gone dry. He needs a refilling at the top." If this be true intellectually how much more is it a fact that spiritually the minister needs restoration to the joy of his Lord and renewal of the Holy Spirit's power.

And here thousands of earnest laymen have acquired a more perfect knowledge of the word and will of God; and have gone forth afresh to win souls to our Lord Jesus Christ. In

fine, the deepest, farthest cry of the Christian Church of this generation is for a more perfect experience of the presence and power of her living Lord and Head. Northfield in its conference work is one of the most important factors which God has given, even in this century of wonderful gifts from His hands, for the attainment of an obedient, spirit filled and fruitful life.

THE VISITOR TO NORTHFIELD

can never lose his first impressions of the quaint and typical New England town, on the right banks of the Connecticut River, just below the base line of Vermont and New Hampshire as they rest upon the upper boundary line of Massachusetts as a foundation. The Connecticut at this point, separates New Hampshire and Vermont. It was remarked by a young man of the writer's company that at a certain point, two miles east of Northfield, the officiating clergyman at a wedding ceremony could stand in Massachusetts, the groom in Vermont, and the bride in New Hampshire, and they would all be within speaking distance in consummating their sacred contract. The valley of the Connecticut widens at this point as if to make ready for the birth place and work of the great evangelist. To the north, across the river, lofty mountain peaks, range behind range, stretch away like steps in nature's staircase, to the farthest line of the horizon. To the south, a mile back from the river, we reach the foot-hills, ascending gradually skyward, heavily wooded and green to their summits. As we are driven into Northfield proper, we find that the quaint old village, kept young as all New England is, with white and green paint, consists of a single street, an hundred and seventy-five feet wide, and two miles long. It is shaded on either side by double rows of elms and maples, back of which are stately houses, some modern, but the greater number colonial in style, and in actual history. Some of them retain their massive chimneys, their imposing columns and pilas-

ters, their roof-guards and curious circular-headed windows and fanlights. Here we are, in the heart of dignified rural New England, as it was a century ago.

Driving on through this splendid corridor of natural beauty, we quickly cross the line invisible, which brings us into East Northfield, which is the seat of all the features of especial interest to the conference visitors. To the right we turn and climb slowly a moderate hill, and on the left, upon the brow of this rise, we have pointed out to us the home of Mother Moody and the house where D. L., as the natives here love to call him, was born.

From her marriage until her death, this house was the home of Betsey Holton Moody. And until her death in January, 1896, Dwight when at home visited her twice or oftener daily. No matter how great the pressure of school or conference duties, the devoted son came to greet and cheer his aged, house-bound mother.

Turning to the left, around the old homestead, the visitor passes orchards and fields and finds himself face to face with the Auditorium, a noble structure, seating 2500 persons, and carefully adapted to the needs for seeing, hearing and breathing of the great summer gatherings. Passing on, in circular fashion along the winding drives of the great campus which is like one limitless lawn of unnumbered acres, and which adds much to the beauty and comfort of the whole scene, we pass in turn East, West, Stone and Marquand Halls, the Talcott Library and the Skinner Gymnasium. We are impatient to see Mr. Moody's own home, and suddenly it bursts upon our eyes, a large and typical New England dwelling house. It is painted white and has green shutters, and stands in the centre of a spacious lawn which slopes outward to the main street, on the farther side of which a larger field slopes gradually to the river's edge. Immediately in front of Mr. Moody's home a venerable elm, encircled with a rustic seat, invites one to rest, to look, to reflect, to purpose a loftier life. This is

your first vacation at Northfield. Surely you need it for body, mind and soul; and earnest prayer goes up that you may improve its opportunities to the fullest. But first that which is natural, afterward that which is spiritual. And as you look joyfully around, you exclaim,

“BEAUTIFUL FOR SITUATION

is this New England Mount of Transfiguration.” The Connecticut, like a silver thread of gigantic size, winds and flows calmly westward. Beyond the river, looking northward, you behold mountain range above range, climaxing in the Green Mountains of Vermont. And turning toward the east, you can discern in faint outline, blue and hazy with distance, the majestic White Mountains of New Hampshire.

Amid surroundings so elevating and yet so humbling, the writer realized and rejoiced in the fact that he was upon the threshold of one of the epoch making experiences of his life. The time was fully ripe, weary of work that was not productive of fruit, unsatisfied with himself, yearning for the renewing of spiritual life by the Holy Spirit, and for a closer fellowship with the living Christ, he had come to Northfield like multitudes of others, with a single aim, to touch the hem of the Master’s garment, and to receive new life and power from Him. The first man he saw was the central figure of the coming days. Mr. Moody himself, driving in his buggy, upon some errand incident to the minor duties of the farm. For he was always a man of affairs; the Lord’s affairs first, and afterwards his own. The last vision of him was on a later summer, in the same buggy, with his little grand child, Irene Whittle—now in Heaven—upon his knee, and both waving good-bye to our departing train.

THE NORTHFIELD SUMMER CONFERENCES

have met a great need in the Christian work of the church in America. They became from their inauguration an immeasurable factor in the development of Christian life and

service. Their influence is being felt from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the regions of Upper Canada to the Gulf of Mexico. That influence has already touched and quickened thousands of ministers of the gospel and tens of thousands of Sabbath school teachers and other Christian workers. The testimony fresh and impressive of many of the leading pastors of New York City, as to the blessings there received, are most convincing, as to the unmeasurable good these summer convocations are accomplishing.

THE FIRST CONFERENCE

was held in 1880; the second, the next year; then, owing to Mr. Moody's campaigns in Great Britain, there were no conferences in 1882, 1883 and 1884. The third gathering was in 1885, since which time they have been held each year. In 1893 Mr. Moody's attention was divided between Northfield and his aggressive gospel work at the World's Fair, Chicago. But his place as Northfield leader was ably filled by that saintly yet always self-poised pastor and spiritual director, the Rev. Dr. Gordon, of Boston. The initial conference for Christian workers occupied the first ten days of September, 1880. It was attended by hundreds of visitors, including a delegation from the British Isles. East Hall was unequal to the demands upon it. Many visitors slept and ate in tents—a practice still a striking trait of Northfield. Others slept in garrets and barns. In fine, every available place was brought into requisition, and the quiet New England village slowly awakened to the realization that a new era had dawned, and a new importance had become its own, and that it should henceforth be a centre of light and life to the world of believers, as it had already become through its institutions of Christian education, a fountain of mental and spiritual culture to hundreds of aspiring young men and women. The Congregational Church was not large enough for a meeting place, and a large tent was pitched behind East Hall. The predominant

idea and aim of that great conference was spiritual power. The doctrine of the Holy Spirit as the source of all blessing and efficiency was emphasized and sought after in every address and prayer.

The Conference of each succeeding year has developed a distinct individuality and manifested its own peculiar side of the manifold enrichment of the grace of God.

One year the power of the Holy Ghost has been most prominent in prayer, teaching and manifestation. At another, the Saviorhood and Lordship of the Son of God. At a third, life and service have been most strongly emphasized. But there has never failed the blending with high spiritual teaching and subjective aspiration the needs and claims of actual work in a dying world abroad and at home. We have always been led down from the Mount of Transfiguration into the Valley of Human Need, as we have considered the interests of the foreign mission field and of the city slum. In each and every annual gathering there has been the happy proportioning of the interests of the inner life with the claims of outward aggressive work. The memorable

FIRST CHRISTIAN WORKER'S CONFERENCE

was unique. It has never been reproduced, nor can it ever be. It was the first overflow of a spiritual Niagara of deep need, yearning desires, humble confession of sin, heart searchings, self humblings, and strong cryings unto God for mercy and for blessing, filled the air. At the close of the ninth day, 3000 requests for prayer were piled up on Mr. Moody's desk, which purposely he had not presented until the last of the conference, because, as he said, "We need to get right ourselves with God before we can pray for others." As a general remark it may be accurate to say that the Northfield Conferences in their evolution, have progressed from the objective to the subjective. In the gatherings of earlier years, the evangelist, his interests and methods of work were in the foreground, and

every phase of outward aggressive work occupied much attention. But since the conference of 1894, when Rev. F. B. Meyer, of London, paid his second visit, it has been more characteristic of these annual gatherings that

CERTAIN GREAT SPIRITUAL TRUTHS,

like the surrender of the will, and the secret of victory, rest and power, have gained the pre-eminence, presented day by day by the mighty personality of a Meyer, a Murray or a Morgan. If the evolution of Northfield has been from service toward life, in its inner and deeper fullness, it is only that out of a richer blessing from God more effective service unto our fellowman might eventually issue.

The Summer Conference work at Northfield is divided into three conventions. The first, in order of the season, is the

WORLD'S STUDENT CONFERENCE,

which opens the last week in June, and continues throughout the first week of July. It had its birth in the summer of 1887, in Recitation Hall, Mt. Hermon Seminary. This has always been a gathering of surpassing interest, growing to such enthusiasm as only aroused young men know how to display. It has been a gathering unique, in its adaptability to the wishes and needs of earnest young men. Five hundred delegates, from the leading colleges and preparatory schools of our country, attend. These hundreds of delegates represent directly thousands of students and return to their colleges with changed purposes, deepened spiritual lives and hearts on fire, to become centers of blessing and salvation to all their comrades. Note a single typical instance. In 1894 four young men came to Northfield for the first time. They were Christians when they came, but they went home with a new love to Christ in their hearts, and a new force in their lives. The next autumn their western college enjoyed the greatest revival in its history. Nominal Christians among the students became earnest ones, and seventy-five fellow-students were converted

to Christ. All this was due, humanly speaking, to the visit of four delegates to the world's student conference. No gathering of the year at Northfield awakens so much enthusiasm or becomes a more important factor for good, than this coming together of young men. Mr. Moody has catered very skillfully to the peculiar needs of Christian young men of intellectual and spiritual aspiration. He has met them upon the plane of their special wants and perils. It was here that Prof. Henry Drummond, of Edinburgh, did his best work in America. And Dr. McKenzie, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, has been in yearly demand by the young men's conferences, doing noble service. Robert E. Speer, the spirit-filled young secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions; and Secretary Wishard, of the College Young Men's Christian Association, have stirred men's souls unto a deeper casting down of self at the Savior's feet, and to higher and more heroic undertakings in His kingdom. Here the brilliant, intellectual gifts in thought and speech of President Patton and Dr. Henry J. Van Dyke, of Princeton University, have exemplified and emphasized the possibilities of a trained will to glorify the Lord Jesus Christ when consecrated to his cause.

This conference has always covered the Fourth of July purposely, I believe, and the students' patriotic celebration in the great auditorium, is an event truly unapproached by any previous experience of your life; and is unapproachable, save by hundreds of college men, under circumstances of fellowship and gladness like those of Northfield. The speeches, the college songs and yells, the inimitable salutes to "Old Glory," the soul stirring actions, and the atmosphere of the whole occasion combine to make it the one nation's birthday of all your life, for by comparison with this remarkable celebration, all past fourths are forgotten, but this great day at Northfield can never be. And henceforth the flame of love to country and to the flag shall burn brightly upon the altars of your heart as they could not possibly have done had you never spent

a nation's birthday with Moody and the young men, fairly making the dome of the universe resonant with rejoicings.

The delegates to this conference came, in the early years of its existence, from all parts of our own country and from all over the world, thus realizing the broad desire of its founder and justifying in fact its comprehensive name. But in the later years its territory has become more circumscribed, including chiefly students of the United States west of the Mississippi and north of Tennessee. But Northfield has inspired the planting of other conferences to meet the needs of the various sections. The Lake Geneva Conference on the west, and the Knoxville gathering in the south, are branches of the one great northern work. The Keswick Convention, of England, under the stimulus of Northfield's example, inaugurated in 1889 a distinct work for students. Frankfort-on-Main is meeting the same need in Germany. The Scandinavian universities have established like schools in Denmark, and great student gatherings occur there annually. Japan started the same blessed movement in 1889 at the great conference at Kyoto, attended by 500 Japanese students. And from the example of this meeting in Japan thousands of students have joined in kindred movements in Ceylon, Persia, Turkey and India.

All hail to Northfield as the pioneer and originator of the Summer School. But all hail to her a thousand-fold more for the incalculable influences of blessing she has brought directly to the college life of America. Notice these three positive and all important results of the Northfield Student Conference. It has firmly established in hundreds of schools and colleges systematic Bible study. It has introduced for the first time, truly effective methods of Christian work among college men. In many such institutions young men are not permitted to work for others until they have had the experiences and training of at least one Northfield Conference. And Northfield is the parent of the Student Volunteer Movement

for Foreign Missions, which President McCosh, of Princeton University, pronounced "the greatest missionary revival since the first century." A movement which has already sent nine hundred educated young men and women to the foreign field, and has secured the pledge of three thousand more to go, when the means shall be provided. And when we halt to consider the effect of Northfield upon the individual student in leading to a fuller vision of the Christ, as Savior and Lord, in bracing the vacillating and motiveless to a high and heroic purpose, and in commanding the whole man henceforth for the love and service of the Heavenly Master, then we must exclaim, "Praise God for this priceless factor in the culture of the Christian life of America's young men and for the prospect through them of winning our country for the Son of God."

THE YOUNG WOMEN'S CONFERENCE

begins the third week in July of each year, and continues for ten days. The ruling idea and purpose of both young people's conferences is preparation for service.

With the same purpose in view, the Young Women's Conference has much in common with the Young Men's, but differs, in order to adapt itself to the peculiar needs of woman in her particular sphere and methods of Christian service.

Bible study is a prominent feature. The claims of Foreign and Home Missions are strongly presented by eminent men and women. The spirit and methods of Christian work in every sphere, where modern Marys do what they can for their Lord, are clearly and earnestly set forth by skilled teachers and leaders.

But serious themes and actions do not wholly engage the young women during their Northfield summer outing. Recreations of various kinds, delightful fellowship, the communion of the saints in its lighter forms, the beginning of life-long friendships, gatherings for social enjoyments enlivened by rollicking songs from the Mount Holyoke or other young

women's glee club, and the unique and sunshiny hospitality of Mr. Moody, that inimitable host, who had the faculty of making you feel that you owned all Northfield; a corn roast, or a clam bake, in the moonlight on the mountain side, or an afternoon drive to Brattleboro on Mount Hermon, all intermingled with the more serious portions of the program. And then the climaxing and sealing of all by a consecration hour on Round Top at sun set and then a farewell service in the Auditorium, in which the Master's lordship and claims upon you, are emphasized and felt, as they have never been before in all your life. And the young women go back to their life duties with a broader vision, a higher ideal, a steadier purpose, and a more complete devotion to their Lord than they have ever known before.

As we pass on to describe the Conference for Christian workers a glance at

CAMP NORTHFIELD

will interest the reader and is necessary to a complete record of the spiritual work of Northfield, in behalf of its summer visitors. This camp was established to benefit young men not of the student class, but in the business world. With this end in view, Mr. Moody asked the International Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association to organize a camp for young men, where they might come for an outing at little cost during July and August. The camp was opened July, 1895, in a beautiful pine grove at the foot of Notch Mountain, a mile back of East Northfield. Under the wise management of an experienced Y. M. C. A. secretary it is doing an important work for young men, who come from the counting room, the store and workshop of the great city, to breathe the incomparable air of the New England hills; perfumed and vitalized by the fragrance of the pines. By the very newness and charm of their surroundings these new men are surprisingly open to the Christian influences which now surround them. A hearty welcome, a plentiful table, a quiet tent, the fragrance

of the woods compelling sleep, physical recreation of all sorts, greet them and they are susceptible to any influence that may come to them.

To the supreme end of their spiritual welfare, recreations and jolly hours of fellowship are considered but the means, and more serious influences soon begin their work. Bible study, prayer and testimony, soul moving addresses by leading conference speakers who pay special visits to the camp fires, a heart to heart talk with some newly found comrade and friend, blessed fellowship with earnest Christians on every side are features of camp life which help to lead men to Christ. And soon it becomes as natural and easy to receive the Son of God by faith, as to breathe in the ozone of the mountain air. And scores of young men go back to life's work and temptations thanking God for Northfield as the starting point of a changed life, as the time and place where they became new creatures in Christ Jesus.

THE CHRISTIAN WORKERS' CONFERENCE.

This last and crowning assembly of the year opens August first, and continues for three weeks. As the name signifies, it is designed to meet the wants of mature Christians, wearied and exhausted by the stress and drain of their labor, whether in the pulpit, foreign mission field or in other spheres of Christian activity. Its purpose is to enrich the mind with Bible truth and with the knowledge of the best methods of Christian work, and to so deepen the spiritual life that the recipient of blessing shall come into a more perfect union with Christ, and obedience unto his living Lord and shall go forth to accomplish by the Holy Spirit's power results large and glorious in the Master's kingdom. Religious conventions elsewhere are marvelous in the good they accomplish, but Northfield is unique and pre-eminent in spiritual tone, in its power to impress and mould and in its lasting effects. At other conventions we can say we were blessed, but at North-

field, thousands of us can gratefully and humbly say, we came to know and obey the Christ Himself, so that the life since then has been real, rest-filled, and regnant, as

“Moment by moment I’m kept in His love;

Moment by moment I’ve life from above.”

Each day at the August Conference is fully and most profitably occupied. Its privileges begin with the sunrise prayer meetings, led by Mr. Moody, and here he becomes as confidential and helpful as if we were gathered around his own family hearthstone. Then at ten o’clock and when the program is very full, at nine A. M., the addresses in the Auditorium begin. One eminent speaker will occupy the desk from nine to ten; a second from ten to eleven, a third from eleven to twelve. Recess for dinner and rest is taken at noon. The afternoon meetings begin at three o’clock. Mr. Moody’s admonition to avoid excess in attending meetings beyond your profit or strength is of no avail, and you find yourself again, joining in the soul stirring gospel songs, and listening to Dr. Torrey on some practical phase of Bible study, or to Dr. Gray in one of his masterly analyses of a great masterpiece of inspiration, Job, Romans, Ephesians or Galatians. This service being over, you are invited to Round Top to ask any reasonable questions which may have arisen in your mind concerning scriptural truth, or practical living. Some rare ripe Bible student like Dr. Erdman, of Philadelphia, or Prebendary Webb-Peploe of London, is there to help you solve the problems of doctrine or duty, which Northfield has brought to the foreground in your thoroughly aroused mind and nature.

At seven P. M. you have hastened again to Round Top, to enter into the spirit and receive the blessing of the twilight service. Here the claims of Christ upon the believer for consecration of heart and will and hand to his Lord, are emphasized, as only amid such surroundings and from such Spirit filled speakers it is possible to impress them.

The great evangelist is buried on this green knoll, and upon

this very spot, many a believer has in the past and shall in the future, know the happy moment of death and burial unto sin, and of resurrection unto a new life of purpose and power by the touch of the Spirit of God. The pleadings of the Holy Spirit, tender and irresistible which have come to us on Round Top as the day was dying, through the personality of Mabie, Gordon, Meyer, Murray or Moody, have made our hearts burn within us, as did the disciples when their unrecognized risen Lord conversed with them on the way to Emmaus, and have kindled in our hearts fires of love and devotion to Christ, which can never die out.

Then, as the twilight deepens, and the stars shine out, the great company moves in silence and soberness over the hills toward the Auditorium again, to hear with consecrated mind and heart, the interests of the kingdom on foreign field, or city slum presented by some hero of the cross, honored of God, and known among men. And new obligations are born here as always, of new opportunities, and the Mount of Transfiguration requires us to go forward in the service of the King.

After the evening meeting the great congregation breaks into little groups, who gather on porches, and under trees, on the way side, for conference, confession and prayer that the fullness of blessing may come upon each individual conscious of need and hungry, as never before, for Christ to dwell in his heart by faith.

Time and space fail us to speak in detail, of the strong men of God who, as channels of the Holy Spirit have made this Conference a factor for the blessing of thousands. Moody himself was always the central figure as he was the leader and controlling spirit of everything with which he had to do. To his energy, sagacity, resourcefulness and faith, all, next to God, is due. We are all under lasting bonds of gratitude to Northfield's head for the gifted and helpful spiritual leaders and teachers from our own country and the world, whom he had brought to speak to us at the August conferences. But

after all, the first and most indispensable personality there has been the great evangelist himself. Modest, genial and self-abnegating, declining to preach or speak at length, except by the repeated urging of conference guests, and of the country folk, who loved him most of all, who poured in, on convention Sabbaths, in every sort of conveyance; then the pressure became irresistible and after a full morning service and sermon by other speakers, the great evangelist would leave the platform, ascend the choir stairs until he reached a point within vision of every gallery seat, and, standing there in the very center of the large chorus choir, he would pour out his soul upon some theme dear to his heart, the love of God, the duty of repentance, or "Faith in the Lord Jesus Christ."

Though he asserted himself as little as possible, Moody was the head and absolute controller of the conference. In the best sense, he was at Northfield, as everywhere else, an autocrat, not for selfish ends but for the glory of God, and the best good of all. No man led in prayer, even, save by the great leader's consent and desire. This is one of the chief requisites of a great leader in any sphere, to be able to marshall the right men as his co-laborers. Mr. Moody was conspicuously gifted with this essential quality of leadership. Many remarkable men have labored with him at the conferences. Among those from abroad may be named Dr. Bonar, of Scotland, Reverends F. B. Meyer, Webb-Peploe, G. Campbell Morgan, Geo. H. C. McGregor, of London, and the saintly missionary, Andrew Murray, of South Africa. And from our own country, many men of large equipment of mind and soul for helpfulness. Among them have been Drs. Gordon, Torrey, Mabie, Pierson, Dixon and Chapman, and President Weston. Who that was present on the Sabbath morning of August, 1894, can ever lose the impressions made by Dr. Gordon's sermon, on The Resurrection, as it enlarged our vision of life, and of heaven, and intensified our adoration and love for Him who is Himself the resurrection and the life. The preacher spake as by au-

thority that morning out of the depths of his own rich experience of faith and joy. He died the following February, and as we recall his surroundings in the great and hushed congregation of the Auditorium, and hear the sermon again and behold the saintly, strong man who preached and feel again the stimulus of his own great conviction of triumph in the face of death, we bless God anew for "Jesus Christ, his Son, who hath abolished death and brought life and immortality to light."

Or who that heard F. B. Meyer, in 1892, or 1894 or 1896, came away unmoved and unchanged, at least in thought and aspiration? How masterfully did he unveil to our own eyes and seemingly to all the world the hidden sin within our hearts, the long cherished ideal, the undue love of self, and the persistent resistance of our unsundered will. How he "hewed us with words" like the prophet of old, until in contrition and confession we found ourselves again, like awakened penitents at the foot of the cross, crying for pardon from sins of omission and of commission. If you listen, you can hear again his ringing, piercing command, "Get right with God! Get out into the woods, or anywhere, and be alone with God until the past is blotted out and new purpose and will-power be claimed from heaven by a desperately earnest and acting faith!" Then having been used of God to smite us, and humble us unto true repentance, and abandonment of sin, he would lift us to our feet as he enkindled hope and purpose, providing we would renounce sin and self, and yield all to the will of Christ. Then we could go forth, not boasting of any attainment, but to maintain henceforth an unbroken attitude of loyalty to our Lord, like the unswerving loyalty of the compass needle to its north pole. And wonderful was the knowledge of the Bible possessed by Prebendary Peplow, of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, as he drew therefrom treasures new and old, and proclaimed trust and obedience as the secrets of rest, victory and fruitfulness in the Christian life. Then each morning, after Peplow spoke, in the August conference of 1895, we en-

joyed an hour which was spent as nearly within the holy of holies as is possible this side of heaven, while Andrew Murray, that true mystic, yet faithful worker, who exemplified in such remarkable degree the humility, purity and love which he urged upon his eager auditors, with the authority of a veritable prophet of God, and yet with the yearning of a spiritual father pleading with his own children that they might be willing to be blessed in soul as they were in body.

Holiness is the supreme aim and passion of Andrew Murray's life, and his mind and soul seemed consumed with the longing that every child of God should become like Christ in purity and beauty of character. Mr. McGregor's gentle and persuasive manner, springing from a rare sweetness of disposition and a deep spiritual experience have left lasting impressions. And Campbell Morgan has surprised and delighted every one, as he has opened, like a flower into fuller bloom each year, revealing a sweep of spiritual vision and a grasp of the strong eternal, which first brings you down into the depths of sorrow for sin, and then lifts you to heights of joy, according as you fully claim by faith God's Son as your Redeemer from sin. The men of God at Northfield have done much to make it what it is as a force for good, but they themselves emphasized God's command on the Mount of Transfiguration, "Jesus only." They themselves are willing to be forgotten, that "God may be all in all."

In reflecting upon the conference work of Mr. Moody, the reader cannot fail to have noted certain interesting characteristics of the conventions. They are wonderfully Catholic in spirit. Northfield, as Dr. Schofield, pastor of the Congregational Church, of the town, aptly says: "Is a world wide influence for evangelical truth, and it stands for the widest brotherhood consistent with loyalty to Christ."

The Keswick Conference at Lake Windermere, England, though repudiating sinless perfection, stands distinctly for truths along the line of spiritual attainment, for rest, victory

and power, through an overwhelming faith following upon an utter surrender and absolute dependence upon the Holy Spirit. And Keswick is a lofty mountain peak, but with a narrow base. Northfield rejoices in a lofty peak, but maintains as well, a broad foundation. The High Church Bishop and the unordained rescue worker, speak from the same platform, within the same hour, and every man who accepts the great cardinal truths of evangelical Christianity is upon a level there. Northfield has been the beneficiary of many thinkers and leaders who owe their all to Keswick as the Pentecost of their lives. But Northfield, in breadth, scope and catholicity far surpasses the English conference. Here every revealed truth is allowed emphasis in due proportion, and every well tested method of practical work is proclaimed to eager audiences. Another characteristic is Unity in Diversity.

What keen ear has ever detected a speaker's sectarian affinity at Northfield? There, as nowhere else, is emphasized the sometimes forgotten aphorism, "The things in which we agree are more than the things in which we differ." There we behold in living fact union in Christ for the salvation of the world out of Christ. But it is the unity not of sameness but of diversity. The unity not of the company of musicians all playing the same instrument, but the unity of the many instruments, blended into a perfect harmony, complete and melodious, as mere sameness can never be. The August conference is a fine modern specimen of a great voluntary Ecumenical Council, composed of representatives from every branch of the church universal, all pressing across denominational fences in order to stand side by side, whilst with one heart and voice they proclaim their credo: "One Lord, one faith, one baptism; one God and Father of all, who is above all and through all, and in you all."

Another characteristic interesting to note is, Northfield sanity and balance. The hobbyist has never gotten a hearing for his hobby there. Emotionalism, fanaticism, asceticism, or

sinless perfection, has never gained the platform nor been permitted to find expression in the audience. The deeper truths of the Bible, concerning our Lord's second coming, and the baptism of the Holy Ghost, and the possibility and duty of living a loyal, victorious and fervent-filled life have had full and free expression and emphasis, but never the extravagant and illogical deductions which ill balanced minds may deduce therefrom. Mr. Moody was himself always sane, well-balanced and wholesome, so must everything be of which he had control.

Practicality was another striking characteristic of Northfield. The name Christian Workers' Conference, was no meaningless and inappropriate title for the chief summer gathering. Its purpose was, in every possible way to help feeble workers to become strong and efficient. Christian workers who are masters of their Bible and having the ability to apply it to life and duty, have the platform and the welcome there. A formal sermon, of rigid homiletical form, however excellent, or the speculative thesis is in little demand or scarcely tolerated. One of the greatest living scholars read two learned essays on successive days, and they were flat failures, on those occasions and in that atmosphere. But men like Dr. Gordon or Sidney A. Selwyn, of Bournemouth, England, with adequate scholarship and strong unction who can grasp the great truth or principle of God's word, and with apt illustration and skilled force apply it, to the mind, heart and conscience of the auditors, is in constant demand. The unappreciative visitor has more than once called Northfield a spiritual sanitarium where everyone is kept busy counting his own pulse and diagnosing his own moral ailments; but no impression could be more inaccurate. Despite the tendency to introspection, yet the balance is always maintained by an alert practicability. Northfield has ever emphasized and only tolerated that truth which can be on the instant transmuted into experience and action.

It is not a hospital, but a spiritual store house where new

supplies can be gained for the long and weary journeys in paths of duty which shall lie before us. The interests of the inner man are made supreme, because they are supreme, and are essential to all soul vigor and outward accomplishment. And whilst subjective themes have received a very full share of attention, they have been always balanced and proportioned by consideration of the outward interests of the Master's kingdom.

At a missionary meeting during the August Conference of 1895, thirty-five missionaries, representing every field of the wide world, were on the platform, and pleaded for the interest of the kingdom of Christ to the ends of the earth. What inspiration to renewed devotion and heroism in that scene! Those thirty-five heroes of the cross had been doing something more than feeling their spiritual pulse for the last quarter of a century. Every phase of applied Christianity is fully and strongly presented at Northfield, and the personal impetus which the visitor received from all the surroundings and from Mr. Moody himself, whose life achievement has been beyond that of any other man, to carry the gospel to those who are unable, or unwilling to receive it, is the most irresistible influence of the whole convention.

A last striking trait of Northfield in its conference work, is its spiritual power. As the tonic breezes of the mountains to the fevered brow, so are the spiritual forces at Northfield felt at once. The least earnest or sensitive nature cannot remain long at the conference without spiritual impressions of the most decided kind. If really obdurate or calloused in heart he will go away to criticise or to scoff. But if he remain he will soon realize the softening influences of the place, are affecting his mind and heart, his conscience and his will. And if he tarry longer the vision of self deficiency, of hitherto unrealized sin, will break the proud nature into sorrow and shame, and he will find himself yearning after and seeking for a closer walk with Christ.

If you ask what have been the results of the Northfield Conferences, we must answer, our Omniscient Heavenly Father alone knows them. These conferences are now recognized throughout Christendom as one of the most influential forces in the world for the development of Christian life and service. Thousands have attended them to learn, to know and love the Lord Jesus Christ as they never did before; have been enabled there to give themselves to Him in a complete and irreversible surrender, and to go forward to the glory of God in the power of the Holy Spirit, in a fulness that without this experience and this blessing at Northfield had been quite impossible. They have found this place to be to them not merely another Bethel, where vows to God have been often made, and as often broken but a veritable Peniel, where vows made have henceforth been kept, because here we have seen God face to face, and through that crowning vision, there has come to us a new name and a new nature.

Happy and blessed days with Moody at Northfield! They can never be relived! But as the dying worker for God said of himself, "Moody is not dead! He shall still live," not a visible personality, but a potential influence, and because of his absence, the Spirit of God will all the more tenderly and sufficiently prosper and bless these Christian enterprises in coming days, and enable them all the more fully to fulfil their mission of bringing light and grace to the hungry, aspiring Christians of our land, who pray that the beauty of the Lord our God, may be upon them, and that the work of their hands may be established to His glory and to the salvation of the whole world. The deepest longing and the loudest cry of the church of the present age is for a more Christ like character and for victory over self and sin, and for abounding fruit in the salvation of other souls. The Northfield Conferences are one of God's most important answers to this earnest and noble aspiration. For all that they have done, and shall do, praise be unto the Father, Son and Holy Spirit, world without end, Amen.

Mount Hermon.

IF we could trace some of the mightiest streams of human activity and enterprise up to their most distant sources, they might be found to issue from very small beginnings; as the Father of Waters takes its rise from the small lakes of Minnesota, or in the far away springs and glaciers of Yellowstone Park. As we gaze with admiration on the splendid groups of buildings at Northfield and on Mount Hermon, we can scarcely realize that many of them rose up from their foundations under the magic power of song, as the walls of Thebes arose under the strains of Amphion's lyre. Yet such is the case. The fact is, that no publisher would agree to publish

GOSPEL HYMNS,

a small hymn book that Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey wished to have printed for use in their meetings in Scotland and England, and Mr. Moody was compelled to publish it at his own expense. The copyright of that small book has proved itself an unfailing source of supply like the springs of the Jordan.

Between his meetings at Birmingham and London, Mr. Moody ran up to meet with some twelve hundred pastors who had responded to his invitation to meet in conference before beginning their great London campaign. Desiring to have all misapprehensions concerning himself and Mr. Sankey removed, he invited them to ask him any questions they desired. For a half hour or more, questions, wise and otherwise, pertinent and impertinent, were almost flung at him. How was Mr. Moody paid? Was Mr. Sankey peddling American organs? What about the copyright of the singing books? etc. etc.

Mr. Moody settled these questions in his decisive way. He informed them that he had money enough for all his personal

expenses, and did not ask the city of London for a penny, and that Mr. Sankey was not selling organs. Then to remove from the revival even the least flavor of speculation, he immediately resigned into the hands of Mr. Mathieson, an eminent London banker, all right and title to the profits of the books in question. The amount of royalty was then considerably over five thousand pounds. Mr. Moody declined to receive it. Mr. Mathieson then said: "This is American money and we can not keep it here," and proposed to send it to the United States to aid the cause of Christ in this land. Among the names mentioned by Mr. Moody was that of Mr. George H. Stuart, to whom the draft was accordingly sent and it was applied as we have already stated, to aid in paying off the debt on the Chicago Avenue Church. Soon after Mr. Moody's return to America he invited Mr. Farwell of Chicago, Mr. Doyde of New York and Mr. Stuart of Philadelphia, to meet him in Northfield, and asked them to act as trustees for the royalty fund of the hymn books about to be published by Biglow & Main, and to dispose of that fund for Christian work disconnected with any church use. They accepted the trust, which in a few years amounted to over three hundred thousand dollars, and it was out of this fund that the cornerstone of Mr. Moody's magnificent educational work at Northfield and Mount Hermon was laid.

Scarcely was the school work at Northfield well under way and its success assured, than the same reasons which had wrought so powerfully with Mr. Moody in behalf of the Seminary, began to appeal with equal cogency for the establishment of

A SCHOOL FOR BOYS.

With marvelous sagacity and foresight, and with the instinct of genius, Mr. Moody mapped out in his mind a most happy combination of manual labor and mental toil in the education of young men. The first thing they needed was a farm within easy access of Northfield, and yet at some distance

from town. Providentially at just that time a farm was about to pass under the hammer, not an acre of which could have been bought for love or money at any time during the previous fifty years. It was located across the river from Northfield, and about four miles away, contained four hundred acres of land, and was by far the finest situation to be found in all that region. The whole tract was bought in 1881 for \$12,500—the timber alone being worth more than half the purchase price—and it was christened Mount Hermon.

Mr. Hiram Camp, the gentleman who wrote his check for \$25,000, with which the farm was bought and the school commenced, has often since declared that no act of his life ever yielded him greater dividends of happiness. "There's no joy like the joy of giving." Quite a different sentiment this, from the one a Standard Oil magnate once uttered in the presence of the writer, when he said, "It's lots of fun to make money." I believe the great wealth which this multi-millionaire kept as long as he could—even to the edge of his grave—gave him far less happiness than the former gentleman received from the \$25,000 he gave away.

The situation of Mount Hermon is more commanding than that of the Seminary buildings, and the surrounding scenery more rugged and picturesque. At first the old farm houses found upon the place were utilized as dormitories, and when enlargement was necessary it was deemed best to continue

THE FAMILY SYSTEM.

Cottages accordingly were erected in which a large number of boys were divided into groups of not more than twenty in each house under the care of matrons. This method of caring for the boys was modified in 1885 by raising the age of admission to sixteen, a change involving the whole scope of the school. Experience has proved that results would be more satisfactory if the boys were of sufficient age to have formed definite purposes in life.

MR. MOODY'S CONCEPTION

of the Mount Hermon School was bed-rocked upon his own experience of the deficiency of his education, and he was determined that no worthy young man should grow up without the opportunity of making out of himself the very best of which he was capable. His ideal of Mount Hermon was absolutely devoid of sentiment and intensely practical. The school was founded for young men of good physical and mental stuff, not for weaklings. It was in no sense to be a reformatory school. Lazy, ignorant or vicious boys are not received knowingly. Character and capacity rather than scholarship are insisted upon. Careful scrutiny of the antecedents of each applicant has been directed toward making the students of Mount Hermon a body of picked young men.

In order to meet the needs of that large class of young men who are earnest and consecrated, but have not the means to secure an education at full cost, the price for board and tuition at Mount Hermon has been fixed at \$100 a year. To put the cost at this very low figure the students are required to engage in some form of useful labor, two or three hours a day, on the farm, in the shops, in the laundry, and in care taking of the buildings. All the housework is performed by the students themselves. In the farm especially the students acquire practical knowledge of sowing and reaping, the care of domestic animals, and everything pertaining to agriculture. Besides the economy thus effected, the health of the students is maintained in fullest vigor. The practical knowledge of agriculture adds an element of independence to the equipment of the student, furnishing him with the consciousness that if he should turn out a poor preacher he might yet become a good farmer.

THE MORAL VALUE OF WORK

cannot be overestimated. The men of moral genius and power in all ages have been workers. The patriarchs who put their

stamp most deeply upon the moral history, the religious development, of the most remarkable race of all time, tended their own flocks.

Moses, the earliest and greatest of all moral legislators, kept the flocks of Jethro for forty years in the land of Midian. David, the immortal poet, the inspired prophet, the warrior king, was in training for his career of greatness when as a shepherd lad he roamed the plains of Bethlehem. Elisha was but a farmer's son, ploughing in the field when Elijah called him to the prophetic office, yet upon his youthful shoulders fell the mantle of the ascending prophet and upon his soul a double portion of his master's spirit. John the Baptist, than whom had never a greater been born of woman, the great preacher of repentance, the forerunner of the Messiah, was not clothed in soft raiment, neither dwelt in kings' houses.

The first founders of Christianity were themselves working men. Peter and Andrew were fishing on the lake, James and John were mending their nets, when summoned to become disciples of the Son of Man and the founders of the Christian church. And Paul, the mightiest moral force among them all, the theologian, philosopher, missionary hero, and martyr, also illustrates the value of work, for while he was an apostle, his own hands ministered to his necessities, for by occupation he was a tent maker. Yet, these working men were they who triumphed over the bitter hatred of the Jew, and the entrenched heathenism of the Gentiles, over the schools of philosophy and the palaces of the Caesars; who turned the world upside down and gave a new religious history to mankind.

We may advance a step nearer, yet must we reverently pause before a humble cottage door, for the ground whereon we tread is holy. Jesus of Nazareth was a humble working man. Even those who question His deity unite in exalting Him unapproachably above all other men in moral beauty and genius. The greater part of His life was spent in lowly toil. He knew what was in man. He knew the untold worth of

work to man's moral and religious nature. He knew its value to His own human nature in fitting Him for His public ministry. Behold the strange, yet sublime spectacle, the Son of God putting the royal stamp of dignity on the life of a working man, and while other conditions were open to His choice, content for years to eat His bread in the sweat of His face. Do not such long years of patient, submissive work bespeak the infinite worth of toil in the evolution of the highest spiritual character?

If labor is so vitally connected with virtue, the reason for it must lie in the very nature of man. There must be some natural, physical reason for it. The most recent scientific investigations of the relations existing between brain and body, show that there is a direct connection between the will and the brain, and through it with the muscular system. Flabby muscles and weak will have a relation to each other of cause and effect. The discovery of motor centers in the brain has revolutionized scientific thought on the subject of morals and religion. It has proven that moral training cannot ignore the body, and that physical training which develops the motor centers of the brain at the same time lays the basis of strength of will, and force of character. Here then, you have a moral ground, the highest possible ground, for manual training, and for industrial schools.

It is no curse, therefore, but a great blessing for a youth to be put early under the lash of necessity, and the compulsion of toil. Work not only puts red corpuscles into the blood, but puts iron into the will, and invigorates moral character. It not only induces industrious habits, endues the youth with practical talent, equips with additional resources, reinforces the soul on the side of independence, but, above all, it gives that sympathy with working men which can not be counterfeited, which puts a man "en rapport" with the masses, without which no man can be a preacher, or orator, or tribune of the people in the highest sense.

It was this fact in the life of Mr. Moody—that he was himself a lad upon the farm—that he started with his feet firmly on the earth, that his whole early life was one of stern realism—which enabled him to become the greatest tribune to the masses in this century, and to report to every man his own moral and spiritual consciousness, because he himself had gone through all the stratas of human experience.

THE FOUNDATION

of Mount Hermon on an industrial basis was, consequently, the natural outgrowth of Mr. Moody's own life. It was his desire not to educate young men away from their own sphere, but to teach them to find it, and to train them to meet existing modern conditions. The wisdom of this foundation has been approved by the experience of many years. The quality of the student body has been steadily rising. Amid such a general air of downright earnestness the lazy pupil is soon displaced, and his room is filled by another. A process of natural selection has gone forward, and there has been a survival of the fittest. The result is a student body composed largely of sifted manhood.

THE MORAL AND RELIGIOUS TONE

of the school is of the very highest, as is shown by the frequent report that all the members of the two upper classes are professing Christians. One can never overestimate the effect which the mere breathing of a spiritual atmosphere has upon a lad as he daily meets with devoted teachers in the classroom. Then comes the more personal contact, in study, work, or play with earnest, loving fellow students, to some one of whom he may be drawn to open the inner depths of his soul.

All these spiritual forces at Mount Hermon seem to be gathered up in the

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION,

into one great center and mainspring of religious life, and zeal

and activity. This association has the largest membership to be found in any school in America. Here is fostered under zealous yet judicious teachers and students a wholesome and well-rounded Christian character. From this source of power and wisdom the spiritual energies of the young men flow forth into channels of personal usefulness.

Ten or a dozen groups of young men find their way up and down the river or over the hills into remote districts wherever a school house may be found, or the open door of a farmhouse. It may be only a small prayer meeting that is held, with a handful of people to share in it. It may be that a Sabbath School is maintained, and sometimes the gospel may be preached in a simple, earnest manner. But whatever the form of service rendered, the great value of all such work is to bring a warm hearted Christian student into a personal contact with precious souls whom he may influence with all the spiritual force that is in him. Here many a hidden talent has been unearthed and the blessed power of the Holy Spirit may have crowned a student's labors with such success as to fire his heart with a great desire to enter the ministry of the gospel. For all such young men the full classical course is sufficient to pass them into college. The record which such students have made at Yale, Princeton, Amherst, Williams, for high scholarship, fine Christian character, for adaptability to their work, has been, and is to-day, the very highest testimony to the wise, sound, thorough, practical training and the lofty enthusiasm of soul which Mount Hermon inspires and imparts to the great body of students which are privileged to enjoy the advantages there afforded.

More than two thousand young men have passed through the halls of Mount Hermon during the last eighteen years.

Besides the price of board and tuition received, \$100 per student, it costs another \$100 each to maintain the school. To meet this great deficit at Mount Hermon and an almost equal one at the Seminary, in all about \$80,000 per annum,

the royalty fund from the sale of Gospel Hymns has been religiously set aside, and is divided equally between them.

At present this fund meets nearly one half the deficit. The balance must be made up by personal solicitation, or by the still greater generosity of its long-time friends.

For many years it had been

MR. MOODY'S GREATEST CARE

to secure the large sums needed to maintain the Bible Institute, Northfield Seminary, and the Mount Hermon School for boys. To realize faintly the magnitude of his labors it is only necessary to state that an endowment of \$3,000,000 will be needed to provide the necessary income to carry on these great institutions and equip them still more thoroughly for the great work they are doing. We hope this vast sum may be speedily secured—we know of no charity in this country more worthy—that these memorials of Mr. Moody's devotion to the cause of Christian education may be placed upon the most enduring of earthly foundations.



The World's Fair Campaign.



COLUMBUS discovered America in 1492. In 1892 Chicago was discovered by the rest of the world as a city with upward of a million people, possessed with a wonderful power of doing great things, fitly expressed in her laconic motto, "I will." While the industrial and commercial world were preparing for the grandest exposition ever created, Chicago was raising millions of money for the erection of the White City by the Sea, which arose as if by magic on the shores of Lake Michigan, fairer and more beautiful, at least more wonderful, than ever Venice appeared in the days of her highest splendor. At the same time, Dr. John Henry Barrows was conceiving and arranging for the most remarkable gathering of devout men from the four quarters of the globe, the very ends of the earth, ever witnessed since devout Jews from every nation under the sun went up to Jerusalem to worship at the great feast of Pentecost.

At this Parliament of Religions, representative men from nearly all the larger protestant sects of Christendom, cardinals and prelates, Syrian priest and Greek patriarch, leaders of modern religious thought in India, Buddhist priests and Brahmins, orange-robed monks and devotees, Confucian philosopher, the high priest of the ancient Shinto sect of Japan, Jew and Gentile, Greek and Roman, Pagan and Barbarian were to gather in most solemn conclave.

Meet for what? Not to discuss politics, not to devise plans for selfish or national aggrandizement, nor even primarily to enjoy travel to lands new and strange, but simply, grandly, for this: To tell to each other with fraternal regard and interest what was the highest and the best they thought or knew concerning Duty and Destiny; concerning Heaven and God.

Strangely enough, Mr. Moody was the same year circling the globe on his most extended and successful missionary tours through the Orient, returning via Europe. His mind was also on Chicago. He knew that millions of people would throng the World's Fair as the devotees of India flock to sacred Benares, in order that they might see the glories, the wonders and the beauties of the modern Venice.

Mr. Moody returned to America under as solemn a vow as that which sent Paul up to Jerusalem, a vow wrung from his heart after eight and forty hours wrestling with the angel of God through nights of terror more dreadful than Jacob ever dreamed of. We can yet remember the shiver of fear and sympathy that ran through our hearts when the daily press depicted the anguish and fear with which the passengers faced most imminent death while yet they prayed mightily unto God for his saving power. Mr. Moody thus narrated his experience throughout the hours of such prolonged anxiety:

"Just as I was preparing to leave London the last time I was there, I called upon a celebrated physician, who told me that my heart was weakening, that I had to let up on my work, and that I must be more careful of myself. I was going home with the thought that I would not work quite so hard. I was on the steamer Spree, and when the announcement came that the vessel was sinking, and we were there forty-eight hours in a helpless condition, no one on earth knows what I passed through during those hours, as I thought that my work was finished and that I would never again have the privilege of preaching the gospel of the Son of God. And on that dark night, the first night of the accident, I made a vow that if God would spare my life and bring me back to America I would come back to Chicago at this World's Fair and preach the gospel with all the power that He would give me; and God has enabled me to keep that vow during the past five months. It seems as if I went to the very

gates of heaven during those forty-eight hours on the sinking ship, and God permitted me to come back and preach Christ a little longer.

For many months before at Mr. Moody's urgent request of the churches abroad, the children of God were offering unceasing prayer for the blessing and the power of God to fall upon them and upon the city of his devotion. Not only was his heart to be greatly comforted by the assurance of their most fervent supplications, to be greatly helped throughout all the summer by their most generous contributions, but he was also to find from among his many friends across the sea some of his most ardent, and faithful co-laborers.

In our ministers' meetings in Chicago, where I was then pastor, and in our churches generally, the coming of Mr. Moody and the great evangelistic campaign which was to open with the opening of the World's Fair, were the topics of frequent conversation and the blessing of God was invoked with much earnest and prevailing prayer.

The problems presented to the church by the vast population of Chicago are the most complex and difficult of all with which our great cities are compelled to grapple. Nowhere else is the struggle between capital and labor more intense and bitter. In no other city have the socialists and anarchists secured such a dangerous foothold. Only those who have faced such problems can appreciate the urgency of the petitions which besought the favor and the blessing of Almighty God upon the united, earnest, and aggressive work that was to be done in the name of Jesus Christ.

Before entering upon the sketch of the great work done by Mr. Moody in his Chicago campaign, which began and ended with the World's Fair, a single incident regarding Mr. Moody's attitude towards the Parliament of Religions, may be related, as showing his remarkable level-headedness and his possession of a vast amount of good, hard, common sense.

When some of the evangelists and ministers connected with

the campaign seemed to feel that Jesus Christ and the gospel were being belittled and disgraced by the proceedings at Columbus Hall, they suggested that an attack upon the parliament should be made all along the line. Mr. Moody was very emphatic in his reply: "Preach Christ, hold up Christ. Let the Parliament of Religions alone. Preach Christ."

The views, impressions, and opinions one may have regarding any great religious movement will depend largely upon the stand point taken by the beholder. It was our privilege to attend the opening and closing meetings of

THE PARLIAMENT OF RELIGIONS,

to hear the first recital together, by a vast throng of people gathered from the ends of the earth, of the universal prayer: "Our Father which art in heaven," and the grand Hallelujah Chorus given at its close by the Apollo Club. As that chorus burst out in praise of Christ who shall reign King of kings, and Lord of lords, we could but accept it as prophetic of the hour when among all the nations of the earth "every knee shall bow and every tongue confess that Jesus Christ is Lord to the glory of God the Father."

We attended nearly all the day sessions of the parliament, and are persuaded that no address given upon that platform was received with greater sympathy, bursting almost into applause, than the grand sermon delivered by B. Fay Mills, on "Jesus Christ, the Savior of the World."

There was no discussion allowed at the sessions, but the teachers of the great ethnic faiths of heathenism and of every form of faith that recognizes God or Christ in Christendom came together to tell the best they knew or hoped for concerning

GOD, AND DUTY, AND DESTINY.

To those questions which Christianity might justly ask of heathenism, as represented by Confucian philosopher, Buddhist priest, Hindoo monk, or Shinto High Priest, there was

no reply. There can be no reply to such questions as these:

Whom can you place beside the incomparable Jesus? Does not the "Light of Asia" fade away before the "Light of the World?" Where is your nobler love, your grander purpose, your greater sacrifice? Where is your more spotless Lamb, your more precious blood, your more complete salvation? Where is there such propitiation for sin, such satisfaction for the conscience, such peace for the soul? Where can you find a softer pillow for the dying head, a more certain hope of a glorious resurrection for the body and for the immortality of the soul?

Tell us, since the star glittered over Bethlehem's plains, has any one but Jesus arisen to claim "the heathen for his inheritance and the uttermost parts of the earth for his possession?"

The fact that the ignorance, the superstition, the impotence of heathenism were, by those representative teachers from the Orient, confessed by their silence, is, in our opinion, an all sufficient justification for the convocation of that parliament. We have heard from their own lips that they know nothing of any Savior from sin, and that they have no sure hope of any personal immortality.

During the six months the World's Fair was to remain open, the gospel, the good tidings of the grace of God, was to be proclaimed to the thousands, the tens of thousands, the hundreds of thousands coming and going to the White City by the Sea; and to other hundreds of thousands living in that great, bustling, driving city of Chicago.

Mr. Moody had come to the conviction that God wanted that work done. If so, it ought to be done, and it was done. For months before the opening of the World's Fair the ministers of the city had been earnestly and prayerfully considering the problems before them. The most of them decided to remain in the city all summer. Dr. E. P. Goodwin, of the First Congregational Church, did so for the first time in twenty-six years. Most of the churches were thronged all summer.

Many people were glad of the rest of the Sabbath day. An amusing incident occurred at Plymouth Church one morning, where the crowd who wanted to hear the eloquent Dr. Gunsaulus surged far out into the street. One man was elbowing his way vigorously to the door regardless of other people's comfort, and to their protests he vehemently replied: "I came to Chicago to see the World's Fair, and Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show and to hear Dr. Gunsaulus, and I must get in." And he did.

Before Mr. Moody left his home for Chicago he had gathered the students and teachers of Northfield and Mt. Hermon about him at six o'clock in the morning, to seek the anointing of the Holy Spirit and to pray for the work to come. "If you think anything of me," said he, with choking voice, "if you have any regard for me, if you love me, pray for me that God may anoint me for the work in Chicago. I want to be filled with the spirit, that I may preach the gospel as I never preached it before. We want to see the salvation of God as we have never seen it before." It may truly be said that it was

A CAMPAIGN OF PRAYER.

The inauguration of the campaign, as was most fitting, was at the Chicago Avenue Church, better known as Moody's Church. The spacious audience room will seat nearly twenty-five hundred people, and the lecture rooms on the first floor nearly as many more. Morning, afternoon and evening the great church was thronged to hear Mr. Moody. On the platform were seated the teachers of the Institute, several ministers and a number of singers. During the week there were special services in the church for prayer and praise. On the second Sabbath Mr. Moody preached again, both morning and evening. The workers were gathering, the plans maturing for a wide-spreading work of evangelization throughout the city.

Chicago was and is, an open city in many respects. Thea-

tres and music halls are open on Sunday, as usual. Many of the smaller shops and stores ditto, while its seven thousand saloons, with blinds drawn down, leave their doors on the latch. But one must remember that since the great fire in 1871 more than one million people have been added to her population. Of that immense multitude less than one-fourth are Americans. There are at least one hundred thousand more Germans than Americans, and many practically foreign cities occupy some of the district. This is notably true in a South east district, where above 25,000 Bohemians live with their own theatres, churches, banks and newspapers and with only two protestant missions of any strength working among them. Yet I believe there is no city in the United States where the evangelical churches of various creeds and tongues are putting forth greater energies, or with better results than in this same Chicago. Mr. Moody, who knew the city thoroughly, had fixed on a section on the west side in which three theatres were located, the Haymarket, Standard and Empire, as one of the centers of his summer campaign. Having secured a large building on West Madison street, the first floor was fitted up as a mission hall, the upper floors being used for the living and sleeping rooms of some thirty young men from the Institute. These were the scouts, recruiting officers, the advertising agents, the midnight workers and the ushers and workers for the larger meetings to be held in the theatres.

This hall was open every evening. At ten o'clock there was a special rescue service, to which good singing, an attractive room and cheery welcome combined to draw in a great lot of miserable, idle, shiftless, aimless, half-drunken, hopeless wrecks of humanity. These were just a sample of the lost and ruined men and women who were to have the gospel of deliverance and forgiveness and salvation preached to them in

HAYMARKET THEATRE

for the next six months. Here it was in this theatre which

would seat about three thousand people, that Mr. Moody took his stand for the campaign, preaching every Sunday morning but two until October had passed, to an audience that crowded the building to the last foot of standing room, and his first sermon was preached on the third Sunday in May on "King Herod and John the Baptist; the Murderer and the Martyr," over two hundred persons being deeply impressed.

During all the weeks of that beautiful summer the multitudes of people surged about these theatres like the restless tides that ebb and flow in our rivers by the sea. While thousands came out of the miserable districts near by, the great majority of the audiences were made up of World's Fair visitors. Mr. Spurgeon once replied to a friend who suggested that he ought to make a tour around the world and preach to everybody: "I can just stand in my place in London, and let the world come to me." So Mr. Moody preached in Chicago and from the ends of the earth people were gathered together.

This is a most remarkable fact in Mr. Moody's career, that for more than twenty-five years the largest buildings that could be found in any metropolis have failed to contain the multitudes that have thronged to hear him preach the old, old story of the gosepl.

In a few weeks Mr. Moody's force of workers had been vastly increased. Their names would cover a page—while churches everywhere were being thrown open to them. Among many others the writer was glad to offer his church in Rogers Park, North Side, to the committee and to welcome to his pulpit for union services Rev. Dr. Torrey, superintendent of the Bible Institute, Rev. J. H. Elliot and others. He considers it a kind providence that thus gave him the opportunity of laboring again in any connection with Mr. Moody after the lapse of all the years since 1876.

With the coming of June, Rev. John McNeil,
THE SCOTTISH SPURGEON,
arrived. He proved to be a strong right hand to Mr. Moody,

and remained, till the very last service, one of the most popular preachers of them all. Whenever Mr. Moody or McNeill was to preach, one had to go very early to have any hope of getting within the building.

Upon personal invitation extended, he addressed our ministers' Union one Monday morning. Describing the work that was being carried on in hope of reaching the hearts and consciences of thousands, he said that "Preaching is like tight rope walking—you either get there, or you don't." It is needless to say that McNeill always got there. If that was a bit of Chicago slang, he had quickly "caught on."

At the afternoon service one day McNeill took for his theme the story of the man with a withered hand, which is found in the third chapter of Mark, of which we give a portion:

"The Savior's interest centered in the man with the withered hand—in him of all the crowd of the synagogue. The Lord loves a fellow that's down. Jesus said, 'Stand forth.' Then he said, 'Stretch forth thy hand.' Two words did the business. The man stood forth. Play the man if you're going to be a Christian. You're brazen faced enough as a sinner. You don't care who sees you going into the saloon, but you're ashamed to be seen coming to Jesus.

"You go to the devil without a blush; don't be ashamed to be a Christian. May God give you courage. When the man stood forth Jesus made short work of the withered hand. They may scoff you into hell. They can't scoff you out. Mind you, if I'm saying sharp things, my heart's warm. God's gospel works not to cut to pieces, but to cut out the evil. Stand forth in the midst. Don't try to sneak into heaven. Resist the devil and he'll flee from you. He's a bigger coward than you are, and that's saying a good deal. One man with Jesus is a splendid majority. The man with the withered hand might have thought Jesus an imposter. Look to Jesus—don't look at your sins. Taking Jesus at his word saves me forevermore.

"Now, I want to follow the man home. There is an old tradition that the man with the withered hand was a stone mason spoiled for stone-cutting.

"Imagine the scene when the man went home to his family with his withered hand restored! The explanation was all in one word—Jesus. My God, what a family blessing salvation is! And God let the man live on to prove his restoration. God doesn't whisk a man away to heaven as soon as he's converted. He keeps him alive to let him work. Henceforth that man was to work to the glory of God. The sermon is preached. Now it's to do it. We can't be born full-grown, but we may be born now. Now away home and confess Jesus."

We see at once that his style is brusque, the sentences short, sharp, incisive, and leading to instant decision. I recall an amusing story he once told about his little boy, but rather at his own expense. It occurred while he was pastor in London. Mrs. McNeill being an invalid at the time, it was her custom to ask the children after their return from church where the text was, then to repeat it and to tell her about the sermon. To her usual questions one Sunday the little fellow replied, "I've forgotten the text and I can't remember much about the sermon, but one thing I know, there's got to be more work and less talk about the house after this."

Always and everywhere Mr. Moody labored with boundless enthusiasm. "I believe this is the best day Chicago has ever seen," he would say, after some Sabbath of unusual power. "Think of the people from these meetings carrying the sacred fire with them into all the places where they go throughout this country and other lands. Never have I seen such eagerness to hear the gospel of Jesus Christ as in these days. I think I have not seen in America anything that has been more encouraging than the work in Chicago in the last three months."

By the latter part of August nearly forty ministers, lay evan-

gelists and singers, with from two to three hundred other Christian workers, were engaged in the work which was being carried on in the different districts in Chicago, in tents, and halls and theaters, and a dozen churches that had been placed at Mr. Moody's disposal.

On the last Sabbath of the month it was carefully estimated that over 50,000 people had heard the gospel that day, many of whom had been brought to the full and glad acceptance of Christ as their Savior.

With the beginning of September a new departure was taken, which was nothing less than the securing of

CENTRAL MUSIC HALL

for daily services during the last two months of the campaign. This spacious hall is located at the heart of the city. Some little fear was felt regarding the experiment of pushing the meeting into the very center of business hours, from 11 A. M. to 1 P. M.

The opening services were held on the first Sunday in September and before the close of the day all fears had vanished.

In the morning McNeill preached a most eloquent and inspiring sermon, and in the evening Mr. Moody gave his favorite sermon on Daniel, which has always aroused the utmost interest and enthusiasm in the hearts of his audiences.

Monday was Labor Day, and whoever has tried to make his way through the crowds or waited in vain for a break through which he might cross the streets, can imagine the difficulties through which one had to force his way to Central Music Hall. Yet the hall was filled. The event of the hour was

THE ARRIVAL OF DR. STOECKER,

late court preacher at Berlin. Mr. Moody had invited him to come and help on in this great work. The address made upon his introduction, was very appropriate. Only a single paragraph can be given:

"I have come to preach the Word of God to my German brethren. I came not to see America, or the World's Fair, but to take part with dear Brother Moody in his work of evangelization in your great city. I had desire to come before but as court preacher I was under orders, and could not come. Now, I am no more court preacher of the German Empire. I am a preacher of the people. I am no longer under orders but free to come and go. It is in my heart to testify of my glorious God to the thousands of my countrymen who are here, and who will come from all points of the compass to visit the World's Fair. I would bring them a message of tender remembrance and love from their brethren in the old fatherland. I would strengthen their love and loyalty to the new fatherland they have found. And I would constrain them by the love of Christ to seek a home in the everlasting fatherland above, where our departed ones abide."

For about three weeks in many churches and halls Dr. Stoecker continued to preach the gospel to his countrymen, in charming simplicity and sweetness, and yet with great power. He declared that our generation has come upon one of the great crises of world history. He urged men with impassioned appeal to take sides, in this great conflict, with our God, and stand for truth and right, for the welfare of man and the honor of Christ. His late vocation as a court preacher revealed itself in the prophetic call of the people to righteousness as he set forth the evils and dangers that beset the path of this great republic in its career of development, pointed out the only security for personal, social and national life in the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ.

If we mistake not, that is the note that needs to be sounded more loudly and persistently in the opening of this century than ever before in the history of our beloved country. Righteousness alone is a sure and sufficient foundation for any nation that hopes to endure in the final battles between the kingdom of God and the kingdoms of this present evil world.

The gospel of righteousness for the individual must also be proclaimed as the only gospel which can accomplish the salvation of the nations of the earth.

MR. MOODY TO CHRISTIAN WORKERS.

In Paul's consuming zeal for the conversion of his kinsmen according to the flesh, the great heaviness and sorrow of his heart continually increased. So also as the meetings grew in power, and new opportunities were opening on every side, it seemed as if the burden on Mr. Moody's soul grew heavier. He sought to rouse his hearers to greater zeal and devotion by his special sermon to Christian workers from the text: "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever." Dan. XII:3. He said in part:

"I have taken this theme to-day to encourage us to take hold of the great work that lies at our hands in this city in these wonderful days. I thank God that I am living in this day and in Chicago. The opportunity of a lifetime is before us to do a work for God that shall make all heaven to sing for joy.

"Let us not spend time splitting hairs in theology and wrangling about creeds. Let us go to work and save lost souls. Our gospel is the only hope of the drunkard, the gambler, the harlot, the outcast, the despairing, the lost on the streets of Chicago. Oh, let us go and save them! Let us stretch out our hands and keep them from rushing into the pit. All over the city are souls just hungry to hear the gospel of hope, just waiting for a loving Christian heart to lay hold on them. Mr. Varley tells us that during the week about five hundred men have been blessed in the Standard Theatre meetings. I would rather save one soul from death than have a monument of solid gold reaching from my grave to the heavens! I tell you the monument I want after I am dead and gone is a monument with two legs going about the world—a saved sinner telling of the salvation of Jesus Christ.

"I don't know that I have ever seen a time in Chicago for over thirty years when men seemed to be as ready to be talked to about their souls. Talk to them! Tell them of Jesus, who can save them from their sins and wretchedness! Tell them on the streets, in the cars, in their homes, in the meetings! Speak a word of hope and help and life to those poor, hungry hearts! I believe more can be done in this city during the next six weeks than at any time before, if we all go to work and keep at it. It is our harvest time. It is the day of the Lord. It is the accepted time."

ANSWERS TO PRAYER.

Besides this great burden for the conversion of the souls of the perishing, there was the constant and heavy care of securing the means of carrying on the work. Mr. Moody had no committee behind him responsible for meeting the enormous expenses, which amounted to over \$60,000 for the summer. He had entered upon the work believing that God would sustain them. At one time, especially, they were in great straits. Several thousand dollars were necessary to pay the bills falling due in a few days, and nobody knew where it was to come from. The few who knew and were sharing in the anxiety were most earnest in prayer. This inner circle gathered about the dinner table one day in Mr. Moody's room with troubled hearts. Meantime in far away Northfield Dr. Gordon was presenting to the conference gathered there the great work that was being carried on in Chicago under enormous expense. An appeal was then made for money to assist Mr. Moody in carrying forward what they considered the greatest work of his life, except the organizing of the schools at Northfield, and in half an hour over \$6000 was reported and instantly telegraphed to Mr. Moody at Chicago. The telegram was handed to him at that dinner table, and having read it he passed it to Mr. Torrey, who read it aloud:

"Your friends at Northfield have given to-day as a free-will

offering six thousand dollars for your work in Chicago, and there is more to follow."

With a common impulse they pushed their chairs back from the table and with tears of gratitude and broken voices, lifted up their hearts in praise to God. Thus during all that summer they carried all their cares and burdens and anxieties and difficulties to the Lord, and the Lord heard and the windows were opened, the money came, the difficulties vanished, and blessings were poured out upon all the multitudes in copious showers of grace.

THE LAST DAYS.

The last days of the great campaign, as of the World's Fair itself, were certainly by far the best. People seemed to rouse themselves to the value of the opportunities which were fast slipping away. On the second Sabbath of October nearly 75,000 people attended the one hundred meetings which were held in over fifty different places under Mr. Moody's leadership. At the close of the week he said: "We have to-day everything to encourage us, and nothing to discourage us. This has been by far the best work we have yet had. The gospel has through these agencies been brought to 150,000 during the week. I have never seen greater eagerness to hear the Word of God."

October 8th, the anniversary of the great conflagration, had been set aside as

CHICAGO DAY.

The city was determined that it should be the greatest day of the Fair and it was a tremendous day. Over 700,000 people paid admission into the Fair on that most perfect October day. Thousands will remember the day, or the night rather, as the means of transportation were so far overtaxed that multitudes were not able to get back to their lodgings or their homes till the next day.

Mr. Moody determined to celebrate it by a special service

at Central Music Hall lasting from 10 A. M. until 2.30 P. M. The most telling part of this most enthusiastic service, which was crowded to the street all day, was the delivery by Mr. Moody of the same sermon he was preaching twenty-two years before in Farwell Hall when the fire broke out.

On the platform the entire company of evangelists, the chief song leaders, and a great chorus choir occupied every inch of space. People in the upper galleries seemed to be clinging to the very sides of the great hall. Promptly on time, Mr. Moody cried out: "Let us sing, 'All hail the power of Jesus name'" and from that on, with scarcely a pause, there was a perfect torrent of praise from choir, chorus, cornet and organ, in almost a score of selections, interspersed with fervent prayers and still more fervid addresses. Mr. Moody's sermon occupied the last half hour. It was from the text "What shall I do then with Jesus, which is called Christ?" It is Pilate's question. Matt. XXVII:22. Before the great fire Mr. Moody had been preaching on the life of Christ, and this was next to the last sermon in the series he had prepared. Farwell Hall was at that time crowded with the largest congregation he had ever preached to in Chicago.

"That night I made one of the greatest mistakes of my life. After preaching with all the power that God had given me, urging Christ upon the people, I closed up the sermon and said, 'I wish you would take this text home with you and turn it over in your minds during the week; and next Sabbath we will come to Calvary and the cross, and we will decide what we will do with Jesus of Nazareth.'

"I have never seen that congregation since. I have hard work to keep back the tears here to-day. I have looked over this audience, and not a single one is here that I preached to that night. I have a great many old friends, and am pretty well acquainted in Chicago, but twenty-two years have passed away, and I have not seen that congregation since, and I will never meet those people again until I meet them in an-

other world. But I want to tell you of one lesson I learned that night, which I have never forgotten, and that is, when I preach to press Christ upon the people then and there, and try to bring them to a decision on the spot. I would rather have that hand cut off than give an audience a week to decide what to do with Jesus.

"I have often been criticized and people have said, 'Moody, you seem to try to get people to decide all at once; why do you not give them time to consider?' I have asked God many times to forgive me for telling people that night to take a week to think it over, and if he spares my life I will never do it again. This audience will break up in a few moments, and we will never meet again. There is something awfully solemn about a congregation like this." Then follows the sermon proper, which we have not space to quote here, but will add a few of his

CLOSING WORDS.

"I cannot detain you much longer, but I would like to-day to press upon you this one question: 'What shall I do with Jesus Christ?' I can not speak for the rest of you, but ever since that night of the great fire I have determined as long as God spares my life to make more of Christ than in the past. I think that He is a thousand times more to me to-day than he was twenty-two years ago. I made some vows after that Chicago fire, and I want to tell you that God has helped me to keep those vows. I am not what I wish I was, but I am a good deal better than I was when Chicago was on fire. * * * * *

"It is only a little while, a few months, a few years, and we will all be gone. May God help us now to pay our vows in the presence of all the people. Come now, while I am speaking, and just make a full, complete and unconditional surrender to God and say, 'Here am I, Lord, take me and use me; let me have the privilege of being co-workers with Thee,' and there will be a fire kindled here that will burn to all eternity.

This hour, this minute, make up your minds that you are going to be from this time forth on the Lord's side. Go to your home, to your church, and give a ringing testimony for the Son of God. Go to work, do what you can for Christ, and there will be grand days for this republic and a blessed life for you here and hereafter."

With a fervent, tearful prayer for the city and the passing multitudes, with singing, and the benediction, that great throng broke up only to meet again before the great White Throne.

For the few days remaining the work was pressed with redoubled energy all along the line—through the city, into the suburbs, within the Fair itself by day and by night—but the end hastened. Mr. Moody came to the last days with great reluctance. "I can not tell you how sorry I am that this blessed work is coming to a close. This has been one of the most delightful experiences of my life. I am so thankful that God has permitted us to preach the gospel to so many people during these six months."

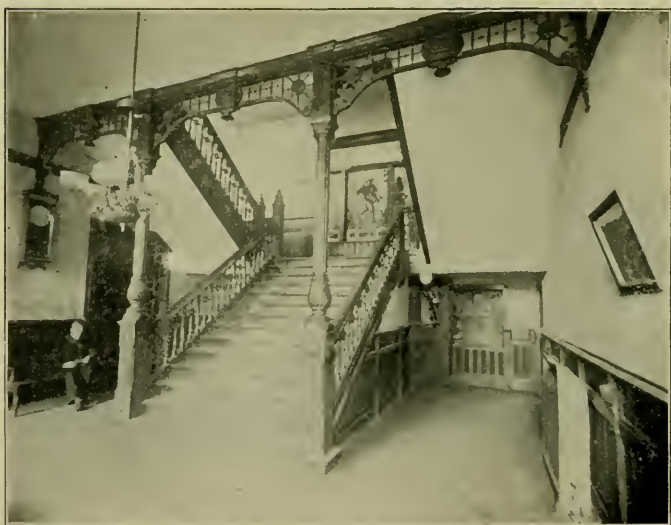
The last day, October 31st, the last day of the great World's Fair, came apace, as all last days will in time. It was celebrated as a day of thanksgiving with services at Central Music Hall from ten o'clock in the morning until half-past three in the afternoon. The closing services proper were held in the Chicago Avenue Church. It was most fitting that they should all return to the very center and heart of the movement in the church and in the institute for the closing words of thanksgiving. The church was crowded as never before. After a few brief remarks, Mr. Moody gave a few words of earnest counsel and expressions of hope for the future, from the text, 'Who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?' After a sermon by McNeill, songs, prayers and benediction, many farewells were spoken by those who had labored so faithfully, earnestly, and successfully together. Many a Mizpah, "good-bye" and "God bless



Rev. R. A. Torrey.



Reading Room, Chicago Institute.



Chicago Institute Staircase,

you" were uttered. The golden gates of opportunity which the hand of God had flung so widely open six months before now swung back upon their hinges. The record of labor done was closed, but glorious harvests are still being gathered from the good seed of the kingdom which was there sown in the hearts of men.



The Chicago Bible Institute.



HERE are two places in America about which have centered Mr. Moody's affections and to which his untiring devotion and unabated zeal were given, until his last heart-beat. The one is Northfield—not the lovely village nestling amid its beautiful trees on the banks of the river; but the Northfield of his own erection on the hills overlooking the village and the valley of the Connecticut, which cuts its winding way to the sea through the most charming pastoral scenes to be found in New England. And the other is Chicago, that great commercial center of the northwest, which seems destined to become the metropolis of the United States—a city that is enriched by a lake traffic exceeding in tonnage that of Liverpool, with a drainage canal just opened into the Mississippi that may soon become a ship channel to the gulf, thus opening up to the enterprise of her merchants the markets of the world. To this city, dear to his heart as the scene of his earliest trials and great success as a Christian worker and minister, Dwight L. Moody has left in his Bible Institute a memorial that will stand as long as the city shall endure. This training school for Christian workers, close adjoining Chicago Avenue Church, is Mr. Moody's final gift to the city to which for more than forty years he has given his labors of love, his ardent prayers, with boundless courage in the full assurance of faith.

Since the days when he began looking for lost sinners upon "The Sands"—the moral Lazaretto, the Five Points of Chicago—going everywhere, even to the risk of his life to find children whom he might coax by his kindness and maple sugar to come to his mission, his great interest and prayer to God for these poor, neglected, forsaken masses of humanity has never flagged.

In 1886 Chicago had passed the million mark with its population, who were chiefly foreigners. The Americans are scarcely one-quarter of this immense throng. In that city were and are, great districts as wretched and vicious as any that festered and bred corruption before the great fire. Where could workers be found to undertake the great missionary work which was so desperately needed?

On the other hand, in his evangelistic tours throughout the country since his great labors of 1874, '75, '76, he had everywhere seen and met large numbers of young men and young women earnest hearted and anxious to serve Christ if only some one would show them how and where. He remembered his own early struggles alone and under great disadvantages, and saw before these young people great possibilities for doing good if only they might receive some careful and systematic teaching of the Bible. What city more needy than Chicago? Where could students find such opportunities for practical and personal labor in seeking to win souls and deliver them from the wiles and snares of the devil? And the longer he thought and prayed about it the more established grew the conviction that such a training school ought to be established. When such convictions finally seized upon him the time with him had come to act. The subject began to be agitated through the press and from the platform, until, in January, 1886, Mr. Moody went to the city and delivered an address on "City Evangelization." He dwelt on the needs of the honest, self-respecting but non church going working people—the infinitely worse condition of the large numbers of the idle, the drunken, and the vicious who were rapidly sinking into deeper degradation. He pleaded eloquently for the training of Christian young men and women who could fill the gap between the churches and the masses, and pleaded for at least a quarter of a million of dollars to establish the proposed school. A society was organized, money was pledged very rapidly, plans were at once taken under consideration.

With the watch night of December 31st, 1886, Mr. Moody began in the First Congregational Church an evangelistic four-months' campaign, services being held in various churches and skating rinks. During the summer meetings were continued in some of the worst districts of the city, services being held in a huge tent. They were very successful, great audiences from the lower and lowest stratas of society thronged the tents and large numbers were brought to the acceptance of Christ. The problem of "How to reach the masses" found at least one practical answer—go after them—it may be the only answer.

Meantime in the planning for the school, a series of Bible Institutes were held to test the spirit of Christian workers and their desire for special instruction to help them to win souls. They were surprisingly successful in attendance and very encouraging in results. In May, 1889, a Bible Institute convened in "Moody's Church" attended by nearly two hundred persons all eager to study the word and prepare themselves the better to do the Lord's work.

All hindrances seemed to vanish before the rising tide of Christian enthusiasm and a large property contiguous to the church, lying diagonally back of it, fronting on what is now Institute Place, was bought and a fine building, costing \$50,000 was at once begun. It was a three-story building, one hundred by one hundred and seventy-five feet in dimensions, in the form of a hollow square, thus affording abundance of light and air in the heart of a closely built-up section. Three dwellings just north of the church and adjoining, on La Salle avenue, were bought as the home of the Women's Department. Having spent \$20,000 in completely furnishing these various buildings, the "Chicago Bible Institute" was formally opened with a week's conference, beginning September 26th, 1889.

The object which the Institute has set before it is concisely stated in the following terms:

"There is a great and increasing demand for men and women skilled in the knowledge and use of the word of God and familiar with aggressive methods of work to act as pastor's assistants, city missionaries, general missionaries, Sunday school missionaries, evangelists, Bible readers, superintendents of institutions, and in various other fields of Christian labor, at home and abroad. All over the land are those who would, with a little well directed study, become efficient workers in these fields. There are also many men called of God into Christian work at too late a period of life to take a regular college and seminary course, but who would, with such an opportunity of study as the Institute affords, be qualified for great usefulness.

"There is a third class: persons who do not intend to devote their entire time to gospel work, but who desire a larger acquaintance with the Bible and methods of Christian work, that while pursuing their secular callings they may also work intelligently and successfully, in winning men to Christ. The object of the Institute is to meet the needs of these several classes. Besides these, many ministers and theological students who have enjoyed the advantages of the regular training, have spent their vacations with us, getting a better knowledge of the English Bible, how to use it in personal work, and a larger experience in aggressive methods of Christian service.

"The Bible Institute aims to send out men and women having six characteristics: Thorough consecration, intense love for souls, a good knowledge of God's word, and especially how to handle it in leading men to Christ, willingness to endure hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ, untiring energy and the baptism of the Holy Ghost."

"One great purpose we have in view in the Bible Institute," says Mr. Moody, "is to raise up men and women who will be willing to lay their lives alongside of the laboring class and the poor and bring the gospel to bear upon their lives."

The Chicago Bible Institute was to be the head and center of the great campaign during the World's Fair. To prepare for the great throngs expected it was deemed expedient to add two stories more to the building. This was accordingly done at a cost of \$40,000, and gives the Institute a handsome, well-appointed building, five stories high, with dormitory accommodations for upwards of two hundred men. The building also contains all needed class rooms, a fine reading room on the first floor, a hall seating about four hundred, with needed business offices, and a large, well lighted dining room and complete culinary arrangements.

But for the existence of the Bible Institute as a home for all his co-laborers, and the noble bands of trained young men and women gathered there, the campaign would have been an impossibility, as Mr. Moody himself confessed.

At the farewell meeting of the "World's Fair Evangelistic Campaign," held, most fittingly, in the Chicago Avenue Church, where the first services inaugurating the movement had taken place six months before, Mr. Moody presided, and in his final address he said:

"Little did we think, when we were praying three or four years ago, to have a Bible Institute right close to this church, that we would have such an opportunity to preach the gospel to the world as we have had during the last six months. We would not have been able to do the work we have done during these past months if it had not been for this Institution, with its 300 workers gathered from every part of the country. Whenever we have started the work at any point we have had force enough to go right on with it. I think it would have been utterly impossible to have carried on this work without the Bible Institute to draw upon. Perhaps God raised it up for this very time, as Esther was raised up for the time of her people's peril and need."

Most precious and delightful of all the social meetings en-

joyed by the prominent evangelists and singers were the gatherings, after the day's work was done,

IN MR. MOODY'S ROOM

at the Institute. Here they came at all hours before midnight from their varied labors in the tents or theaters, in the halls or churches, or with the "Gospel Wagon" on the streets. Here they talked over their experiences, planned for the morrow and prayed for a mightier baptism of the Holy Spirit. But the meeting held on Monday mornings in the hall of the Institute was of the greatest interest. There the hundreds of workers met together, and under Mr. Moody's spirited questioning briefly related what blessings the Lord had been pleased to bestow upon the labors of the Sabbath.

It was our pleasure to drop in occasionally to hear these reports, and to renew earlier acquaintance with some of his noble band of co-workers. Here we met again Ferdinand Schiverea, whom Mr. Moody declared to be the best tent preacher in America. We first knew him in a summer's work he carried on years before in a hall and a tent nearby our own church in Philadelphia. For three or four years just preceding 1893 he had spent his summers in Chicago engaged in similar work. During this great campaign he had charge of the great tent holding twelve or fifteen hundred people. To this tent the people thronged. They came off the streets just as they were; mothers with babies in their arms, children clinging to their skirts and working men in their shirt sleeves. There was nothing fixed up in that tent, only clean shavings or saw dust strewn on the ground every few days. Occasionally a treat was given the mothers and children such as they enjoyed on "Watermelon Day," when melons by the wagon load were cut up and distributed to the eager, thirsty crowds.

The great occasions were the All-day Meetings, which would begin at nine o'clock in the morning, and last till eleven

at night; the exercises changing with every hour. The meetings might begin with a prayer and praise service, with songs and testimony interspersed, led by Mr. Schiverea. Then an hour under care of Dr. Torrey with some of the best singers, soloists and the Torrey Quartet from the Bible Institute. Dr. Torrey's addresses were always very awakening and stimulating. But of course the great throngs eagerly waited for Mr. Moody's appearance.

MR. MOODY AT A TENT SERVICE.

At one of these meetings Mr. Moody spoke in substance as follows:

"Christ left so many promises and such good ones you can't tell which is best. Some people don't believe them. Some think they are too good to be true. Some think they were never meant to be believed, and some think God can't fulfill them. Most of the promises are on conditions, but the promise of Jesus was not on conditions. Nothing on earth or in hell could have prevented His coming. Some promises were to the Jews, and not to us; but this promise is to all alike.

"If we don't appropriate it, it isn't worth anything to us. The promise is this: 'Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest.' The want of the human heart is rest; theaters, saloons and pleasures mean the search for rest and pleasure.

"Men are doomed to disappointment if they try to drown sorrow in pleasure. If I wanted to find men who had rest I would not go among millionaires, or fashion-slaves, or politicians. When God made your heart, and mine, he made it too big for this world. The world can't fill it. We need two worlds. I'll tell you where to find those who have got rest. Go among the disciples of Jesus. Come to Jesus and you will get rest. That's my experience. You will find it at the cross. Come, and you'll get it.

"I am not going to tell you what 'Come' means. I used to

work hard to make people see what it was to 'come,' but I don't do that any more. I've gone out of the business.

"The first thing a baby learns is to come. There's nothing mysterious about it. The Bible is full of it. As you follow it through, the voice grows louder and louder. Thank God for the call! Come with your sins. Your sins may keep you out of heaven, but they can't keep you from Christ. Why don't you come, chains and all? Jesus can destroy even the appetite for drink. He means not you goody people, but you sinners. Christ is not only a sin-bearer, he's a burden bearer. Let the Christians come too, and get rest. People don't do that. People embalm their sorrows. Cast your sorrows on Him. People drop their sorrows while they listen to a preacher or a singer, and then pick them right up again. Cast your care on Him. He says, 'I'll give you rest.' May God write this on the heart of every one here."

At the close of his sermon, there was an hour's intermission or more, when the meetings were resumed with such preachers as Major Whittle, or John McNeill. The evening closed with an earnest gospel sermon by Mr. Schiverea, followed by an hour of personal work. It was in these after meetings that students from the Institute rendered invaluable assistance. Long after ten o'clock the lights were put out, and the happy, but tired, workers returned to their quarters to recount the successes of the day.

After a four years' testing of the methods of institute work and after the experiences of that six months' campaign, Mr. Moody said: "I find no reason to essentially change or modify the course of instruction and training of the Bible Institute. I am more than ever convinced that we are on right lines, and that what is needed are men and women trained in the knowledge and practical use of the Word of God, and in the use of their voices in gospel song. The effect of the campaign has been to deepen the love for souls, and the earnestness in Christian efforts on the part of the stu-

dents. It has more than ever convinced them that it is the preaching of the old gospel that draws men, and lifts them up; and it has given them the advantage of contact with the very best preachers in the world."

This deliberate expression of Mr. Moody's maturest judgment after the severest strain of practical work to which the students could be subjected, is another evidence of the carefulness and thoroughness with which he considered special lines of Christian study and work, and the wisdom and energy with which he carried them out.

THE BIBLE IS THE ONLY TEXT BOOK

in use at the Institute. The course of instruction covers a space of two years, and as it always proceeds in a circle, students can enter at any time. The Bible Institute has never taken a vacation since it was opened. Two Bible lectures daily on the average, and two music lessons to classes have been given regularly without a break.

The report of 1898 states that 1538 students have been enrolled in the men's department; and 766 in the women's. During that one year there were at the Institute 341 men and 165 women. This was a gain of 28 over the year 1897. The cost of an annual scholarship for the training of one student is but \$150. Sometimes the non-resident students—those who come in to take some special course of lectures, for which no fee is charged, may number as high as 6000 within a single year.

WHERE DO THESE STUDENTS GO?

Where do they not go on their consecrated errands of Christian service? Nearly two hundred are now engaged in city rescue and home mission work. Many are engaged in gospel work as evangelists or singers. Two hundred more have gone on with their studies and now are either pastors or pastors' assistants; 117 have gone out as foreign missionaries to Japan and China, India and Africa and the islands of the sea;

while others are to be found engaged in every kind of Christian work along educational and philanthropic or distinctively religious lines.

It has been said that there is no genius but

THE GENIUS OF HARD WORK.

Mr. Moody, during his lifetime, by his own tireless energy, boundless zeal and continued insistence that success means hard, honest work continued throughout three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, gave to the world the most remarkable illustration of such success that has ever been seen since the days of St. Paul. Thousands of young men and women at Northfield, Mount Hermon and the Bible Institute have by him been inspired with a zeal and devotion which have multiplied their own energies, some thirty, some sixty, some an hundred fold.

Could the thousands of students who have enjoyed the advantages of these great institutions have passed before him in grand review yonder at Northfield before his departure, without any semblance of boasting, Mr. Moody might truly have said as he waved them farewell, "Ye are our epistles, known and read of all men." "Ye are our joy and crown of rejoicing." The world needs no other memorial of, nor testimony to, the power of that life than is given by those lives which have been transformed, spiritualized and consecrated, by the gracious ministry in the gospel of one whose name the world will never let die, the divinely called and grace-commissioned preacher of the gospel, Dwight L. Moody.



Mr. Moody's Last Campaign.

IN the early summer of 1899 Mr. Moody was the guest of honor at a banquet of the Presbyterian Social Union, of Philadelphia. Nearly three hundred of the most prominent ministers and laymen of the Presbyterian Church were gathered at the Witherspoon Building, Mr. John H. Converse, president of the Union, occupying the chair. On rising to deliver an address on "City Evangelization," Mr. Moody received the most cordial of greetings and spoke with all his old time vigor and enthusiasm. He rapidly sketched the exceptional advantages a summer campaign afforded for reaching the multitudes of non-church-goers and the duty of the church towards the million of people who would be obliged to stay in the city during the hot weather. His suggestions met with most hearty approval, and later a committee was appointed under whose auspices such work was organized and carried forward. A half dozen tents were pitched in different sections of the city, and prominent evangelists were called in to assist the pastors, with very gratifying results. Thousands of people thronged to the tents and upwards of nine hundred professed acceptance of Christ.

In November, Mr. Moody, passing through the city on his way to Kansas City, tarried for an hour or two to confer with some of his friends. As eager as ever for the salvation of men, he remarked that he hoped that he might be used of God to move some great city yet before he died. The evangelistic committee were even then considering plans looking towards his return, to begin with the new year another series of revival meetings. These plans were never to materialize. It was destined that Kansas City should have the sad pre-eminence of being the scene of Mr. Moody's last campaign.

On Sunday, November 12th, 1899, Mr. Moody began his

meetings in the great Convention Hall of Kansas City. These meetings will always possess a profound interest, rounding out as they do the marvelous evangelistic labors of nearly forty years. The great evangelist seemed

AT THE ZENITH OF HIS POWERS.

Never did he have his audiences more completely in his hand. He swayed them, as he would, to laughter, or to tears. Hearts were set all aflame with enthusiasm, broken into deepest penitence, yet without any apparent excitement. Before him sat the great multitudes, silent and attentive. Upon their faces the deepest interest was depicted, and all remained to the end of his addresses as if fearing to lose a single word that fell from his lips. Without the natural gifts of the orator, still less using any of the arts of the rhetorician, he yet spoke with a power that was overwhelming. If it was not in the power of man that he spoke, it must have been what thousands all over the world have felt and confessed it to be—in the power of God, in the power of the Holy Ghost.

At the Sabbath afternoon service, the opening of the week of religious revival, there were at the very least 13,000 people in the big hall. From the platform it seemed a veritable sea of faces. The crowds began arriving early, and at 2.30, the hour when the song service commenced, there were at least 8,000 people present. All during the song service they kept pouring in to the sound of the mighty chorus. All was orderly. But at three o'clock no more could enter, for the hall was literally filled in its seating capacity. The doors were closed and no more allowed to enter. There were probably 2,000 people turned away from the afternoon services. Probably never before in Convention Hall had there been such an orderly throng as there was that afternoon. It seemed as if the spirit of Moody pervaded all, as it in reality did. His watchful eyes saw everything, and all was done under his direction.

For thirty minutes the song service continued, led by a

chorus of over 500 singers from local choirs. Old familiar hymns were sung, and the vast audience joined in with eager and reverent delight. They sang "My Jesus, I Love Thee," "At the Cross," "Rescue the Perishing," and the like. The voices swelled in a mighty chorus wondrous to hear and the great volume of sound filled the great hall and echoed back again and again, and the chorus could be heard a block away.

MUST BE QUIET.

At just three o'clock Dr. Northrup made a short prayer, not over three minutes in length. As the sound of his voice died away Mr. Moody stepped to the front of the stage, and in a clear resonant voice asked all to be quiet. He was the cynosure of all eyes. "All can hear in this great hall," he said, "if all will only remain quiet. Don't think I was ever in a better hall," he added, with a chuckle, "for its size. Just wait now till I get them all still," he said to those about him. "Now, let us have it very quiet," he said, raising his voice so that it swelled throughout the hall. "Then we will have a moment of silent prayer," and he raised his hand aloft.

A silence as of God fell swiftly upon that multitude. First the whispering ceased, then the hands fell to the lap, the heads were bowed, the ushers stood stock still. The sounds on the street seemed to stop. The children appalled by the stillness became silent too. The hush became awe-full. Twelve thousand people in the hall and not an audible sound. The scene and the situation were profoundly solemn. Mr. Moody stood and listened and prayed in silence. The people also prayed. It was the most impressive space of time during all the meetings. At last, when the strain became so terrific that it seemed it could not last a moment longer without some heart bursting, Mr. Moody lifted his head and the spell was broken. "Bishop Hendrix will lead us in prayer," said Mr. Moody. "Breathe upon us, O Lord," began the bishop. Hardly had the last word of the prayer died upon his lips ere

Mr. Moody had raised his voice aloft; he again asked that all be quiet. It was evident that he was resolved that silence should pervade all; and as he requested this the vast throng became as still as little children awed into silence by the silence and dim lights of some great cathedral. A laugh fell from Mr. Moody's lips; he was pleased.

"All who have sheet hymns please hold them up high," he asked. At once 5,000 arms were raised high, holding the rustling sheets upon which the hymns are printed. It was an odd sight, something like a dark sea overcast with white caps.

"Now shake them," he said. They all did, and the rustling was like a wind blowing through a forest.

"Now please sit on them," he said, with a laugh; "I only wanted you to see what a noise they make if you keep handling them." Then he began his sermon.

SOWING AND REAPING.

"In after years, as you go by this building, I want you to remember this text which I am about to read to you. I pray that God will write it on every heart. It appeals to men and women of all sorts and conditions, to the priests and ministers and to the reporters. My text is this: 'Be not deceived; God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap.'

"The most real thing in the world is sin." As Mr. Moody began the serious part of his sermon he was standing at the very edge of the stage to the left of the little organ. His hands were clasped behind his back and he stood very straight to keep his balance. His head seemed to incline to his breast, and his eyes rolled upwards and over the people.

"The river of sin is dark and black," said Mr. Moody. His hands fell to his sides. "God is not mocked. Our neighbors, our friends, our enemies, yea, even our own hearts deceive us, but God does not deceive us. God is not mocked. What amazes me is that men find it so hard to get at this truth.

“‘Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap.’ There’s nothing in the whole Bible more solemn and true than that text. I want to make you believe that. It’s an eternal law in the natural and in the spiritual world, that you must reap what you sow. If you sow potatoes in a field you reap potatoes; if you sow onions you reap onions; if you sow sin in your life you reap sin, and you reap it far more abundantly than you sowed it. That law which the Bible states so powerfully is eternal and immutable. Every act has a result. Now, let us apply it to a few cases. No man on earth can afford to sell whiskey. You plant saloons and you’ll get a harvest of drunkards. Let me tell you that every man who sells liquor has a drunken son or a drunken brother or a drunken relative. Where are the sons of liquor dealers? To whom are their daughters married? Look around and see if you can find a man who has been in that business who has not a skeleton in his family.

“I threw that challenge down once, and a man said to me the next day: ‘I wasn’t at your meeting last night, but I understand you made the astounding statement that no man had been in the liquor business twenty years who hadn’t the curse in his own family.’

“‘Yes,’ I said, ‘I did.’

“‘It isn’t true,’ he said, ‘and I want you to take it back. My father was a rumseller and I am a rumseller, and the curse has never come into my father’s family or mine.’

“I said, ‘What! two generations selling this infernal stuff, and the curse has never come in to the family! I will investigate it.’

“There were two prominent citizens of the town in the room on whose faces I noticed a peculiar expression as the man was talking. After he left, one of them said,

“‘Do you know, Mr. Moody, that man’s own brother was a drunkard and committed suicide a few weeks ago, and left a widow with seven children? They are under his roof now.’



Chicago Institute Class of '99.



Rev. C. I. Scofield.

"Your sons will be drunkards. I challenge any man who has been in the saloon business twenty years to prove to me that he hasn't a family skeleton in his closet.

"If you are in that accursed business, take your sign down, knock in the heads of your whiskey barrels and let the vile stuff into the sewers. You say you'll starve? Well, I would like to see a few of such martyrs. I never found one yet. I would attend his funeral. I would give something toward a monument for him.

"The man who rents his building for a saloon is just as bad as the saloon keeper."

"Amen," said a muffled voice on the stage.

"What's that?" asked Mr. Moody, sharply.

"He said 'Amen,' " a dozen eager voices answered.

"Oh," said Mr. Moody, "I said and I repeat that the saloon is a curse, and the man who rents his building to a saloon keeper is as bad as the man who profits by selling the whiskey. Don't let any man tell me that liquor is not a withering curse."

Another pause, and Mr. Moody began a new subject. "If any man in this audience to-night is leading an impure life his harvest will be dark and bitter. If you rent your house for impure purposes you will live to see the curse come into your own family. Every man who leads an impure life ought to tremble."

Now he lifted both hands at once above his head and began to quake all over his big body. "Oh, these vile lepers that break up our families! Oh, these hideous creatures! What can we do with them? How shall we escape them? Think of it, think of it! Think of our women whom they prey upon! The most infernal thing in America is the way women are treated when they have been ruined. And the man. The man walks the street with his head held high, while she whose soul he has blackened prowls about in dark places in her sin and her shame. Do you tell me"—his eyes were fierce and his head was bristling—"do you tell me that man will escape pun-

ishment? No! No! Not on the reaping day! He will reap the whirlwind of God's wrath and man's scorn."

THERE IS RETRIBUTION.

He ended his afternoon sermon with a characteristic Moody story. It was the simplest sort of a story, told in the very simplest way. It was a children's story. It was about a good child and a bad father, and if told in print it would seem very commonplace. But Mr. Moody glorified and inspired it with such a power that he seemed transfigured by it. A change came over his face as the pathetic nature of the story appealed to him. His hands hung helpless to his side and the pink skin of his face began to grow livid. His veins swelled, his cheeks puffed out, red rims formed about his eyelids. He moved restlessly about. He was so direct, so wonderfully in earnest. He was so simple and so truthful. At last he could no longer control himself. His breath was coming in gasps, and now he wept, shaking the tears out of his eyes with a toss of his head and speaking right on. His bearded, kindly face wore an expression of melting pity and love. It was impossible to resist his influence. There were five hundred handkerchiefs busy in the hall.

"My friends, isn't it awfully sad? Isn't it terrible? Isn't it pitiful that it isn't ourselves alone we must make suffer when we sin, but those whom we love must suffer with us?"

THE SERMON AT NIGHT.

Mr. Moody had only half finished his sermon in the afternoon. He continued it in the evening. He stood on the platform and looked out over the arena floor, where white faces strained to hear and see him. In his forty years of preaching he has spoken to many vast audiences, but this one seemed to amaze him as he looked it over calmly and thoughtfully.

"Look at this audience," he began. There were 1,500 outside the doors, but he did not know that. "Look at the immensity of these listeners. See the balconies, dense, black

and white with people." Here his voice swelled. "And every-one of you is sowing his seed. What are you sowing?" He paused and knitted his fingers. "Hadh't you better be careful? I'm not a prophet, but I can tell you what harvest you will have if you tell me what you are sowing. If this country turns its Sabbaths into holidays this country is going down. Pretty soon you will have to work seven days in the week, instead of six, if you continue to desecrate the Sabbath. In Paris the workingman gets \$1.25 a day and he works the whole week round. In London the workingman gets higher wages and he doesn't work on Sunday. If you give up the Sabbath the great corporations will soon be grinding you down. They'll be making you work seven days a week and you won't have any rest days.

"England stood up for the Sabbath and France did not, and where is France to-day? Down, down, down!

"There are some men who are willing to take all the benefits of Christianity and then curse it. But with all its imperfections it's the best thing in the world we have to-day. Where would we be if it were not for Christianity?

"What are you young men sowing? How do you treat your mothers? I've utter contempt for the young man who is disrespectful to his mother. What do your mothers do for you and what do you do for them? Do you talk disparagingly of them? Why, young man, you know if you were taken sick away from home and your mother was a thousand miles away she would take the first train and come to you." He was hoarse with emotion. He stamped the floor. "Yes, and she'd watch over you day and night and she'd never sleep while you needed her care and she would pluck that disease from your breast and put it in her own, and she'd die for you. I have two boys and I've tried to raise them right. If one of them should go wrong it would pretty nigh kill me. I've tried to raise them right, God knows, and if ever I made a mistake with them it was my head and not my heart that erred.

And I love them as myself and more than myself, and I'd die for them. But I'm not any different from the average parent, for they all love their children as I love my boys. I heard of a man who put a knife in his mother's heart and killed her in a second. And I said he was a prince compared with the men I have seen who have come home drunk every night and have taken five years to break their mothers' hearts—to kill them slowly, inch by inch, night by night. What will be their reaping?"

STERN WORDS OF WARNING.

"Would to God," he said, "that I could get all of you to take a solemn oath to-night never to go into a whiskey shop again! What a triumph that would be! Why, it would be the grandest thing this city ever saw. You have a mighty city here, young and powerful, but if this city should resolve never again to touch whiskey it would become an imperial place, world renowned and all powerful."

So the sermon went on with broken words and tears, with tender appeals and warnings. He ended as usual with a story and then he asked for a prayer. The prayer ended, the choir sang, and under a most heavy and solemn sense of responsibility the vast audience left the hall.

A WORD TO THE PREACHERS.

At the Monday afternoon meeting, Moody preached on "The Bible and How to Study It." He has proved to his satisfaction that the Bible is not going out of use. "More Bibles have been printed and sold in the last five years than were read and sold in the first 1800 years. The Bible is read more now than ever before. It is the study of the Bible that we need. The men who don't study it are the ones who criticize it.

"When your hair is as gray as mine and friend after friend has slipped away from you into the grave," said Mr. Moody, holding his Bible high above his head, "I say you will want to

believe in this old book. You will want to believe in the resurrection." He put the book back on the organ and stood silent for a moment, "I would doubt the whole of it rather than a part of it. Let's hold on to it all. Let's not let any part of it go. It's too precious. But let's keep it all and get its blessings. I knew a preacher who saw a sailor and asked him if he knew the philosophy of the wind. 'No,' answered the sailor, 'but when she blows I know how to put up my sails.'"

A pause, and then Mr. Moody said in a hoarse, solemn whisper, "My friends, let's hoist the sails and get the blessings." Mr. Moody leaned on the organ and asked the ministers: "Will you ministers allow me to say a word to you?"

"Yes, yes, say what you want," they answered.

"Well, I'm not a prophet, but I have a guess to make that I think will prove a true prophecy. You hear so much nowadays about the preacher of the twentieth century. Do you know what sort of man he will be? He will be the sort of preacher who opens his Bible and preaches out of that. Oh, I'm sick and tired of this essay preaching! I'm nauseated with this 'silver tongued orator' preaching! I like to hear preachers and not windmills."

Mr. Moody's afternoon meetings were devoted to Christian people. In the evening the gospel was preached to win the unconverted.

MONDAY EVENING.

The threatening weather on Monday evening reduced the audience to nearly one-half what it was on Sunday night, but the crowd drew nearer to him and watched Mr. Moody with deeper interest and attention. It was thundering without when he stepped forward and began his sermon by asking:

"Do you believe Jesus Christ taught the truth while on earth? I wish everyone who believes that would hold up his hand. It seemed nearly every hand went up in the hall. Then I ask you this important question, Have you been born again? You may answer it, each to himself.

"I have no sympathy with the idea that people are so naturally good they don't need to be born again. I've heard a good deal about these naturally good people. Did you ever know a man who never did wrong? Do any of you wives possess husbands that never did wrong? If you do possess them I pity you—for—I—know—him.

"You hear a great deal about that wicked elder brother of the Bible. He has left a good many grandchildren. Tell one of these elder brothers about the good things of this world and he will scoff. Tell him of the sinners and he will sneer. Tell him of the poor fallen women who have turned at last to God and he will jeer at them. God pity the man who cannot have pity on such poor wanderers returned.

"You are all afraid of what your hearts contain. You know it is not good. If someone should advertise that he could photograph with some sort of an X-ray machine all that your hearts contain, do you think you would come around? No. A team of horses couldn't drag you to the machine. Dear friends, remember that the heart is deceitful and desperately wicked.

SATAN AS A CHURCH-GOER.

"I believe that the church is nearer to God than any human institution. But if we put the church in place of God it cannot save you. A woman said to me: 'I'm all right.' 'Are you?' said I. 'And why are you all right?' 'Because I go to church.' 'So does Satan,' said I.

"Church can't save you any more than good resolutions can save you. If all the good resolutions men have taken were written on parchment it would take four mules to haul them along.

"When I was converted I took blood out of my veins and I wrote out some good resolutions. I kept those resolutions about as long as it took to draw the blood.

"I have been given many blessings, but there is one that towers above all others like a monument. It was given me on

the night I was born again. When we are born again we get a divine nature. Just as we get the nature of our parents when we are born of them, so we get the nature of God when we are born of Him. These things that I say the natural man cannot fully understand, but the man of God understands them. He goes beyond them and reaches out, far out."

Mr. Moody reached out with both hands and seemed to move closer to his hearers.

"Did you ever see a young man that had a little heaven in his own home, a dear mother and sisters? And he leaves home and gets into bad company and goes down, down, down."

Mr. Moody almost sank on his knees, his palms turned toward the platform. "He cleans spittoons in a whiskey shop. A friend finds him there and tells him his mother wants him. But he won't go. He says he must have his whiskey. He don't want to go! He won't go, he says."

Mr. Moody fairly screamed the words. "He-must-have-his-whiskey!" A pause. "But God, if He will, can take that drunkard up, up, up" (Mr. Moody held both hands aloft) "above the cherubin" (he reached higher), "above the seraphim, to His own white throne."

A number of electric globes that had been dark suddenly glowed with light. Mr. Moody, ever artful, took advantage of the illustration. "They are turning on the lights. I wish God would turn on His lights in your hearts."

The effect of Mr. Moody's sermon and passionate appeal was seen in the throng that passed out of Convention Hall and crossed the street into the Second Presbyterian Church for the after meeting. The church was lighted as if for a prayer meeting and the lower seats were quickly filled. It was after nine o'clock. Mr. Moody called them together from the hall that he might "get a little closer" to them. They were still wrestling with the effects of his sermon to them at the hall, and were half willing, half unwilling, to confess to the power of

his influence. The church was silent and solemn. The meeting was "for those who are not Christians." There were a good many who were not Christians.

"You never can come to Christ with as few sins in your souls as you can come to-night," said Mr. Moody. He waited to let the words sink. "Don't put it off," he asked. "If you could go six months without sinning you would still have the sin of procrastination on your souls. Put the question to yourself to-night. Answer it. Have you the Son of God with you to-night? Have you the spirit, the humble, joyful spirit?"

The evangelist had lowered his voice after his powerful sermon in the hall. A whisper could have been heard in the church, it seemed so small, the walls so close together.

Again Mr. Moody asked, "Will some one say, 'I will trust in the Lord to-night, and not be afraid?' Will some one say simply, 'I will?' The door hangs on one hinge. Will you push open the door and let Christ in? Will you? Will you?"

A VOICE SAID, "I WILL."

He stopped and waited. The church was like a tomb, for no one would reply. At last a voice far back said, "I will." Mr. Moody breathed hard in his relief. "I will," said another. The evangelist smiled. "I will try," said another. "What's that?" asked Mr. Moody. "I will try," said the man.

"Now listen, my friend," said Mr. Moody, tapping his Bible. "It is better to say 'I will' than 'I will try.' If you 'will' you purpose to succeed, if you 'will try' you may make excuses for your failure."

"I will," said the man.

Other voices throughout the church answered, "I will." With a few words of tender prayer for these anxious hearts, Mr. Moody closed this service and with heart and faith greatly strengthened returned to his hotel.

TUESDAY EVENING.

The Mission of the Son of Man. On Tuesday night Mr.

Moody preached from the text, "For the Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." Luke 19:10.

Upon this great theme he spoke in part as follows:

"Some of you believe that God never sought you. But there is not a man or woman or even a child that God has not sought for. He is always seeking you, and so many of you He seeks in vain. Can you honestly say God has not sought you? Do you ever lie awake at night, unable to sleep, and hear the still, small voice of your conscience speaking to you? Have you ever stood at the grave of one you have loved in life while you felt your heart in dumb agony appeal to God? And do you say God has not been seeking you? It is your fault that He has not found you. It is because you have barred the door of your heart.

"You men say you cannot pray. I think if you were blind, like the man in the Bible, and could get sight by praying you could pray mighty easily."

Mr. Moody told the story of the rich man who climbed the tree to see Christ pass by. "It isn't often," he said, with quaint humor, "that a rich man climbs a tree to see a street preacher go by.

"You think, many of you, that God is indifferent to you, has forgotten that you live. He knows your name, the street you live in and the number of your house.

"A strange thing about true Christians is that they are always happy men. Did you ever hear of Christian people who received Christ sadly? I ask you ministers sitting below me here—did you ever see a man confess Christ with a sad face?"

"No," said the ministers in a chorus. "He is always glad."

"Is there a sinner in this hall to-night?" asked Mr. Moody, straightening his figure. "Let him remember that Christ left His heavenly home and His Father to come down to you, to put His arm under you, to lift you up.

"Do you know why so few persons are saved? It's because

you can induce so few to believe they are lost. What is it to be lost? It's to be out of God's way. So many of you stay out of God's way, but you won't believe you are lost. It's such a hard thing to find men who are lost.

FEW WILL ADMIT GUILT.

"If we could only get the confession of a man that he is lost, it wouldn't be long before he would be saved. If a man ain't lost what does he need of a Savior? But oh, how refreshing it is to find one who will admit that he is lost! If you will admit that you are a sinner, I can tell you there's One mighty to save—One who came to save sinners.

"I was invited one day, some years ago, to visit and preach in the Tombs prison, New York. I had supposed that I should address the prisoners face to face, as I used to talk to the prisoners in the chapels in most of our jails. But when I got there, I found I had to stand on a little iron railing running from one tier of cells to another. There was a tier above and one below, and one on the same level with me. There I talked to a great, long, narrow passageway—to gates, to bars, and to brick walls. It was pretty hard preaching. I had never attempted to preach in that way before. I did not know when I got through with it, how they had received me; and so I thought I would go and see them. I went to the first cell-door and looked in. I found the men playing euchre. I suppose they had been playing all the time that I was preaching, and took no interest in the sermon. I looked into the window, and said, 'How is it with you here?' 'O chaplain, we do not want you to have a bad idea of us.' I said to myself, 'There is no one here to be saved, for there is no one lost.' And I got away as quick as I could.

I went to another cell. There were three or four men in there; and I said, 'How is it with you here?' 'Well, stranger, we will tell you. We got into bad company, and the men that did the deed got clear and we got caught.' I said to my-

self, 'There is no one here for Christ to save, for there is no one lost.' And I went along to the next cell; and then I said, 'Well, my friends, how is it with you?' One of them said, 'A false witness went to court and swore a lie upon me.' He was perfectly innocent and ought not to be there. I went on to the next cell, looked in, and said, 'Well, my friends, how is it with you?' They were innocent, thank God! But the man that did the deed looked very much like them. The people thought they were the men and they got caught. They were perfectly innocent. They were not the men. I went along to the next cell. But no sooner did I ask the same question than they said they had not had their trial. They were going to have it that week, and they would be out on next Sunday. And so I went on. I never found so many innocent men. They were all innocent. I found a great many innocent men under lock and key, and they were all trying to justify themselves. There was no one guilty but the constables, the justices, or magistrates. They were the guilty ones.

"I got discouraged. I thought I would give it up; but I kept on, and I found one man in a cell alone. He had his elbows on his knees, and had his head buried in his hands. As I looked in, I could see the streams of tears running down upon his cheeks. They were the first tears I had seen. It did me good to look at them. I said, 'My friend, how is it with you here?' He looked up. It was a look of remorse and despair. He said, 'O, sir, my sins are more than I can bear.' 'Thank God for that!' said I. 'Thank God for that? Ain't you the man that's been preaching to us?' 'Yes, sir.' 'And yet I thought you said you was a friend to the prisoner; and you are glad that my sins are more than I can bear?' 'Yes.' 'Yes? Then you are a queer kind of friend. How is it that you are glad my sins are more than I can bear?' 'I am glad that they are more than you can bear. For if they are more than you can bear, you can cast them on the Lord Jesus.' 'He will not bear my sins. Why, I am the worst

man living to-day.' And he began enumerating his sins, and what a load it was for him to bear.

It was refreshing to stand there and hear him tell me. It was the Lord Jesus that had got into that cell and into that man's heart, and I told him so; then I told him to pray to God to forgive him and to take away his sin. He thought God would never forgive such a sinner as he was. I told him: 'You can get all those sins, multiplied by ten thousand, forgiven; because you have committed probably ten thousand more sins than you have thought of. You can sum them all up, and write underneath, 'The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth from all sin.' And I stood there and preached the gospel to that thirsty soul. He seemed to drink it in. I said, 'Let us get down here and pray.' And we did, he inside and I outside. And after I got through prayer I said, 'My friend, now you pray.' 'I pray! It would be blasphemy for me to pray—for a wretch like me to call upon God. I said to him, 'Call upon God. Ask for mercy. That's what you want. Ask him to have mercy upon you.' The poor wretch could not lift his eyes towards heaven. He knelt down on the pavement, and all he could say was, 'God be merciful to me, a vile wretch!' After his prayer I put my hand through the window in the door. He got hold of it and shook it, and a hot tear fell on my hand. That tear seemed to burn into my very soul. I said: 'I am going to the hotel between nine and twelve o'clock. I want you to join in prayer, and make up your mind that you will not sleep to-night till you know.'

That night I got much interested in prayer for the man. My heart was so overborne that I could not go back to Chicago without going down to the prison to see him. I went down, and I got the governor of the Tombs to let me in, and I went to his cell; and when I got there and saw him the remorse and despair had all disappeared. It was all gone. His face was lit up with a heavenly glow. He seized my hand, and tears of joy began to flow. He pressed my hand and shook

it, and said: 'I believe I am the happiest man in the whole city of New York. I thought when they brought me to this prison I should never go out again. I thought I never could walk down Broadway again. I thought I never could see my godly mother again. Now I thank God that they brought me; for if they had not I would never have known Christ.' He said, when he prayed the Lord Jesus heard his prayer. I asked him what time of the night he thought it was; and he said he thought it was about midnight that the Lord Jesus came into that cell and saved his soul. My dear friend, can you tell me why it was that God came into that prison, and passed by cell after cell, and set that one captive free? It was because he took his place as a poor lost sinner, and asked for mercy. The moment sinners do that and cry for mercy, they will get it."

"You don't change human nature a bit by locking it behind the bars. Those men wouldn't admit they were guilty and you won't admit you are lost."

Here are a few of Mr. Moody's remarks taken from his stories:

"I'm glad to find a man whose sins are more than he can bear. For he will then cast them on Him who will bear them for him."

"If a thing touches my heart I am sure it must touch the heart of God, for He is infinitely more tender than I."

"If any of you feel like making a prayer make it while you have the feeling. Make it now. For it is now that He will listen to it with the most pity for your state."

There was a story to tell before the sermon ended. It was about the rich father and the disinherited son, who, dying, asked his parent for forgiveness. Mr. Moody's face grew red and his eyes swam in tears as he described the father when he heard his son's plea for forgiveness: "Why, I'd have forgiven him long ago if I had known he wanted forgiveness."

There was a pause, Mr. Moody stretched both arms out.

"Sinner," he called, "that's what Christ says to you and to me. 'I'd forgiven you long ago, my child, if you had wanted forgiveness.'"

The evangelist shook his tears from his face and moved about restlessly in his emotion. "Thank God for the gospel that will reach down to the darkest pits of hell to lift up man. Thank God for it."

He was silent again, and then he ended his sermon with these words: "Let me be silent. The human heart is too hard for the human voice to penetrate it. Son of God, do Thou knock at the door of every heart."

At the close of the sermon another meeting was held for inquirers, with many responses when Mr. Moody called for an open profession of the acceptance of Christ.

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

For the second time since the meetings began, Convention Hall was overflowed on Wednesday evening, and the ushers were obliged to close the doors on hundreds who wished to hear the great evangelist. Every seat was taken and the standing space in the rear was filled with people. The big American flag at the south end of the hall was let down like a curtain, and no one was allowed, after the sermon began, to pass in or out of the building. Twenty thousand persons heard Mr. Moody preach that day, eight thousand in the afternoon, and twelve thousand in the evening. A religious spirit held the great crowds and made them silent and attentive. At times during a pause in the evening sermon the emotion of the twelve thousand seemed to choke it, and a heavy breathing could be heard. Men sat with heads uplifted and looked at the evangelist, or they hung their heads and buried their faces in their hands.

Mr. Moody seemed to come closer to his immense audience than at any time since the meetings began. He controlled his hearers. Times were when the twelve thousand seemed to

be wiping their eyes at once; times were when they laughed at once. To control such a crowd and make it docile, to make it follow and obey, that is indeed a triumph.

"I think I got pretty close to you last night," said Mr. Moody. "I've noticed when a hush comes over an audience and all seem to be listening, that God is moving it. I don't believe that God would have brought this vast assembly together to-night unless he wished to help it. I believe He moved your hearts a little last night."

With this brief introduction Mr. Moody began his sermon, but he looked exhausted. His face was flushed and sweating, but the inspiration of his great audience helped to sustain him during his masterly effort:

"I want to turn your attention to-night to a passage of scripture found in Psalm 85:5, which reads as follows: 'I will hear what God, the Lord, will speak, for He will speak peace unto His people, and let them not turn against Him.' Now if every man and woman will keep his or her ears open, and let themselves be spoken to, I believe God's voice will be heard by every one in this vast crowd. God is moving in this body of people, and it needs but a listening spirit to hear Him and be taught by Him the ways of eternal life. Listen for His still, small voice, as the great crowd sits quiet and submissive beneath the weight of His presence. To-night I am going to give you three texts, which I am going to bring home to you all. Here they are. They are found in the first chapter of John's gospel.

"The first is a question, the second an exhortation, and the third a command. 'What seek ye?' Jesus asked that of two men. It was about four o'clock in the afternoon, and John the Baptist stood on the bank of the Jordan river, with his disciples grouped about him. Only that day had he baptized Christ in the river, and had pointed Him out to his disciples, saying, 'Behold, the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world,' and this day Andrew and James had fol-

lowed Christ as he left the crowd to go to His home. And when He saw them He said, 'What seek ye?' Where dwellest Thou?' They learned and never left Him. They followed Him through all His years of teaching, to Gethsemane, into the wilderness, to the Mount of Transfiguration; one of them went to his death in a horrible manner for Him, and the other outlived all the others of the twelve. These two men got what others did not get that day, for some ceased from following Him, because they would not take up this cross. Do you think Christ was willing to be more to John and Andrew that day, or to Peter, than He was to any others of the men who came to Him, and went away? No, indeed, He was not. Christ never disappoints any one. Did you ever hear of Christ disappointing any one or going back on any one? Has he failed you, when you wanted Him?

"He never goes back on a friend. I have the first man or woman to find whom Christ ever failed. He is what you want Him to be, and all you want to make of Him. He can be all your life if you want Him to be. Some follow Him for what they can get out of it; some for what signs they can see. 'I'd just like to see Him cast out a devil,' said some, 'just to see the devil run.' 'I just wish I could see a blind man cured,' said another. 'I never did see anything like that. It must be fine.' But some followed Christ because of what they could get. Do you remember how, one day, as the great crowd stood about Him, He accused them of seeking the 'loaves and fishes'? And how many must have come out the next day just to see the sight of the strange bread and fish that He had created. 'Say,' said one, 'I hear that yesterday this fellow made bread out here. Did you see any of it?' 'Yes.' 'Did you taste any of it?' 'Yes.' 'How did it taste?' 'Best I ever tasted in my life.' 'I would like to taste bread that never had come from a wheat field, or fish that never had been in the water. I wonder if it is like the manna our fathers ate in the wilderness?' They did not come for His teachings. Some



Mr. Moody in his Carriage.

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Sankey and his Friends at Northfield.

wanted political place in the kingdom they thought He would establish on the earth, and when they learned the kingdom would be a spiritual kingdom, they left disappointed. Those things were too far beyond them.

"Others went because the crowd went. Alone they would never have taken a single step. They were cowards. But whatever way the crowds went, they followed. When the multitude spread roses in His path, and palm leaves and shouted Hosannah! they shouted too, and when the same crowd some days later, cried out to crucify Him, these same people cried out to crucify! crucify! But thank God, there were some few in the great crowds who followed Him for profit, or curiosity or weak mindness, who followed Him for His own sake. And in the great crowd here to-night there are some who seek Him honestly for His own sake. And I am sure if I could canvass this vast crowd I could find just as many peculiar reasons why you come out here to-night. 'What seek ye?' You man up there in the gallery, what seek you? If I could but ask your conscience why you came here there would be some strange replies given. Tell me, conscience, what brought this man here to-night?

"What seek you? What seek you? Are you one of the few who came to seek Christ or one of the many who follow for the loaves and fishes? Come, what seek you? One man up there in the gallery says, I believe, 'I didn't come here to see you, anyway, and I don't care if you know it. I'd get out now if I could.' Well, I'm glad you're here, anyway, even if you didn't come to see me. Another man down there came to see the crowd. Some one told him it was a great sight to see so many people together, and now he has seen the crowd he is ready to go home. Well, I'm glad you're here. At one of my meetings in Philadelphia a man came two hours early so he could see 3,000 empty chairs on one floor. Some one told him it was a great sight, so he walked in when the doors were opened, and ran to the front so he could see the 3,000 empty

seats. And he saw them. Then he thought he would see the people who wanted to be saved, and sat down on the front row. That man was saved that night. One down in front here came to please his wife. She has been after him ever since I came to the city and just to get rid of her everlasting nagging, came, and now he is not coming any more. Well, I'm glad you're here. You ought to be glad your wife loves you enough to urge you to come. Another man over there came just to say he had heard Moody once, 'so I could tell my friends.'

"Another came, because he had no place else to go. I'm glad you're all here, even if you didn't have any better motives to bring you here. But there are some who came, saying as the Greeks said to Philip, 'Sir, we would see Jesus.'

"Let me tell you something about seeking Jesus. In Isaiah 55:6 it reads 'Seek ye the Lord while He may be found.' Now he did not say anything about seeking pleasure or gain, or wealth or anything else, but he said, 'Seek the Lord while He may be found.' If you want God you can find Him. I went down to a man once in a meeting who was standing with his hands in his pockets and looking on. I said, 'My friend, are you a Christian?' 'Well,' he said, 'I—I believe not,' and swung his foot back and forth. 'Do you want to be?' 'Well,' and the foot swung back and forth again, 'I don't have no objections.' (Laughter.) A man must be in earnest to find Christ. If you seek Him you will find Him, but you won't find Him unless you do seek Him.

"Do you ministers believe Jesus can be found here to-night?"

The ministers on the stage below Mr. Moody answered in chorus, "Yes, sir; we do."

"Does this choir around me believe Jesus can be found here to-night?"

"Yes, sir," answered the choir.

"Then find Him!" thundered Mr. Moody. "Oh, find Him

now and let the world go by you. The time is coming when one promise of the Bible will outweigh all the world. Is there a man here who cannot pray for his salvation? Can't you even say, 'God be merciful to me, a sinner?' Wouldn't it be a grand thing if everyone in this hall to-night, wouldn't it be magnificent if all this multitude"—and Mr. Moody looked from gallery to gallery and out across the far-reaching row of faces in the arena, "if all this multitude would raise its voice and cry, 'Lord, help me!'"

He stopped and considered what a triumph that would be. He thought it over, all alone, standing there in sight of them all. Then he shook his gray head. "I've cried those words so many times myself, 'Lord help me; Lord help me, help me and show me how to reach.'" "

He changed his attitude and expression. Holding out both arms he cried, "All that are here who want God's help say aloud, 'Lord help me.'" "

He waited, expectant. A feeble few, half ashamed, echoed the words, "Lord help me."

"Again!" commanded the evangelist.

The second reply was much more powerful than the first. "Lord—help—me" answered several hundreds of voices.

A MIGHTY CHORUS ANSWERED.

Mr. Moody dropped his arms.

"Do you believe He heard you?"

"Yes," replied those who had repeated his words.

"He is here to-night," said Mr. Moody, solemnly. "He is listening to you. Oh, what a sight! All these people crying on the Lord for help! Let us all say, 'Lord, remember me.'" "

A mighty chorus echoed back: "Lord—remember—me."

"Do you believe He will do it?"

"Yes," answered the voices.

It seemed as if the hall vibrated to the steel trusses and the wooden railings with that answer, it was so strong.

Mr. Moody lifted his head and closed his eyes. "Oh, let the dew descend now. Let Thy grace descend now on these people, Lord," he ejaculated. "Man, woman, bow your heads now. Say to yourselves, 'Lamb of God, take my sins,' and He will take them."

Silence held the 12,000. Then Mr. Moody resumed his preaching.

"I never saw the man who put Christ first in his life that hasn't succeeded. That sort of man always comes right. So many say, 'Let me get established in business first and I'll seek the Lord afterwards.' God says 'No! Seek my kingdom first.' Make the kingdom of God your first thought. Oh, my friends, make it first. It is the safest thing to acquire. It is the best thing. It is the one thing worth having."

He was laboring hard for breath and his eyes ran over with tears. "It is the one divine thing on earth to acquire. Oh, seek it, my friends!"

The audience was weeping, too. Handkerchiefs were out all over the hall. Mr. Moody told how he had once taken a pardon to a woman in prison. He described her emotion when he announced to the crowd of prisoners that she would be freed. The story finished, he raised his voice to a higher key, and said:

"Friends, supposing I should come to you to-night and tell you that before I came from my hotel a heavenly messenger came down to me and gave me a pardon from God for one of you. Would you be eager to know what one of you was pardoned? Yet, I have a pardon, not for one of you, but for all the sinners in this house. Will you take it? Oh, take it from me now! Oh, seek God now. He is here among you. He is not far away."

WEAKENED BY OVERWORK.

Mr. Moody appeared at times during the sermon hardly able to support himself. Now he almost toppled over from

weakness and now he held on to the organ to support himself.

"Let all who desire Christ's forgiveness for their sins go across the street to the church and fall on their knees and ask their Lord's forgiveness." With this abrupt ending, Mr. Moody sank back in his seat.

Dr. Neel conducted the after service on account of the fact that Mr. Moody was completely exhausted and obliged to seek his room and rest. The interest in the meetings continued unabated, and there was quite a large number of people who sought assistance and aid in public prayer and testimony, who never before had done it. The church was filled and people were standing all about the sides of the room, while the ministers and Christian workers were busily at work among the people, leading them to accept the salvation of Christ. In these overflow meetings was shown the result of Mr. Moody's preaching, as every service showed an increased number of men and women seeking the light.

THURSDAY EVENING.

The fateful evening had arrived, the last sermon was about to be delivered, the foolish excuses that men make for not becoming Christians, were once more to be brushed aside, and the last appeal in Mr. Moody's last campaign was to thrill many hearts and yet of all that this hour was to bring to that great throng there was not the slightest premonition.

Mr. Moody seemed to have recovered from his exhaustion though naturally wearied by his exacting labors.

After the opening hymn, "Abide With Me," Mr. Moody took charge of the meeting and announced his text as found in 14th chapter of Luke:

"I am going to talk about the parable of the marriage supper, and the people who were asked to it," he began.

Mr. Moody read the parable, how that three men had been asked to attend a wedding supper given by the king, and instead of accepting it at once and feeling glad for the honor the

king bestowed upon them, excused themselves, one on the ground that he had bought some land, and must tend it, another that he had bought a yoke of oxen and must try them, and the other that he had married a wife and could not come. Then he continued:

"Those people were invited to attend a feast, not an execution, not a hospital, nor a surgical operation, but a feast, a royal feast. We common people, where there is no royalty, seldom get an invitation to attend a royal feast. But if we should, do you think we would refuse it as those men did? No, indeed.

"Those three men began to make excuses. They didn't have any decent excuse, so they made up one. They have been doing that ever since Adam. Adam made the flimsiest excuse ever made, when he blamed his sin upon his wife. I pity those men who blame their wives for their shortcomings. One of these men had bought a piece of ground and had to see it. This was his excuse. He was doubtless a very polite man and told the servant to tell his king that he knew of no man whose supper he would be more pleased to attend than his, but 'business before pleasure, every time, you know, and I must see to this piece of ground. I'd like to come but really, I don't see how I can do it. I pray thee have me excused.' The second man had bought a yoke of oxen and had to prove them. Now, do you think that man went out that night to see those oxen? Why didn't he try them before he bought them? Do you think he took them out of the stall and worked them after dark? Not he. What he wanted to do was make an excuse, and the thought of those oxen popped into his head, so he gave that. The third man made the most absurd excuse of any of them. He had married a wife and couldn't come. Didn't he know that the young bride would be only too glad to go to the wedding feast? Didn't he know that it would be just the place where young couples go and see how the others do it? Yes, in his sober moments he knew this, but he was

all confused, and wanting an excuse, made the most absurd one he could.

"Now, the excuses these men made seem foolish and they are, but I challenge any one in this great crowd to make a better one than those made by those three men. Let me tell you some of the excuses you will make to your conscience to-night for not accepting Christianity. I hear excuses are the devil's cradles in which he rocks men's souls to sleep. Let me tell you some made here in Kansas City, Mo., not in Kansas City, Kas. Yes, right in this hall to-night.

"The first excuse is the old Book. One fellow says this book contradicts itself. It isn't true. I challenge any man to show me a single promise God has made to His people He has not kept. The people who know the Bible are not the people who revile it, but those who never read it, who know nothing about it, are its denunciators. One man who claimed to know it, and that he had read it through, I found once, but I didn't believe he had ever read it through. He could quote but one passage in it, and that was the shortest verse in the whole Bible—'Jesus wept.' People are ready to give their opinion on a new book only after they have read it two or three times, but they give their opinion about the Bible before they have read it—on hearsay only.

"Another excuse is, 'I am foreordained to be saved. If I am I shall be saved, no matter what I do, so I don't have to stand up here and profess before all these people. If God wants me saved He will save me.' Now, you try that in temporal affairs. Just you sit in your seats and if God wants you to go home to your family He will get you there, even if He has to carry you through the window head first and put you to bed. If He wants you to succeed in business He will see that you do so. You needn't move a finger. That's fine philosophy, isn't it?

AFRAID OF HYPOCRITES.

"Then there are men who cry 'hypocrites! hypocrites!' to

those who are in the church. But there's one hypocrite in the church to forty in the world. Why don't you go out of business if you are afraid of hypocrites? Are you a grocer? Don't some grocers put pounded marble in their sugar? Are you a doctor? Are there no quacks among the doctors? Are you a lawyer? Are there no tricky lawyers? I'm sick and tired of men who make up excuses out of the failings of others. If you hear a man who always howls 'hypocrites,' you may be sure he isn't far from one himself.

"But people say, 'Isn't it hard to be a Christian?' I say 'no, it's easy.' God is not a hard master. To say he is, is a lie, and I would like to drive that lie back to hell where it came from. It is Satan who is the hard master. Did you ever see the drunkard try to get by a saloon? How he struggles, how he tries to pass it by! But he cannot for an unseen power drags him in. Who is the harder master, Christ or Satan?

"I've worn God's yoke for over forty years and I have always found it easy. There is nothing sweeter than to obey the will of God. He is not a severe taskmaster. You may trust God. I can believe in God rather than in D. L. Moody. My heart has deceived me a thousand times, but God has never deceived me once.

"But the main excuse for not becoming a Christian is sin, and it's generally one kind of sin. Accursed sin holds you back and controls you and makes you fear. Oh, put off that sin and come to God! He is waiting for you. If you have a good impulse, act on it. Don't be afraid. I say that most of the good done in the world is done by men who act on impulses. I am sixty-two and I have acted on impulses all my life. I never made a mistake by acting on an impulse that I felt to be good.

"The normal growth of the Christian is toward more kindness and a more beautiful nature. Have you ever noticed how many old people are cross and crabbed these days? That is because they have not been good Christians. I am not

old. I am only sixty-two. I am an infant to the ages that will roll over me when I am gone. Those who live in Christ will live forever. The glory is not past, but to come."

Mr. Moody returned at once to his hotel at close of the sermon little dreaming that his long day's work was done, for him a little rest, and then the coming glory. "Those who live in Christ will live forever."

Friday, November 17th, the message was flashed over the wires, "Mr. Moody was stricken with heart disease. He may preach no more." When he found that he must give up his afternoon service, he said, "I regret it very much. It's the first time I ever did such a thing." Yet even then he hoped he might be able to address the night meeting. During the afternoon his condition became so alarming that he gave way to the advice of his physician and asked that he might be hurried home on a special car. A little later and he was on his way home, borne up as on angels' hands by the prayers of thousands of sympathetic hearts and by the Almighty's arms of divine love.

After midnight he began to rally somewhat and before noon it was telegraphed over the country that he was considered to be out of immediate danger. And so, graciously, did the Lord deal with His faithful servant and grant him the great desire of his heart that his life might be spared to reach Northfield.



The Funeral at Northfield.

PASSING down Chestnut street on Friday afternoon December 22d, I saw a crowd gathered in front of a newspaper office, and on pressing my way nearer I read: "Dwight L. Moody, the famous evangelist, died at noon to-day. He broke down at a revival service several weeks ago, and never rallied." Though anticipating this result of his illness, yet this bulletin was a shock to me, as to many thousands more all over the land. The bulletins from Northfield, while informing the public of Mr. Moody's serious illness, had intimated some slight improvement; indeed the few days previous had shown such a steady gain, that the members of Mr. Moody's family, and inner circle of friends, did not anticipate that this illness would be immediately fatal. But on Thursday there was a change for the worse. Symptoms of increasing nervousness appeared, accompanied by a weakness that was alarming. This continued during the night, and at eight o'clock Mr. Moody called his wife and children about him telling them that the end was not far off. The family remained close by the bedside all the forenoon that they might not miss one word, one single glance of love, one word of precious testimony. In his weakness he was almost free from pain, as often happens in heart disease as the beatings lose their force, and occasionally he talked with apparent ease. Among

THE LAST WORDS

he uttered were these, worthy of being remembered, so strikingly characteristic were they of the man: "I have always been an ambitious man, not to lay up wealth, but to find work to do." Then speaking of the work he was leaving behind him he said: "I should like to make a will at this time. I have not a penny to leave you, but I should like Will to take Mount

Hermon; Percy, you and Emma the Chicago Bible Institute, and Paul, I give you the Seminary."

During one of the intervals of weakness he seemed to be asleep for awhile, but when they roused him, saying, "Father, you have been asleep," he replied, "No! I've not been asleep; I have been within the gates. I have seen Irene and the children (mentioning the names of his other grandchildren). This is God's call. It is my coronation day." Again he said, "If this is death, it is not to be dreaded; it is beautiful; it is glorious." Then looking lovingly, calmly upon them, he said: "It is easy to go away, but for you, but for you, seeing there is no dark valley." That vision was inexpressibly comforting to the family, and sweet to him.

A little later came the triumphant words, never to be forgotten: "Earth is receding, Heaven is opening, God is calling me." A slight change indicated that the end was near, and at exactly noon the great preacher passed within the veil that had grown so thin, and passed on to glory and to God.

During the last twenty-five years of his life, Mr. Moody had learned to lean with his entire weight upon the divine promises, and they had never failed him. So, now, in these last hours, his victory through faith had been so manifestly glorious, that wife, and family, and friends, though natural grief must have been strong upon them, were most wonderfully sustained as by the encircling power of the everlasting arms. Things eternal were so near, so real, so precious; they were so confident that he had entered the circle of the loved and blessed ones, that it was, indeed, for him, a coronation day, that they, too, were able to rejoice "with joy unspeakable and full of glory." The inspiration of that triumphant departure was so strong upon them that some were even amazed at the entire absence of that spirit of depression which so often rests like a dead weight upon the hearts of a stricken household.

The Sabbath passed slowly in a downpour of rain, yet some

of the household were in their usual places at the forenoon services in the Congregational church. Tuesday morning came—

THE DAY OF THE FUNERAL.

There was no air of gloom about the house. The curtains were raised as usual, the clear winter sunlight lay bright and warm upon the floors within. Mr. Moody, clad in his usual garb, lay like one asleep, only he was so cold and still. It had been arranged that the body should be borne to the church early in the day, there to lie in state until the services should begin at 2.30 in the afternoon. There was but a brief service at the house for the family, and a few intimate friends, at nine A. M., consisting of the reading of a few passages of scripture by Dr. Scofield, pastor of the church, and prayer by Dr. Torrey, of Chicago. Then came the trying ordeal when Mrs. Moody and family and relatives were left alone with their dead. We are sure, however, that through their tears, looking up to heaven they saw the "vision splendid"—the rainbow round about the throne of God.

After the retirement of the family, the body was placed in the casket, then carried out and placed upon the bier, and having been covered with white roses, it was borne by relays of Mount Hermon students to the Congregational Church.

It was not until 10.30 A. M. that this brief procession was able to leave the house, with Rev. Dr. Scofield and Dr. Torrey walking in front of the bier and its escorts of students, the honorary pall bearers, Geo. C. Stebbins and Ira D. Sankey, R. C. Morse and D. W. McWilliams, Rev. Dr. Geo. C. Needham and Dr. W. J. Erdman following, and after them a large group of friends.

Having arrived at the church the casket was placed in front of the pulpit, and the lid removed. The guard of honor took up their positions—professors from Northfield schools standing at the head and the foot of the casket—and then the loving, tearful throngs began to pass by, to look for the last time

on the face of one who had brought to hundreds of them the greatest spiritual force that had ever entered into their lives.

When we remember the transformation of that little, dull, New England village to the Northfield of to-day, known throughout Christendom as the home of Mr. Moody, the seat of great educational institutions, as the center of the most remarkable Christian conferences to be found in the wide world, we need not be surprised at the honor paid to his memory. From near and from far, from all the region round about, they gathered by the hundreds—from the hamlets and scattered villages, from all the adjacent towns and from distant cities—until it was estimated that at least three thousand people were present at this most memorable funeral service which Northfield may ever witness.

In the church, as at the house, no funeral pall was allowed to gather about the soul. Everything spoke of life and hope. Evergreens decorated the galleries as for Christmas rejoicings. A pillow of green, on which a crown of white roses had been interwoven, was placed at the head of the casket. At the foot was a floral design of an open Bible, having on one page the word "Victory," on the other the reference II Tim. 4:7-8, which is, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith," etc. Sheaves of wheat suggested the harvest of a rich and ripened life, sprays of roses, the fragrance of his memory, and the laurel and the palm spoke again of victory and the crown.

The center of the church had been reserved for the family and immediate friends; on either side were massed the hundreds of students from Mount Hermon and Northfield, while the galleries were crowded to the stairs with villagers and visitors. On the platform were a number of distinguished ministers and laymen, who had gathered to pay respect to his memory or bring a tribute of praise to his honor. Among them were Rev. Dr. H. G. Weston, of Crozier Theological Seminary; Rev. Dr. Geo. C. Needham and Hon. John Wana-

maker, of Philadelphia; Revs. Drs. A. T. Pierson and A. C. Dixon, of Brooklyn; Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman, of New York; Dr. H. M. Wharton, of Baltimore; Rev. E. Payson Hammond and Bishop Mallalieu, of the Methodist Church.

Soon after the arrival of the family,

THE SERVICES AT THE CHURCH

began, with a hymn by the congregation. Scripture lesson, read by Dr. Pierson, and a prayer followed, and then all joined in singing "Emanuel's Land." Rev. Dr. Scofield, Mr. Moody's home pastor, then delivered a very eloquent and inspiring eulogy, speaking from II Cor. 5:1 and 6. He began by saying: "We know. We are always confident. This is the Christian's attitude toward the mystery of death—we are confident and willing to be absent from the body and present with the Lord. For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.' We know; we are always confident. In this triumphant assurance Dwight L. Moody lived and at high noon, last Friday, he died. We are not met, dear friends, to mourn a defeat, but to celebrate a triumph. 'He walked with God, and he was not, for God took him.'"

This reference to Enoch recalls to us some of Mr. Moody's most striking works regarding him. "By faith he could see, in that world of light, Him who is invisible. He was dead to the world. He had the world under his feet. He could see that everything was trifling here, and would soon pass away; but that God's kingdom was an everlasting kingdom, and that He would reign forever, and he walked with God. One day the cord that bound him to earth and time snapped asunder. God said to him, 'Come up higher,' and up he went to walk in glory. God liked his company, so well that He called His servant home. Dr. Andrew Bonar has said that 'Enoch took a long walk with God one day, and has not got back yet.'

"There in the west, in the presence of great audiences of twelve thousand of his fellow men, God spoke to Mr. Moody to lay it all down and come home. He would have planned it so. No one will ever question that we are to-day laying in the kindly bosom of the earth the mortal body of a great man. Whether we measure greatness by qualities of character, by qualities of intellect, or by things done, Dwight L. Moody must be accounted great. The basis of Mr. Moody's character was sincerity, genuineness. He had an inveterate aversion to all forms of sham, unreality and pretense. Most of all did he detest religious pretense or cant.

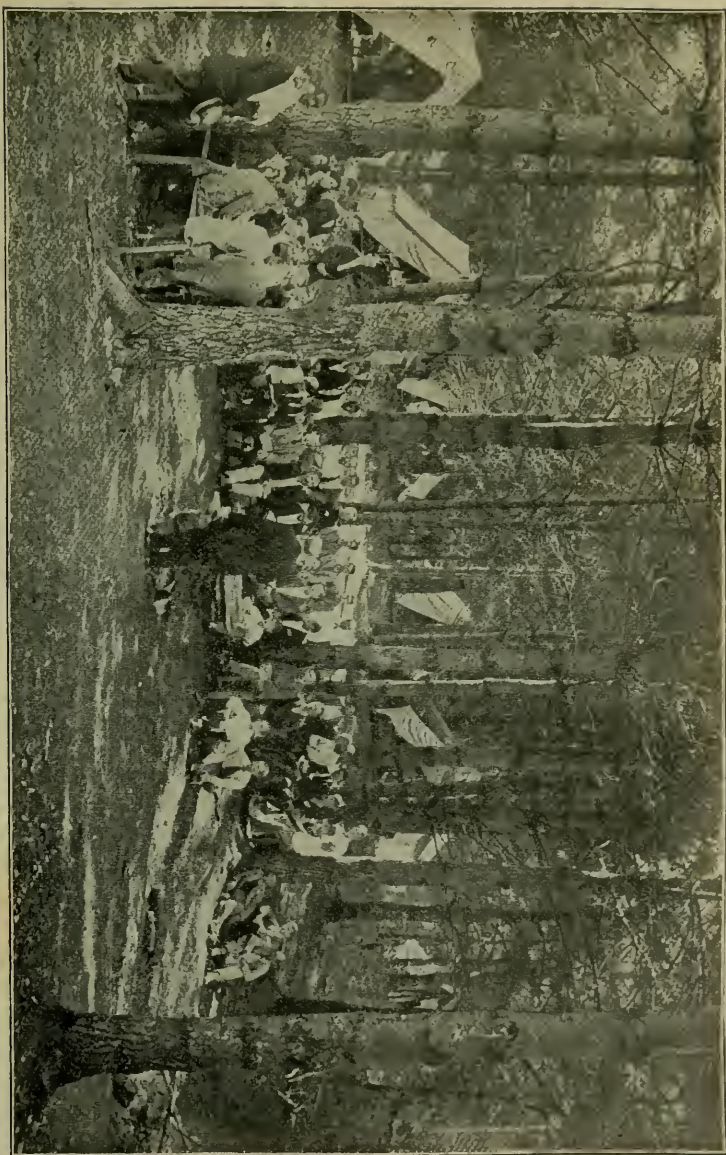
Mr. Moody also cherished a great love of righteousness. His first questioning concerning any proposition was, "Is it right?" But those two qualities which must necessarily lie at the bottom of all noble character were in him suffused and transfigured by divine grace. The secret of Mr. Moody's power lay in the following: First, in a definite experience of Christ's saving grace. He had passed out of death into life and he knew it. He knew Him whom he believed. His life had in it the ring of deepest conviction. Secondly, Mr. Moody believed in the divine authority of the scriptures. The Bible was to him the voice of God, and he made it resound as such in the consciences of men. Thirdly, he was baptized with the Holy Ghost, and he knew that he was. It was to him as definite an experience as his conversion. Fourthly, he was a man of prayer. He believed in a living and unfettered God. "He did not believe that God had bound Himself under bondage to His own laws, he believed in a God that could answer prayer." But, finally, Mr. Moody believed in work, in ceaseless effort, in wise provision, in organization and publicity. I like to think of Dwight L. Moody in heaven. Farewell, for a little time, great heart. May a double portion of the Spirit be vouchsafed to us who remain.

The eloquent Bishop Mallalieu delivered

A GLOWING TRIBUTE

to Mr. Moody whom he characterized as one of the most utterly unselfish and devoted disciple that ever followed the Master. He said that he had first met and became acquainted with Mr. Moody in London, in the summer of 1875. "From that day when he moved the masses of the world's metropolis, to the hour when he answered the call of God to come up higher, I have known him, esteemed him and loved him. Surely, we may now say, that in his death one of the truest, bravest, purest and most influential men of this century has passed to his rest and his reward. With feelings of unspeakable loss and desolation we gather about the casket that contains all that was mortal of Dwight L. Moody.

"Yet what a mighty uplift and inspiration must come to each one of us as we contemplate his character and achievements. In bone and brawn and brain he was a typical New Englander. He was descended from the choicest New England stock, was born of a New England mother, and from his earliest life he breathed the free air of his native hills, and was carefully trained in the knowlegde of God. It was to be expected of such a rugged nature that, when converted, and consecrated thoroughly, completely and irrevocably to the service of God and humanity, he would become a Christian of most pronounced characteristics. The heart of no disciple of the Master ever beat with more genuine, sympathetic and utterly unselfish loyalty than did this great heart. He held fast to the absolute truth of the Bible, and unequivocally and intensely believed it to be the inerrant word of God. He preached the gospel, rather than talked about the gospel. He used his mother tongue, speaking in clear, terse, ringing, straightforward Saxon. He had the profoundest sense of brotherhood with all the poor, unfortunate and even outcast ones among the people. He was unaffectedly tender and patient with the weak and sinful. He hated evil as thoroughly as he loved goodness. He knew right well how to lead penitent souls di-



Mr. Moody Leading Morning Prayers at Camp Northfield.



Snap-shot of Moody.

rectly to the Savior. He had the rare and happy art of arousing Christian people to the performance of their duties. He had in his own soul a conscious, joyous experience of personal salvation. And hence the people flocked to his services by the thousands, they heard him gladly, they believed and were converted. Because of these blessed results Mr. Moody came to be prized and honored by all denominations, so that to-day all Protestantism recognizes the fact that he was God's servant, an ambassador for Christ, a chosen vessel to bear the name of Jesus to the nations.

"We shall not again behold his manly form animated with life; hear his thrilling voice, or be moved by his consecrated personality; but if we are true and faithful to our Lord we shall see him in glory, for already he walks the streets of the heavenly city, he mingles in the song of the innumerable company of white robed saints, sees the King in His beauty and awaits our coming. May God grant that in due time we may meet him over yonder."

MR. MOODY'S MASTERY OF MEN.

President Weston spoke most eloquently of Mr. Moody's strong influence over men and the power by which he drew them fast to his side. Of his splendid address we can give but a part:

"I count as one of the greatest blessings of my life my acquaintance with Mr. Moody, the influence he had on me, and the privilege of studying God's methods in his life and work. We instinctively attribute the success of every man who is eminent in influencing others, to some special, natural endowment, to education and training, or to a magnetic power. Mr. Moody had none of these, yet no man has surpassed him in his power of attraction and influence, both over masses of men and over individuals of strong character, and of great resources, whom he fastened to himself with hooks of steel, making them not only his lifelong friends but his constant

partners in all his good works. We can not explain this marvelous power by his possession of any one peculiar natural gift. What had he? He had life. I do not mean the manner of living, but what the Bible means by this word—what Christ means by it when He says, 'I am come that they might have life, might have it more abundantly.' God gave him life, made him a partaker of the divine nature, and from the moment he received it the development, growth and manifestation of that life became the whole object of his existence. To it he devoted every power of his being, and that devotion kindled into interest and activity every latent energy of his nature, and made him the complete, full-orbed man that he was, and gave him his wonderful mastery over man.

"Then he nourished and strengthened that life by devotion to God's Word. He realized to the full Christ's words, 'Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God.' This word he hid in his heart, ready for use on every occasion and in every emergency. His mind and heart were given to the study of the word of God, and from it he drew forth treasures both new and old.

"But his life, like that of his Master's, was given for others. He did not search the Bible to enrich his own heart merely, but that he might learn how to save men. He counted all but loss unless this were attained, unless he might win men to Christ. It was this growing conformity to the likeness of Christ, the transparent sincerity of his own life, which gave him power with men. They listened to him, they believed him; they yielded themselves to the power of the truth as he proclaimed the gospel of salvation.

"And so, because Mr. Moody could in his measure use those great words of Christ, 'I am come that ye might have life,' because those words expressed his whole being, I loved and honored him, and because of what he was, and, therefore, of what he did. I say to-day, I had rather be Mr. Moody dead, lying there in his coffin, than any living man on earth."

VICTORY THROUGH GRACE.

Dr. Torrey spoke of the victory through grace which had wrought so wonderfully in Mr. Moody's life and was at that moment the inspiration of their own. In his address were these words to the family:

"It is oftentimes the first duty of a pastor to speak words of comfort to those whose hearts are aching with loneliness, and breaking underneath the burden of their sorrow, but this is utterly unnecessary to-day. The God of all comfort hath already abundantly comforted them with a comfort wherewith in coming days they will be able to comfort others. I have spent hours within the last few days with those who are nearest to our departed friend, and the words that I have heard from them have been words of rest in God and triumph. As one of them has said: 'God must be answering the prayers that are going up for us all over the world, we are being so wonderfully sustained.' Another has said: 'His last four glorious hours on earth have taken all the sting out of death.' And still another, 'Be sure that every word to-day is a word of triumph.'"

Dr. Torrey first spoke on the words of Paul, I Cor. XV:10: "By the grace of God I am what I am," saying that God had wonderfully magnified His grace and love in D. L. Moody.

"God was magnified in his birth. That child, born sixty-two years ago, that wonderful soul, was God's gift to the world. How much it meant, how much the world has been blessed by it we shall never know this side the coming of our Lord. In his conversion, forty-three years ago, the grace of the Lord Jesus was manifested. By the power of the word and the regenerating power of the Holy Spirit, Mr. Moody became a mighty man of God. It was all of God's grace; and that grace and God's love were magnified in the development of that character, and the direction of that life. That character and life were God's gift to a world that sorely needed men like him. God's grace and love were magnified again in his

service. The great secret of his success was supernatural power, given in answer to prayer."

The second thought was based on Joshua 1:2. "The death of Mr. Moody is a call to go forward. It is a call to his children, his associates, to ministers of the gospel, to the whole church, to go forward. 'Our leader has fallen, let us give up the work' some would say. Not for a moment. Listen to what God said to Joshua: 'Moses, my servant, is dead. Now, therefore, arise, go over this Jordan, thou and all this people, unto the land which I do give them.' 'Move forward. As I was with D. L. Moody so I will be with you. I will not fail thee nor forsake thee.'"

It certainly is very significant of the unity of spirit, purpose and faith that inspires all who were associated with Mr. Moody in his great educational work that there has not been a discordant or minor key struck since his death. They are looking and planning for greater things to be wrought out at Northfield, Mount Hermon and at the Bible Institute, than have ever yet been achieved. These great institutions are just coming into the maturity of their powers.

Dr. Chapman spoke very briefly of Mr. Moody's finding him in college when he had no definite object in Christ, and pointing him to the hope in God. "He saw my heart and I saw his Savior." In later years when preaching without any great results, Mr. Moody came to him and laid one hand on his shoulder and the other on the open Bible, and said, "Young man, you had better get more of this into your life." "And so, when I became an evangelist myself, in perplexity I would still sit at his feet, and every perplexity would vanish just as mist before the rising sun. He was the dearest friend I have had. If my own father were lying in the coffin I could not feel more the sense of loss."

Dr. H. M. Wharton delivered a brief address, as did also Hon. John Wanamaker, but as Mr. Wanamaker's address at the memorial services held in Philadelphia will be given in full

we pass to the closing remarks of Dr. A. T. Pierson, who paid a special tribute to Mr. Moody's memory.

The keynote to that remarkable life, he thought to be the hour when in Chicago Mr. Moody laid aside all business ambitions and determined to live for God. It was that consecration of life which caused everything which he undertook in the cause of Christ to be crowned with success. In preaching the gospel he must have directly reached many millions. Taking into consideration his evangelistic labors for thirty years, all the people that his printed sermons, and addresses and books have reached through the various translations which have been made, it may be that the multitudes whose lives he has touched would number one hundred millions.

As Mr. Moody's departure caused a world-wide lamentation here on earth, so at his entrance into heaven there must have been an unusual commotion. "Can you think of any other man of the last century whose coming so many souls would have welcomed at the gates of heaven? It was a triumphal entrance into glory."

MR. MOODY'S GREAT AMBITION.

In the closing paragraphs of a sermon on Heaven, Mr. Moody once narrated the following story:

It became a father's sad duty to break to his dear son who had been dangerously ill, the fact that the end was very near. As he did so the young man looked up, saying, "Am I dying?" "Yes, my son." "Will I die to-day?" "Yes, my boy, you can not live until night."

"And the boy looked surprised and yet seemed glad, and said, 'Well, father, I will be with Jesus to-night, won't I?' 'Yes, my boy, you will soon be with the Savior'; and the father turned away to conceal his tears, when the dear boy said, 'Father, don't you weep for me; when I get to heaven, I'll go straight to Jesus and tell Him that ever since I can remember you have tried to lead me to Him.' " And then Mr. Moody

added with great emotion, "I would rather have such testimony as this go home to my Father through my children than to have the world rolled at my feet. I would rather have them come to my grave and drop a tear on it, and say, 'When my father lived he was more anxious for my eternal salvation than he was for my temporal good,' than I would to have all the power this world can bestow."

That hour had now come at Northfield, when Mr. Will R. Moody, the eldest son of the great evangelist, rose in his pew and with voice trembling with emotion gave this testimony concerning his father:

"As a son I want to say a few words of him as a father. We have heard from his pastor, his associates and friends, and he was just as true as a father. I don't think he showed up in any way better than when, on one or two occasions in dealing with us as children, with his impulsive nature he spoke rather sharply. We have known him to come to us and say, 'My children, my son, my daughter, I spoke quickly; I did wrong. I want you to forgive me.' That was D. L. Moody as a father.

"He was not yearning to go; he loved his work. Life was very attractive. It seems as though on that early morning, as he had one foot upon the threshold, it was given him for our sake to give us a word of comfort. He said, 'This is bliss; it is like a trance. If this is death, it is beautiful.' And his face lighted up as he mentioned those whom he saw. 'I have been inside the gates. God is calling me. Do not call me back.'

"We could not call him back; we tried to for a moment, but we could not. He had crossed the bar homeward. It was putting out to sea. We thank God for his home life, for his true life; and we thank God that he was our father, and that he led each one of his children to know Jesus Christ."

With the singing of "Blessed Hope" by the Mount Hermon quartet, the services at the church ended, the casket was closed and borne to Round Top, where Mr. Moody had

dearly loved to hold his six o'clock meetings on summer evenings. There, with the singing of a single verse of "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," just as the winter sun was sinking behind the western hills, the body of Dwight L. Moody was laid to rest in the sure hope of the resurrection.



Memorial Services in Philadelphia.



ON Thursday evening, January 11th, 1900, a memorial service was held in the Temple Baptist Church, Broad and Berks Streets. In spite of a heavy downpour of rain, two or three thousand people thronged the Temple to do honor to the memory of Dwight L. Moody. Rev. Bishop C. D. Foss, D. D., LL.D., presided over the meeting. On the platform, among others, were gathered Rev. Drs. S. W. Dana, Floyd W. Tomkins, Wayland Hoyt; Hon. John Wanamaker and Mr. Ira D. Sankey, whose addresses are given together with that of Rev. Kerr Boyce Tupper, who was unable to be present to deliver it in person. The singing of the choir and congregation was led by Professor Fischer, who, in 1875, conducted the great chorus in the "old depot."

During the evening Mr. Sankey, who is still in remarkably good voice, sang "There'll be No Dark Valley," and the gospel hymn, "Saved by Grace"; but of special interest was a new hymn written in memory of Mr. Moody, which he rendered with great tenderness and effect. Of it we may give but a single verse:

OUT OF THE SHADOW-LAND.

"God is calling me."—D. L. Moody.

"Out of the shadow-land, into the sunshine,
Cloudless, eternal, that fades not away;
Softly and tenderly, Jesus hath called him
Home, where the ransomed are gathering to-day."

Chorus:

"Silently, peacefully, angels have borne him,
Into the beautiful mansions above;
There shall he rest from earth's toiling forever,
Safe in the arms of God's infinite love."

During the exercises, out of numerous letters received, Rev. W. C. Webb, D.D., secretary of the Evangelical Alliance, under whose auspices the meeting was held, read testimonials from Rev. George White, Rev. Dr. McCook, Bishop Whit-taken, Mr. Lewis Redner, Mr. John Field, and Rev. Russel H. Conwell, the absent pastor of the Temple.

The services were opened by singing the hymn, "In the Cross of Christ I Glory," and reading of the scriptures. Prayer was then offered by Rev. George A. Peltz, assistant pastor of the church.

"Our Heavenly Father, it is always a solemn privilege when we draw near to Thee, and we feel to-night that it is especially solemn, and that it is a privilege. We feel solemnized because we are impressed with the fact that the workers that seem the most important here on earth can be dispensed with in a moment, and by Thy grace they pass onward and they pass off this stage of action in the midst of their usefulness. When the breadth of their activity seems to be growing day by day, even then Thou seest fit to lay them aside. None of us are important to Thee, and yet every one of us Thou dost honor by giving a place in Thy kingdom and by giving us a work which we shall do.

"O God, we remember with tender hearts to-night the man of God that has gone from among us; we remember his ministries in this pulpit; we remember his ministries through our land, and through the world his influence has gone, and gone for good.

"O God, when such a worker may be laid aside, what shall be said for the rest of us? We are humiliated before Thee. How little have we done, how narrow has been our influence, how few we have led to Christ, how little we have illustrated the Master's spirit, but we would come to Thee, O God, and while Thou hast taken from among us that dear brother whom we loved, whom we so honored, at whose feet we delighted to sit, we remember that he is with Thee, and that Thou art the great

Teacher, that Thou art the one that didst teach him, the one whom he did supremely honor, and Thou art with us, and we may honor and we may serve Thee, and blessed be Thy holy name, we may have help and we may have Thy blessing, and for that we pray. Thou hast given gifts unto Thy churches and workers, and conspicuously to the brother that has gone. O, take us, take every believer in Jesus before Thee here to-night, take every believer in Jesus knowing of this meeting and who would have been here had circumstances permitted, take every one of those who love Thee and endow them with power from on high, and send them out to labor for Thee in a spirit that cannot be resisted and that will win hearts to Christ and bring glory to Thy blessed name. For that we are gathered here, not to laud a fellow-man, but to praise Thy grace that out of man Thou didst make such a mighty power. Take us, O God, make powers of us, and make that the result of our gathering here to-night. This we ask in Jesus' name. Amen."

The addresses followed, and then with the hymn, "God be with You Till We meet again," with memories quickened, hearts aroused, and souls keyed up to more earnest and consecrated endeavor, the great audience was dismissed with the benediction.



What Mr. Moody Was.

By Bishop Cyrus D. Foss, D.D., LL. D.

IF there is joy in heaven among angels over one sinner which repenteth, what welcome must our good friend have had who preached the gospel no doubt to many millions of men and was God's agent in leading scores of thousands to the foot of the cross. What outbursts of angelic saintly songs and what a symphony of the golden harps there must have been in heaven when he arrived! What was this wonderful man who belonged to all churches of every faith on both sides of the Atlantic?

I wish to say four things that are in my mind and heart to say. To begin with, he was a great pattern of a man, and when God has a great work to do He prepares a special instrument. When such men are prepared they are only made to follow out the lines He has laid down, and they may all have faults; probably our brother and friend had his. I do not know of them. But God made him on a large pattern and gave him a great nature, and I have reason to believe that he preached the gospel to more men than any other man who ever lived. I challenge your attention to that proposition. I believe it is correct. He could have done any one of twenty other things accurately if it had fallen to his lot, and training had prepared him for it. He might have been a great general like Washington or Grant, he might have been a great Speaker of the House of Representatives; any one of twenty great things were possible to him, if God's providence had led him to them.

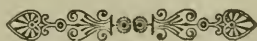
Another thing I verily believe about him, he was a man of rare consecration. Alas, that so many professing Christians fritter their lives away in asking whether they shall do their duty. That question never seemed to come to him after his

conversion. As with St. Paul, once for all he answered the question, "Lord, what wilt thou have me do?" Having settled that question simply, it was for him to find what his duty was, and that this good man, it seems to me, was ever ready to spring with a relish and gladness to do and never to waste his time in asking whether or not a duty should be done.

From that blundering boyhood, that ignorant and illiterate boyhood of his, when, as an attendant of Dr. Kirk's church in Boston, having found his way to the foot of the cross, he could not tell enough about it yet for a year to be admitted to the church and from there to the slums of Chicago, so awkwardly done at first, all the way along he showed the spirit of supreme consecration to God, to duty and to Jesus Christ and to the work of evangelism. No doubt if you would wake him up at midnight after his most wearisome labors, when utterly exhausted, and asked him to lead a sinner to the foot of the cross, there would flash from his eyes a look that would have drawn that sinner to the foot of the cross. He was from the crown of his head to the sole of his feet consecrated to God, I think, to this great work of Evangelization to which God had called him. He was also a man of one book, and that was a great thing about him. He loved the Bible, he believed in the Bible, he knew the Bible as very few men ever come to know it. He used it truthfully and trustfully in his later years. The immense charity which the Bible teaches became so great that he welcomed to the platform at Northfield men whose views about the Book were different from his own, knowing them to be right at heart. Witness his royal welcome to Henry Drummond and George Adam Smith. But for himself he trusted the Book and loved the Book and was continually reading it and applying it to the conscience and heart of man. Few men I have ever known, and I have heard him speak many times, seem to me to have had such a power with the Word. He was not a great reader of other books, and not a profound student of books of the-

ology especially, and yet he became a profound Christian teacher, a great Christian teacher in his use of his Bible, as his was a trustful view and he used the word of God as the Son of God used it at the stormiest period of his life, namely, in the desert of temptation when Satan tried him with all the arts, Jesus kept his eye on the devil, and put his hands and took as though from any place in the Old Testament, and He drew two arrows from the shaft of Deuteronomy, or three good blades of fine point, at which Satan fled. He never once asked Himself the question whether Moses wrote the whole Pentateuch or not. Now, Mr. Moody used his Bible just as trustfully and it answered his purpose right well.

With one word more I will close. He was gifted by God with rare power of generalship. His body was strong and massive, his eye was keen and efficient, his will was a great, commanding will. You well remember how he would raise that arm when it would seem almost like a sword of a general, and when his voice sounded like a clarion. He was a great worker and was able to manage a great meeting of six, ten, and twelve thousand people. The sight of his managing such a meeting was a grand phenomenon to any student of human nature. In doing that work he commanded the ready acquiescence of the people, since the people, our English and Scotch friends, all are obedient in such a meeting, and he was the master of the situation, a man fitted to be a great leader of evangelism in our time. But he has passed on to a more excellent glory, and I hail him there to-night, "Servant of God, well done; thy glorious warfare past, the battle fought, the victory won, and thou art crowned at last."



At the Funeral—An Address.

By Hon. John Wanamaker.



R. Chairman: This is a stormy night to stand about a grave and it would seem as if all the tears of the country had come into Philadelphia as a fit setting for a memorial service. I hardly know how to speak to-night, or to try to speak. There are three chapters of my thoughts. I cannot utter them all. First, the reminiscences that go back to my boyhood when Mr. Moody was just rising into his young manhood, when I met him first, or the story of the two hours after the funeral service at Northfield, or chapter three, the lessons of such a life.

To take one perhaps would be better. The newspapers are full of the incidents of this great life which for years to come will be fresh to the American people. That was a life, indeed. There does not seem to have been a part of him that was half asleep. If there was anything that Mr. Moody loved, it was life and he was the embodiment of it, physically, mentally and spiritually.

AT NORTHFIELD.

It might interest you the most, perhaps, to have a little quiet visit for a few moments to the humble home where he laid him down in the chambers of peace with his face towards the sunrise and fell asleep.

No one who came to Northfield at any time could go away without a deep impression of its sweet quiet, as though the touch of an inspired life was over all the hills. And how impressive to go there on a day when the business of every kind had stopped, and the people with mournful faces, those that could not enter the church standing in knots about the village

and on the roadside and a large church not large enough to contain, perhaps, the students, had by their gracious courtesy been given over to people who came from far and near to sit close to the man that had fallen asleep. It would be impossible to convey to any one's mind a full impression of that afternoon. The service beginning really at half-past ten in the morning, when the form of our old friend was lying in front of the pulpit and the people came and went all day, until 2.30, when the services began.

To attempt to tie half a dozen threads out of those wonderful words that were spoken would be almost an impossibility. I am simply trying to give you an impression of the occasion. I can never forget the influence that not one or two enthusiastic friends of this beloved man felt in that hour, but that was felt by all the people. As he lay there, elevated above a little bed upon which they had laid him, it seemed as though he was still living. Indeed, you will remember, some of you that heard him on his last visit that he said: "They will tell you that D. L. Moody is dead, but do not believe it, he will always be living, he will always be around." But one could hardly look at him and believe that he was other than asleep. The same kind fellow not a wrinkle upon his face, beautiful, and it seemed as though the sway that he had over great audiences when he stood before them still went out from him as he lay there in the presence of the people. And with those precious words that were spoken twilight fell upon the people, and then the halt, the family leaving, and being met on the outside by thirty-two students, and then they brought the casket and the bier, a long platform covered with flowers; then these young fellows came out, sixteen on each side, bearing him silently in the darkening of the night, the long procession of people following, with sobs, up to Round Top, the place he loved so much. O, how he loved this earth, and he would say so often, "The world is very good. The earth is a good place. I have had a very good time in it, but I have a great

deal better time ahead." It was an exceedingly interesting thing to know how fond he was of the earth. He would often say, "No, I must hurry home in the autumn days, I want to see the brown earth before the snow covers the leaves." So this last time he hurried away after a meeting in the Wither-spoon Hall, where he gave the touch for the evangelistic services, starting on his visit to the schools, and then in the early part of November going to Kansas City.

It does seem as though it was something like the departure of Elijah. He made a visit to the schools. Some of his friends wanted him to stay in the late autumn in the city, but no, he must visit the schools and see the brown earth before the snow came. Then he went off to the west to visit the churches, and on his way he stopped in Philadelphia to utter the great sighs that filled his heart, to show to friends the sign of tears when he said, "I would like before I die to be used of God to move one great city in the east." What was it Elijah said? "I must go to Gilgal and then to Jericho and then beyond Jordan." When we went home the night that he was in the city, after talking about the Philadelphia meeting, I said to some friends at my house: "Mr. Moody to-night seemed more pathetic than I ever saw him in his concern about a revival of religion in Philadelphia. He seemed to me as he talked along the streets, in his vehement earnestness to have a desire that it might be arranged that he could come and spend a winter in this city in the hope of another great revival. In that he seemed to me like the Prophet Elijah.

AT THE GRAVE.

At the parting, as I stood with the little family that had been kneeling by the grave, there were words said that led me to stay into the night and until the next morning, to have a little family talk, trying to think what will be the future and what will be done to keep the memory of our old friend green,

and also as an encouragement in the triumph of a life so faithful.

WITH THE FAMILY.

I will give you just a few words that came from the lips of the woman that helped to make his life so great. Mrs. Moody herself, she and her boys, and the one girl, sat and told the story of those last hours. How the father said again and again, "It is easy to go away, but for you, but for you; seeing that there is no dark valley." And he mentioned one of the children by name, something that was very sweet, at which some people will wonder, saying, "We shall know those that have gone on." This dear man was permitted to see the children and grandchildren, and to come back and tell about it. I can see the radiant face of dear Mrs. Moody as she said, "Don't you think that God gave him that blessing that he might return and speak to us?" "Father," Will said, "certainly died three times, and he came back twice to tell us it was not hard to die; to tell us that he had seen heaven; to tell us that he had seen our family."

O, dear friends, God does not forget those that have trusted him. Is there anything to compare to what has been vouchsafed to this great old soldier, this great captain, of the Imperial Guard of the Master, from first to last in his battle of life?

A PICTURE.

I want you to take the picture of that little simple home, filled with brightness because of the faith of that family bereft, and because of what they had been permitted to see in the sunset of that glorious life which we are contemplating. I have thought so often, as I have gone along day after day, up to Round Top where we left him, that it was something like this, that old cathedral in Venice, where behind the great altar the alabaster columns stand, that seemingly are unimportant to look at, but when some hand with a lighted taper stands behind them, shine with crystal and tint and color,

until the very light of the morning seems to be shining through them, the rays of the sunset, the gorgeous coloring that comes in the even-time. So Mr. Moody, like a great alabaster column, dull and dark in itself, by the power of the light of an unseen hand is so beautiful that we stand with wonder and joy in the beholding.

FINNEY, WHITEFIELD AND WESLEY.

It seemed that Mr. Finney had come back again, that George Whitefield was living again, that one could look into the face of John Wesley, and in many respects he was like him, in his simplicity, in his wonderful common sense, in his magnificent power of attention to details. He would have been one of the most superb business men, in my judgment, if it had been the providence of God to lead him into business. As you looked up into his face you were in the presence of majesty, and it showed you a great character. Someone says that we shall never see the like of him again. Why, it would be as impossible, speaking from a human standpoint, to replace D. L. Moody, as it would be to replace Abraham Lincoln. These two men, as Dr. Cuyler has said, will stand before the American people, aye, before the whole world, as two of the greatest characters of the century. None of us can lay to-night at his feet a tribute that rises to the desire of our hearts, because he was so much a blessing to every one who had the privilege of knowing him.



How Northfield Seminary Originated.

By Ira D. Sankey.



Our return from the old country, Mr. Moody was spending a few months at home; one day was out riding in his little buggy, a neat one-horse carriage that he drove around the country, and he was seen to drive away up onto one of the mountain tops around his home, and it seems that after arriving near the top of the mountain he came across a little farmhouse, with a very few acres of land, and indications of great poverty. There on that barren mountain he found a family that he had known as a boy when he used to climb about the mountains yonder near his home. He hitched his horse to the fence and went in to greet his old friend. He found the father lying on a bed of sickness, and in another part of the building was the mother also lying in bed with a very serious illness. After greeting them, he sat down and began to talk with them a little while and as he was talking, the two girls, daughters of the family, came into the room carrying a large bundle of willows they had gathered in the valley of the Connecticut, and they sat down and began the operation of making little willow baskets, and Mr. Moody became very much interested in these two young women thus engaged, and he said to them, "Well, what is your object in life? What are you going to do?" Well, they said they would like to get an education, if they could. "We have a good common school education, now, but if we could get a good education we would be able, possibly, to earn money enough to support our parents, who are so poor, by teaching but as it is now, Mr. Moody, our time is all taken up in just trying to make a little money to keep the family along in this way, as you see."

Mr. Moody thought a few moments and then he said, "Let us pray," and kneeling down beside that poor old man, and leaning his arm on the bedside, he prayed that God might spare their lives, and that God might open a way by which the family might be helped, and when the prayer was ended he bid them good-bye, and he went and got in his buggy and started down the mountain, and he told me one day, a month after that, he said: "Mr. Sankey, before I reached the foot of the mountain, God had made it very clear to me what I should do to help these two young women and all young women of New England similarly situated that have character and ability and no money with which to get an education;" and by the time he reached his home the matter of the Farm School for such girls was fully evolved in his mind, and he went on to build not long after that. I remember very well the day when yonder in the streets of Northfield, under the beautiful elm trees, the foundation of that first building in connection with the school was laid. Mr. Durand, whom many of you gentlemen remember, the great lawyer of Boston, the founder of Wellesley College, was there as an invited guest. Mr. Moody having lived in his house and home during some time in 1876, in Boston, he came up to help Mr. Moody lay this foundation stone, and the corner stone of the building, and a little incident occurred which I will tell you about, which moved the hearts of all present. After Mr. Durand and others had spoken, it became the duty of Mr. Moody to lay this corner-stone, and he got up on the platform and made a little address and holding up before the audience a beautiful silver trowel with some writing on it, he said, "My friends have secured this beautiful trowel with which to lay this stone, but it is rather too beautiful for that purpose, and I will not use such an instrument. Yesterday I went up to my mother's house," pointing over his shoulder to his mother's home, within a little distance from where he stood and he said: "I went up into the garret of my mother's home and I looked around in

the old garret where I used to romp and play about as a boy, and there I found this trowel," holding up an old trowel in his hand. "This is my father's trowel. He used to earn the bread for the family by this instrument. It is a little worn and rusty, but it is quite good enough to lay this cornerstone," and he went to work and laid it with the trowel his father had used forty years ago. And God blessed the laying of that stone and to-day, I suppose, there is a million dollars' worth of property on those hills. They have followed up the building with other buildings in which they give a free invitation to young women and young men who have character and ability, but no money.



Lessons from Mr. Moody's Character and Career.

By Rev. Stephen W. Dana, D.D.



THIRTY years ago the Rev. Dr. Thomas Guthrie was the most popular preacher in Scotland. As he neared the end he said to his children that he desired no words of praise on his tombstone, but that he would like something that would attract the passers-by and turn their thoughts Heavenward. So, on the marble there was chiseled these majestic words of Amos: "Seek Him that turneth the shadow of death into the morning; the Lord is His name."

We are now called to commemorate the life of one who, in the name of God has had the high mission of turning multitudes from "The shadow of death into the morning." Aside from half a dozen men distinguished in military and naval circles, no man in America was so widely known both in the United States and across the water, as Dwight L. Moody. No one was remembered more gratefully for blessings received. Judged by all Biblical standards he was a great man. He had those elements of leadership which would have placed him at the front whatever might have been his chosen occupation. But he had the Master's test of greatness; he came "not to be ministered unto, but to minister."

It was not my privilege to know Mr. Moody intimately. I in common with other pastors of this city, worked with him in those great meetings in '76. I have met him several times, but enjoyed no intimacy with him. It is not my privilege, therefore, to deal in reminiscence, nor is it my purpose to speak with any fulness of his life. I do desire, however, to draw some lessons from his character and career, which I trust may be helpful to all.

The first which I mention was his high undivided purpose. So far as we can discover by word and act, his master passion was to win men to Christ and train them for Christian service. What surprises us was the intensity and enthusiasm with which he adhered to this high purpose to the last. Unfortunately, many run well for a time. They have undaunted zeal for a few years and then they slacken. So many ministers and evangelists fail short of their highest because they stop midway in their career, losing that intensity of fervor which characterized them at the beginning of their ministry. Many evangelists for example, prepare a set of sermons which they go about delivering in different places, in the same language, in the same tone, voice and gestures, and the result is they become stereotyped, mechanical and uninteresting. They stop reading, studying, thinking, and it is a clear case of arrested development, and the result is they are shorn of their power and their last days are by no means their best days. With Mr. Moody there was no dead line of fifty; he was a man of faith, of prayer and zeal to the end, and we should all agree that the last ten years were the most faithful and far reaching in their influence of any period of his life.

If we desire ourselves to know how to keep up this enthusiasm we shall find it by examining the word itself, which means literally "God within us." Mr. Moody kept God within him and this it was that sustained him to the end.

The second characteristic of the man which I mention was his growth by use of talents which he had. He consecrated all his gifts and capacities unto God. There are many persons who waste their days in wishing they were some one else and because they cannot do what they think to be a great thing, they will do nothing for the Master.

When young Moody came into Boston he was a verdant farmer's boy with no knowledge of the world or of society, and when received into the church neither his pastor, the famous Dr. Kirk, nor his Sunday school teacher Mr. Kimball,

known as the "great debt raiser," had any expectation that this young man was to rise to any distinction in the Christian church. But, he at once went to work for Christ, at Boston, and a little later at Chicago. He did not feel competent to teach, but he gathered in scholars for the Sunday school. When he took a class of these ingathered children he felt the need of study to prepare himself for that great work. From that hour on the Bible was the great book to him. He began to speak at evening meetings and to take part in the Young Men's Christian Association. He had the gift of oratory, and though he never acquired the power always to speak grammatically, yet he used forceful English, always was in dead earnest, and every one was convinced of the sincerity of his convictions.

What I want to emphasize just here is that Mr. Moody did not rise up by leaps and bounds, and did not become such a power in swaying thousands at once. He was willing to accept and utilize the day of feeble beginnings. He gained by giving; grew stronger by consecrating and utilizing what he had unto God.

The third noticeable characteristic in the man was his teachable spirit, his open eyed vision, his readiness to change with changing conditions. This is noticeable in the great educational work with which he had identified himself. People generally think of him only as an evangelist; but, unless I am mistaken, twenty-five years hence he will be remembered more as an educator than as a preacher to the masses.

He had not been long in his career before he felt that an evangelist's work must be supplemented by teaching and training. The object of evangelists is to bring persons to decide for Christ, then as disciples they must be taught and trained. He had a success among students, among colleges and universities in this country, in Scotland and in England, which led him to feel a deep interest in them. His interest in education is marked in several different ways.

(a) He came to have an annual gathering of students for conference at Northfield; representatives came from a large number of colleges in our own country and other countries. Fired by his presence and by the speakers that he gathered around him, these young men went back to their several colleges and universities and became centers of spiritual power. No small share of the good work in our higher educational institutions during the last ten years is traceable to these conferences.

(b) He established the Bible Institute at Chicago, the purpose of which was to train lay workers for intelligent Christian service.

(c) He had also great religious conferences at Northfield, the object of which was to strengthen and deepen the piety of believers, making them more effective Christian witnesses.

(d) There was also the gathering of young women of different educational institutions somewhat similar to the conferences of college men.

(e) And last of all, and more enduring than all are the schools which he established at Northfield and Mt. Hermon, where about six hundred pupils are now being educated at a moderate sum, all of them under decided Christian influence.

The last thing that I shall mention is the fact that he had such a sterling Christian character and retained his good name unto the last. He did not live for display, or fame, or money. There are many ways in which he could have acquired a large fortune had he chosen, but like the apostle he was continually saying, "This one thing I do." His master passion, of which I have spoken, remained uppermost to the last. We used to think that if persons had well established Christian principles at twenty-one, they were safe unto the end; but, as we have seen so many men, ministers, evangelists and laymen who after a long career of Christian activity in the church of God, go down after fifty or sixty, that it becomes us all to be watchful and prayerful unto the end. Life

has its perils from infancy until old age. Moody was not shorn of his power on account of anything which brought disgrace to the cause of Christ or by a series of foolish utterances or acts which deprived him of his influence. Many were not attracted to him. Many did not care to hear him preach. But those who differed from him most widely in his teaching and in his methods honored him as a man and believed that he was a true servant of God.

Fortunately, all the characteristics which I have mentioned, his high, undivided purpose, his consecration of all the talents that he had unto God, and his growth through their use, his teachable spirit, his willingness to adapt himself to changed conditions and his high sterling character, are traits which every one can imitate and which every one ought to emulate.



Mr. Moody's Sincerity.

By Rev. Floyd W. Tomkins.

IT DOES not seem to me that it is altogether a sorrowful time when we meet together around the grave. I love to think that we are gathered around the throne of God in heaven and looking into the face of the Father and hearing the welcome, and knowing that this is not all of life, that we are to live hereafter, and hoping and praying that a certain portion of His spirit may fall upon us. Even if he was Elijah, it is a fitting promise then that God will look upon us as Elisha and that we may look upon him as he goes up into heaven and that we may receive a measure of his spirit. What is the spirit saying? It is the spirit that answers. He was a perfect man. He could not bear anything that was insincere. The version of the word applied to him pre-eminently, "The pure in heart they shall see God." Purity was one of the special characteristics of Mr. Moody, and another thing was his transparentness. There are a great many people in this world of a mixed character. There are a great many people in this world who act from mixed motives. Mr. Moody was absolutely sincere, absolutely pure-minded, absolutely true, and therefore he saw God. This sincerity of his, dear friends, enabled him first to believe in a sincerity of God, and the power of his preaching, it seems to me, pre-eminently, was that he had knowledge, and was indued with the spirit of God and was a man of God, so it was nothing to him when he read God's word, he would simply say, "Thus saith the Lord," and he would act upon it, and bid others to act upon it. You know how, in those crowded meetings, when sinners were touched at heart, he would say to them simply, "The Lord says he will forgive you."

He had no doubt about God's word, and he wished to impress upon them the certainty of the fact, he believed in the certainty of God. He says, "Do we believe in it? Do we really read the word of God with a desire to impress its truthfulness on our own hearts?" As he was true to himself he was true to God, and believed in Him. He tells us of the necessity that the churches should be sincere. He could have very little patience with a great deal of church life because he recognized its insincerity, he recognized its formality, he recognized that many churches in the community were places where the spirit of God never entered. You remember about the church in Boston, we will say it was a Boston church, it would not do to say it was a Philadelphia church, where a man desired to enter the church, to join it as a member, and he was not very wealthy, he was not very polished in his manners, and the people in the church thought they would rather not have him as a member; but he continued to knock at the door of the trustees, and they told him there was no vacancy just then, and he was told to come back after he had talked with God about it. He kept on, his mind filled with determination to join that church, and he came back and said to the trustees that he wished to enter the church. They said to him, "Did you talk to God about it?" He said, "Yes, I did." "What did the Lord say?" "The Lord said He had been trying to get into that church for about six years, and He would be very glad if I could get in."

I think that Mr. Moody recognized that in so many of our churches there is a lot of insincerity. That the church is nothing but a poor miserable church club. That's the reason that Mr. Moody spoke so many times of reviving the churches so that the church would do God's work; that the church must stand where it professed to stand; that it must do God's work sincerely and not loosely. This sincerity of his made him believe in the influence of every man, and in the importance of every man being sincere. He preached the necessity of

morality, the necessity of faith, and more than all he preached the necessity of the honesty of the individual man in his relation to God. He did not believe in keeping anything back, or in concealing anything, so that he could look honestly into the divine, open face of God.

The sincerity in his own nature made him believe in God's truthfulness, made him believe in the necessary purity of the church members and made him believe in the influence of purity and truthfulness of every individual member. I hope every one will take in these thoughts of the necessity of sincerity and truthfulness and purity before God, so that henceforth they will strive by the grace of God, above all else; for sincerity, for pure-heartedness, for honesty of purpose, honesty of life before God; nothing kept back, nothing concealed, which shall make us believe that God means what he says, which will make us believe that the church must be what she pretends to be, which will make us believe that we ourselves can receive God's blessing by appearing before him pure hearted.



My Last Talk with Moody.

By Wayland Hoyt, D.D.



HE last talk I had with Mr. Moody was but a few weeks before he died; but a few days before his last great mission in Kansas City. Had I thought of it as the last, I had more perfectly treasured it, but how frequently it happens that we do not, at the time of them, rightly estimate our best treasure.

I was making my way to address a Christian Endeavor Convention in Windsor, Vermont. In the depot at Springfield, Mass., I met Mr. Moody. There, and for some time thereafter in the train, our talk went on. This was the first lesson his talk taught me—tirelessness in the Master's service. He was telling me how he was just coming from a two weeks' daily singing and preaching in New York and Brooklyn, and instead of thinking of resting a little, all his thought was about when best, and how quickly, he could plunge into further service. I thought the question, though I did not ask it, "Do you never rest?"

I think Mr. Moody stands before us as a splendid instance of a sturdy tirelessness. Does not his life come closest to the strenuous urgency of the Master when He said, "My meat is to do the will of Him that sent me, and to finish His work."

Back there in those early years in Chicago, those four pews hired in the church he joined, and by his efforts kept steadily full of young men; that Sunday school established by him in the Chicago slums, and the Tabernacle which came out of it; that swift re-building of the Tabernacle in the heart of the foundations of the burnt district, though his own home had gone up in the flames; the personal, persistent preaching to men and women about the Lord Jesus as we meet them along the ways of the daily life; that earnest and quick seizure

of new methods through which to urge on the Master's cause, like that first Christian convention in Boston; the great meetings which began to grow up around him on both sides of the Atlantic; his helping hand to the Young Men's Christian Associations everywhere; the summer meeting at Northfield; the schools at Northfield; in and up to and into the last great meeting at Kansas City—where the untiring warrior was stricken—tirelessness for Christ; that trumpet call sounds to all of us from Mr. Moody's life.

I would we might all listen to it. I would we might all catch at least some of the contagion of that Christian energy. If we did, if such infection were wide spread, nothing could stand before the church of Christ, the land would be shaken with revival, the millennium would not be distant.

Another lesson taught me by that last talk with Mr. Moody was: Upon what to put main emphasis. I shall never forget a remark he dropped. He was speaking of a difficulty which, especially in these later years, was confronting him. This was the difficulty: The crowding to his meetings of the professedly Christian people and the thereby shutting him away from access to the emburdened people, to those who did not spiritually know the Lord. This was the remark he made, "My reputation is my hindrance." I am sure Mr. Moody valued his reputation as every true man ought. But the remark revealed the beauty and deep self sacrifice and humility of Mr. Moody. The place which the Christian should always put main emphasis, viz.: not on himself, but rather and always on his Lord and his Lord's cause and work. I am entirely sure Mr. Moody would have at once and gladly forgone his own vast reputation for the sake of winning souls to Jesus. Such ought to be our spirit—the lesser thought ourselves, the overtopping thought, our Lord and our Lord's work. Dr. Trumbull tells how in Moody's earlier days, in Chicago an over zealous critic who was not an over active worker, took Moody to task for his defects in speech.

"You oughtn't to attempt to speak in public, Moody. You make many mistakes in grammar."

"I know I make mistakes," said Moody, "and I lack a great many things; but I'm doing the best I can with what I've got. But, look here, my friend, you've got grammar enough; what are you doing with it for Jesus?"

Another lesson that last talk with Mr. Moody taught me was his invincible faith in Jesus Christ and in Him only, as the world's hope and Savior. "Did you ever know so many isms?" he said, "Theosophism, Christian scienceism, etc.?"

But the one thing he was as hungry to do then, as he had been from the earliest days of his Christian career, was where-ever possible, and as wisely as possible, and the best he could, to preach Jesus Christ. This was burning in him in those last days and with undiminished flame; and as he left me to leave the train, to tell of Jesus to the girls in Mt. Holyoke Seminary, I felt myself girded with a stronger purpose to give myself to the telling of Jesus Christ.

May the great example and vast genius of Mr. Moody in doing this, make us all, and impel us all, to the doing likewise and more earnestly and steadily than we ever have before.



Dwight L. Moody as a Man.

By Kerr Boyce Tupper, D.D., LL.D.

IF we could transfer ourselves back two hundred years in the world's history and stand, on July 10th, 1686, in Notre Dame, in Paris, we should find the great cathedral presenting a grand and august scene. Within its aisles are gathered the bravest men and the fairest women of France. It is a notable day in French history. To the sorrow of the nation a distinguished statesman has died, an heroic warrior, the Prince of Conde; and his funeral services are holding. The orator of the occasion is Bossuet, the eminent and eloquent chaplain of Louis XIV court. He stands over the bier a moment, motionless and silent. He is overcome by the grandeur of the occasion and the nobleness of the life which he is about to portray. At last, with deep emotion, he speaks, and these are the memorable words with which he introduces his matchless oration: "At the moment that I open my lips to celebrate the immortal glory of Louis Bourbon, Prince of Conde, I find myself equally overwhelmed by the greatness of the subject, and, if I may avow it, by the uselessness of the task. For what part of the habitable world has not heard of the victories of this prince and the wonders of his life?"

So, as I endeavor to pay an humble tribute to him of whom we all think this hour, the impulse of my heart is to reiterate, with appropriate change, the words of the distinguished court preacher of the seventeenth century: At the moment I open my lips to celebrate the memory of Dwight L. Moody—citizen, philanthropist, Christian, man—I find myself impressed with both the greatness of the subject and the uselessness of the task. For what part of the Christian world has not heard of his name and fame, his gifts and

graces, his power and possessions, his worth and work. And who of us that knew him feels not the inclination to say to-day: The world was richer when he was born, better while he lived, and sadder since he has gone. His warm heart, his genial smile, his strong, clear intellect, his uncompromising fidelity to convictions, his pure private life, his unselfish public service, his firm, unwavering devotion to Jesus Christ as Sovereign and Savior—these are virtues our whole nation delights to recall to-day in connection with this child of God, this brother of man, this heir of immortality. Of such a one as Dwight L. Moody we may not say "He is dead;" only "Emigravit," he has emigrated—translated to a fairer, sweeter clime.

A special aspect of Mr. Moody's career would I emphasize for a moment, and that a most attractive aspect, namely his manliness. Manliness is what one weighs morally, what he can lift morally, what he can do morally. It is the substance of life when the chaff has been blown away. It is devotion to right in a large way and on a generous scale. It stands ever upon the platform of a broad and generous self respect. It is based upon a high and reverent sense of the inherent dignity of manhood as in itself and everywhere the noblest work of God on earth. In short, manliness is that which lies at the base of true character—that which character requires to round itself out with, fill itself up with, make itself complete. Mr. Moody had that which is more than titles or position, eloquence or wealth; a royalty which will never wane nor fade, a sovereignty that will continue to be found forever; that possession of character which abides ever in the world's memory and the world's love—that thing we call character, manhood, manliness, manfulness. Above all, our brother was a Christian man,

A SPIRITUALLY MINDED MAN.

This was his richest quality—a quality without which all his genius would have been a fatal gift, all his talent a hol-

low unveracity, all his eloquence a glittering sham. Interwoven in his being were such qualities as majesty, nobility, purity, sympathy, self-sacrifice, and these; daily revealed, ever presenting an image of beautiful proportion and after a Heavenly Original.

The fact is the man was genuine through and through, natural, unaffected, beautifully sincere, an approach to that ideal character which the poet describes as "the white flower of a blameless life." Light is never so intense as when reflected; the gospel is never so mighty as when exemplified, and our brother exemplified the gospel as well as preached it. He not simply promulgated the doctrine of the beauty of holiness and the divineness of services, but he incarnated it. I heard him once say that a man is a Christian not in proportion to the truth he put into his belief, but in proportion to the truth he put into his life. He was himself the living illustration of the exalted principles of the gospel of Christ. He matched his sermons with services, his creed with character, his doctrines with doing. As has been said of another, it may be said of him: He had three great aims in his ministry: The first, to spiritualize himself; the second, to idealize his people; the third, to scripturalize his sermons. More than those who knew him not intimately realized, our consecrated brother, believing that piety within must precede growth without, would spend hour after hour weekly in looking into himself; would retire into solitude and hold dialogues with his soul; would pour out his heart in earnest, agonizing prayer to God for deeper, fuller, more devoted life; and thus living in the very atmosphere of heaven the sunshine and showers from above matured the fruits and blossoms of his graces into fruit fit for the golden garners of immortality itself. And fresh from these communions in God he would plunge into the preparation of some earnest discourse, or go out to cheer and comfort some sorrow-stricken soul.

Characteristically, Mr. Moody was a man who believed in

God's word as the infallible revelation of the Eternal God. The Bible was to him oracle of faith, manual of devotion, charter of liberty and inspiration of life. He had no sympathy with the fine intellectual dreamers of our day who delight to attack every precious article of our evangelical faith; to grind down smooth all sharp Bible differences respecting sin and salvation; to evaporate sin into an inexcusable infirmity, and even weave the shroud for the soul's career in a hopeless grave. All these things our Bible-loving and Christ-extolling brother flung away from his mind with a Pauline God-forbid. For popularity he never sacrificed an iota of religious conviction of faith. The old, old gospel in the old, old Book, told in the old, old way—this was his delight; his strength; his inspiration. His motto was the Bible as God gave it—no addition to it, no subtraction from it, no alteration in it. He believed in a Bible uncovered by human ritual, untainted by human tradition.

And then Mr. Moody was always true

TO JESUS CHRIST AND HIM CRUCIFIED.

He seemed to be constantly saying, with Dr. Payson, "I beseech you, brethren, paint Jesus Christ upon your canvass and then hold it up for the applause of your admiring world;" and to feel with Bourdaloue, who, when told by Louis XIV that all the world was moved by his eloquence and learning, humbly expressed the wish that all the praise which his eloquence and learning evoked might be hung as a garland on the cross of Calvary; and to be ready with one of the consecrated fathers of the early Christian church to exclaim, "Were the highest heaven my pulpit and the whole host of the redeemed my audience, and eternity my day, Jesus alone would be my theme." Well was it so. The message of the pulpit should be characteristically and invariably Christocentric—Christ the God, Christ the Man, Christ the God-man, the dying Christ, the risen Christ, the reigning Christ;

Christ the end of the law to every one that believeth. Of all the themes that inspire human hearts and fire human lips, this alone is sufficient to magnify the name of God, exalt the Divine Son, convict and convert human souls and transform a Paradise Lost with all its blight and woe into a Paradise Regained, with all its celestial songs and eternal triumphs; and prompted by this conviction—nay, held by it as yon planet is held in its orbit by the law of gravity—each ambassador of Christ should, with his face turned to his Master, lift the prayer

In offering thy salvation free
Let all absorbing thought of Thee
My mind and soul engross; —
And when all hearts are moved and stirred
Beneath the influence of Thy word,
Hide me behind Thy cross!

Christ! Christ! Not ethics, nor moral philosophy, nor astronomy, nor geology; nor history; nor political economy, but Christ on Calvary's summit; the centre of humanity's highest hopes, noblest aspirations and divinest life. As Fra Angelico, the saintly Italian painter, would never go to his palette and brush to do work on the figure of Jesus without first partaking of the communion, so let us brethren of the ministry, like Mr. Moody, precede our pulpit duties by a prayerful visit to Calvary and its cross.



The Man and His Message.

By Rev. A. C. Dixon.

(A sermon delivered in Brooklyn, N. Y., from the text: "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace."—Psalm 37:37.)

IN a magazine article several years ago Henry Drummond declared that Moody was the greatest man this century had produced, and the closer one came to him, and the more carefully he was studied, the firmer became the conviction that Drummond was right. First of all, D. L. Moody was

AN HONEST MAN.

He hated shams. He could not bear pretence. The first question he asked about everything was, "Is it right? Will Christ approve it?" He would do nothing that he did not believe to be right before God, and when he decided that a course was right, the consciousness of its righteousness caused him to throw all the energy of his great soul and vigorous body into it. And his uprightness caused him to be upright and downright. D. L. Moody was

A HUMBLE MAN.

He never boasted of his own powers. In early life he was informed that he had nothing to boast of. When he talked in prayer meetings his friends approached him and urged him to remain silent, for they thought he had no gift of public speech. This early discouragement may have had something to do with his self-depreciation, but I think that the secret of his humility was largely in the fact that he always had on hand great enterprises for God. He was not easily satisfied. What had been done was only the stepping stone to greater achievement. When a man becomes satisfied with what he

has done in life, he is apt to grow proud of it. But Moody always stood in the presence of a great unfinished work. The magnitude of it made him look away from himself to God. His great heart took in the United States and the world. He prayed for a revival in the nation. When he came into a city, its millions of souls burdened his heart. He loved crowds because crowds gave him a great opportunity for doing good. A thousand conversions filled him with joy, but he could not be content with a thousand when there were hundreds of thousands still unsaved. Great preacher as he was, he was never satisfied with his sermons, because there was in his mind an ideal higher than anything he had ever reached. D. L. Moody was

A SPIRITUAL MAN.

He dwelt in the secret place of the Most High. He was powerful in public prayer, but he was most powerful when with a few friends, perplexed and burdened about the work on hand, he would pour out his heart in confession and petition. He loved Keswick brethren and doctrines because they dealt with the deep things of God. He went to his Bible for soul food. He walked and talked with God. He was a lover of spiritual men. No word of cant ever fell from his lips, but he did delight in spiritual conversation. Dr. H. G. Weston, in his address at the funeral at Northfield, said that the secret of Moody's success would be found in the word life. He was truly alive. He had become a partaker of the divine nature, and this divine life dominated his whole being. The pastor spoke the truth when he said, "To this man the heavens were always full of chariots and horses of fire." He believed in things unseen and eternal. D. L. Moody was

A PRACTICAL MAN.

It was truly said of him, "he hitched his wagon to a star," but he kept the wheels on earth and its axles well oiled. He never made the mistake of the philosopher who, while gazing at

the stars, fell into the ditch at his feet. He worked out his own salvation with fear and trembling, while God worked with him to will and to do. Enthusiasm never ran away with his judgment. There was in him the spirit of wisdom as well as of revelation. He was noted for his common sense.

D. L. Moody was

A HOPEFUL MAN.

I never saw him discouraged. If he was, he never mentioned it. To him better times were always ahead. His face was toward the sunrise. He looked not at the darkness, but the stars. He gazed not on the clouds, but on the rainbow. His hope was in God, and there was nothing too great for his God.

D. L. Moody was

A BRAVE MAN.

God said to Joshua while he stood in the presence of danger, "Be of good courage," and the same God said to Solomon while he stood before great difficulties, "Be of good courage." It takes as great bravery to meet difficulty as danger. D. L. Moody would doubtless have been a brave soldier, going wherever duty called, but he was not called upon to do this. He did stand, however, frequently in the presence of great difficulties and they never made him quail. He could stand alone with God. He delighted in consultation with his brethren, and had an ear open to counsel, but his final decision was reached upon his knees, and, when he took a stand, nothing could move him. His denunciation of sin in high places brought upon him severe criticism, but he did not flinch; he simply repeated his charges with greater emphasis. He sought the favor and the praise of no man at the expense of conscience. He was popular with the rich and the poor, because in his preaching he sought to please no one but God.

D. L. Moody was

A GREAT MAN

in the Christly sense. Jesus said, "If any one would be great

among you, let him become the servant of all," and the mission of Moody was to serve. His love of Jesus was a passion, and he loved people because Jesus loved them. All he was and had was on the altar of sacrifice. He never spared himself. No one who knew him ever accused him of seeking money for himself. He lived and died a poor man, while he raised and passed on millions for the uplifting of others. The fact that he was without early educational advantages led him to sympathize with poor young men and women, and to establish colleges where they could secure education at small cost. A large book may be written on Moody as a builder. There is scarcely a large city in Christendom which has not some great building erected with money raised in response to his prayer and work.

HIS MESSAGE.

D. L. Moody was a prophet. He spoke for God. His message was the whole Bible. He believed it to be the Word of God. It was easy for him to accept its miracles, for the God who wrote the Book was equal to anything that it claimed for Him. Like Spurgeon he was never ordained by the laying on of human hands. His ordination was of God. The hand of the Lord was upon him. He had no sympathy with the critics who tear the Bible to pieces. There were among them some of his friends, whom he loved in spite of their errors. But his friendship for them never made him swerve a particle from his loyalty to the Bible. He believed in God the Holy Spirit, who inspired men to write the Book, and who is with us ready to endue with power in preaching it. Moody did not despise other books, and he read more widely than some people suppose. But all other books compared with The Book were weak things. He was emphatically a man of one book, and because he honored God's word, God honored him. D. L. Moody had

A MESSAGE OF JUDGMENT.

He believed in sin as a guilty, polluting hell-deserving thing.

He had no confidence in the flesh. Men out of Christ were lost for both worlds. He preached little about hell, not because he did not believe in it, but because he believed that men could be saved from it through preaching the love of God in Jesus Christ. Knowing the terror of the soul he persuaded men.

D. L. Moody had

A MESSAGE OF SALVATION BY GRACE.

He believed that sinners were saved by the unmerited favor of God. He magnified mercy. His was a gospel of blood. I heard him say that he once went to a place in Great Britain where he was told by one of the prominent preachers that it would never do for him to say much about blood in that place. Moody told him without hesitation that he would preach it in every sermon, and he magnified atonement through the blood until the whole town was shaken by the power of God. He frequently said that when a preacher ceased to preach the blood he began to be powerless in his ministry. The great effort of his life was to induce sinners to take shelter under the blood. His sermons on the blood have won thousands to Jesus. He denounced as a fatal error the illusion that men can be saved by character without the blood of Christ.

D. L. Moody brought to the world

A MESSAGE OF REGENERATION.

He magnified the work of the Spirit in the new birth. He was not a reformer; he thought little of the efforts at reforming society by program or law. With him the regeneration of the individual was everything. When men are saved they will become good citizens and good fathers. He believed with all his heart in instantaneous conversion. He declared that somewhere between the top of that sycamore tree and the ground Zaccheus became a Christian. He emphasized the sudden conversion of the jailer, the eunuch, the 3,000 on the day of Pentecost. Indeed, he believed in no other kind of conver-

sion than that which comes suddenly; that it is not possible to cultivate the old nature into a state of grace; we must receive the divine nature by act of faith. The proof of this reception may come gradually, but every one accepts Jesus at some definite time.

D. L. Moody also had

A MESSAGE OF SANCTIFICATION.

He did not believe in sinless perfection or the eradication of the old nature, but he believed in the possibility of a victorious life. In talking with him one day about a brother who had proclaimed himself as sinless, he quietly replied: "He will soon find out his mistake." He was patient with people who held radical views about holiness, for he thought it was better to err on that side than on the other. He had no fear of being perfect, though he was sorry that he was imperfect. There was before him a high standard of Christly character, and always conscious that he came short of it he strove every day to reach it. His great desire was to be a vessel cleansed by the Spirit through the Word, wholly set apart to the Master's use, and he came as near being a thoroughly sanctified man in the New Testament sense as any one I ever met.

D. L. Moody brought to the Church of Christ

A MESSAGE OF EVANGELISM.

His was not a mystical religion, occupied with introspection and spiritual enjoyment. He believed in a spirituality that expresses itself in seeking that salvation of others. He had a passion for soul winning. In preaching to the unconverted he was always at his best. During the meeting in Grand Central Palace, New New, it was understood that the hall would be closed in the evening at ten o'clock, but Moody would be found at eleven and sometimes twelve talking to some poor burdened soul and striving to lead him into the light of salvation. His friends were then anxious about his health, and advised him to be careful, but, when there was an opportunity

for pointing a soul to the Savior, he knew not how to be careful. He believed in education, but the consuming purpose of his life was evangelization. He looked upon anything else, however important, as incidental. When a church ceased to seek and save the lost he regarded it as fallen from its high mission. Like the Master he forgot the ninety-nine that were saved, and pressed after the one who was wandering. Oh, that the spirit and soul winning which inspired Moody might enter the hearts of all the pastors and churches of our land; then would come such a revival as we have never seen before.

D. L. Moody brought to the world

A MESSAGE OF HOPE IN THE SECOND COMING OF CHRIST.

He was no fanatic; he never set the time. He wanted to be found watching, waiting and working when the Lord should come. But he had the upward look. He fell into his grave while he was looking into the heavens for the returning King. It was the inspiration of his life. He built for time and for eternity, but he was willing that the Lord should come and set aside all his plans in the establishment of His Kingdom upon earth. He did not, however, disfellowship brethren who disagreed with him as to the premillennial return of the Lord. If a man was in right relation to Christ on Cavalry, and believed the Bible, Moody gave him the hand of fellowship, whether he was post-millennialist or pre-millennialist. He did not believe these two schools of thought should be alienated because both of them are looking for the coming of Christ, though they may differ as to details.

D. L. Moody brought to the weary, burdened toilers of earth

A MESSAGE OF HEAVEN.

He looked forward to its rest and its righteousness. He cared little for this world because he looked for "the city which hath foundation whose builder and maker is God." His citizen-

ship was in heaven. He loved his home and made it a little heaven on earth. His wife and children could hardly think of him as the great man that he was, he was so loving and gentle and tender. The home on earth he prized, but the home in heaven he prized more. The fallacy so prevalent that we should make the best of this world and leave heaven to take care of itself received no sympathy from him. His real world was "the building of God, the house not made with hands eternal in the heavens." As friend after friend passed through the gates, he became more attached to the "Father's House." The death of his little grandchild broke his heart, while it brightened heaven and made him more willing to go.

HIS LAST WORDS.

will be immortal. "Earth is receding; heaven is opening; God is calling me. Do not call me back." What a commotion his entrance into heaven must have made. While on earth he preached with his voice to at least 100,000,000 of people, and through his pen to millions more. How many millions have been saved through his life no one can tell, but certainly he has received an abundant entrance into the city of life and light. He has seen the King in His beauty. The yearning in his soul that he might be like Him has been satisfied. I cannot think of Moody in heaven as any other than a leader of men, a worker for Jesus. If there is a campaign for the glory of Christ he is at the head of it. In the closing words of Dr. Weston's address, "I would rather be D. L. Moody dead in his coffin than any other man living on earth."



Mr. Moody's Impress on the Religious Life of Scotland.

By John McMurtrie, D.D., of Edinburgh, Scotland.



THE writer is one of the lessening band of ministers who had the privilege of helping and being helped by Mr. Moody on his first campaign in Scotland, in 1873 and 1874. He claims no special acquaintance with the present state of the church beyond what may be due to the fact that his duties lead him to visit congregations and be the friend of ministers in many parts of Scotland. His experience in recent years is almost limited to the Church of Scotland, the established and largest church of the country. This latter consideration is not so disqualifying as might be supposed. A late Moderator of the General Assembly, Dr. Archibald Watson, of Dundee, used to say that our Scottish churches are not so many lakes shut off from each other, but inlets of the same sea, so that when the tide rises in one it rises in them all. He was thinking mainly of currents of religious opinion; but it is equally true of spiritual impulse and modes of worship, and methods of work.

Mr. Moody came at a fit time, when God had prepared the way—for many ministers had observed among their people an increase of interest in religion. The blessing came immediately, and more fully month by month, and it was so far from stopping when Mr. Moody and his honored co-evangelist, Mr. Sankey, departed, that the best of the work was then seen in the congregations of those ministers who sympathized with and guided the movement. In the following year a committee of the Church of Scotland authorized by the General Assembly to make careful inquiry, reported thus;

"It is no matter of theory, but a simple fact, that the Lord sent forth His Word with demonstration of the Spirit and with power, and that individuals, families and whole congregations are every day blessing Him for the light of the new life. It will be seen that in those cases the ordinary services of the church and the ministers of the gospel are more highly prized and more distinctly serviceable for the edifying of the body of Christ than they were before."

A parish minister enumerates results, two of which may be quoted:—

(1.) "A large increase in the number of young men who come to the Bible classes or join the fellowship association, and there being now no difficulty in getting well-qualified young men to be Sabbath school teachers.

(2.) "Remarkable steadfastness on the part of those who appeared to be the subjects of special religious experience. I know of only one case of decided falling away, and I am not without hope even in regard to that case. With regard to not a few who are well known to me, I am able to testify not only that they are far happier than before, but that the change for the better which has come over their lives commends itself to all around them."

FIVE YEARS AFTER THE CAMPAIGN

a testimony of another kind comes before us. Dr. Marshall Lang, of Glasgow, well known on both sides of the Atlantic, writes in the "Catholic Presbyterian" for February, 1879:

"The authorities in Glasgow have repeatedly acknowledged the social good accomplished by labors originated by the evangelistic work in 1874, and still carried on with vigor." And he makes his meaning plain, and shows at the same time that this is a result to be expected from a genuine revival, by quoting the address of an Irish county judge to a grand jury in the autumn of 1859. That judge was, of course, referring not to Mr. Moody's work, but to the earlier Irish revival. He

said: "I am greatly struck at the appearance of this calendar, so small is the number of cases, when I formerly had calendars filled with charges for different nefarious practices. How is such a gratifying state of matters to be accounted for? It must be from the improved morality of the people. I believe I am fully warranted now to say that to nothing else than the moral and religious movement which commenced early last summer can the change be attributed."

Mr. Moody has left

HIS MARK ON SCOTTISH PREACHING.

His way stood out in bold contrast to the common faults that make preaching of no effect. What are the faults that he has done something to amend?

There is the preaching that has no gospel in it. The preacher has no message worth the trouble of delivery, and because he has nothing to do good to any soul, one wonders why the man ever desired to be a preacher, having so little to say. Alas! the race is not extinct. But find anywhere in Scotland a congregation on which manifestly rests the power of the Holy Ghost, and there you will find a minister who seems to cry with St. Paul, "Woe is unto me if I preach not the gospel." Mr. Moody had something to do with this.

A higher class came about him a good deal—good men in doubt about many things, and too honest to preach what was not true to them. They soon found that they could not guide an anxious soul, in fact they were afraid to try. Not a few such men got down to the bed-rock of faith and have since been tenfold more useful.

Very many sermons are ruined by the preacher's habit of discoursing about religious matters, but not speaking to the people. This Mr. Moody never did. He went straight for his hearers every time. In this regard there has been a distinct improvement, to which, no doubt, various causes contributed—but Mr. Moody's example was contagious.

One thing he helped almost to abolish was the wearisome introduction to sermons. Many more preachers now say at once what they have got to say, while their hearers are fresh and have not ceased to be expectant.

Mr. Moody's teaching was intensely scriptural, and I do not think we have made progress in that respect.

THE BIBLE WAS HIS WEAPON.

He knew it, loved it, and would trust no other. His exposition might sometimes show the absence of a scholar's training, but it was immensely better than what I have heard from university men, who simply gathered fine thoughts around a text, without the slightest effort to tell the people what the writer of that sentence meant to say. His Bible readings were much blest and were imitated by many. But of late I do not hear of such attempts, and my impression is that there is decidedly less expository preaching in Scotland now than a quarter of a century ago. And this is regrettable.

It is worthy of note that

MR. SANKEY'S INNOCENT AMERICAN ORGAN.

did more than anything else to popularize instrumental music in our Scottish churches. The organ was associated in Scotland with Anglicanism and ritualism, but Mr. Sankey's music conciliated the good people, who resigned themselves—with a sigh, if they were elderly folk—to enjoy and be helped by the organ. This recalls a curious controversy, to be found in two pamphlets which a bookseller's catalogue lately described as rare. They are before me now. The first is by Dr. Kennedy, of Dingwall, stern and saintly representative of the men of Ross, and is an attack on Moody's doctrine and Sankey's organ. It is painful reading, an unjust and indeed ignorant assault. The other is Dr. Horatius Bonar's reply, and is simply crushing, so far as Mr. Moody is concerned. But when he comes to the organ he only says: "I do not desire it, and I see no advantage in it. But after all it was a mere ap-

pendage to the proceedings and a very small one. Its presence surely could not vitiate the whole work. We have not introduced it into our church services." Beloved Dr. Bonar! His own people did not even sing hymns. His own beautiful hymns are dear to the English-speaking race throughout the world, but I believe he never heard them sung in his own church.

In the Church of Scotland a movement for the quickening of spiritual life and the better organization of Christian work had begun some years before this time. The workers felt the stimulus of the revival. The first report of the Christian Life and work Committee was presented to the General Assembly in 1870 by Dr. Charteris. At the present day that Committee reports 60,000 Guild members, an order of deaconesses in vigorous working, with training home and hospital, a magazine with a circulation of 109,000 monthly, and a large increase in evangelistic missions and mission preachers at home. Under another committee foreign missions have rapidly grown; and I take it that the Church of Scotland illustrates the progress which has been made in other churches also.

One of the happiest features of Mr. Moody's work was too short lived, through no fault of the evangelist. The various

CHURCHES WERE DRAWN TOGETHER,

as if they might agree to forget the things that divide them. The present writer remembers reckoning that he had taken part in the special services of about forty congregations of the non-established churches in Edinburgh and the neighborhood; and in his own district of the city the ministers and congregations of four denominations were in the habit of meeting by turns in each others' churches. An attempt to disestablish and despoil the national church was a sorrowful interruption. The question cannot be discussed here. Let it suffice to say that if public co-operation became difficult, and sometimes impossible, in many cases the old brotherliness has never departed from the intercourse of private life.

A Tribute From Glasgow.

By Rev. John McNeill.

(Delivered in St. Andrews Hall, Glasgow, on the Sabbath following Mr. Moody's death.)



WE are met to-night under the shadow of a great loss. God has taken home to Himself our beloved brother, Mr. Moody. The great evangelist's death has created a profound impression on all our hearts, and I received the news with a shock that comes of a personal loss. The moment I read it in the newspaper the words leapt to my mouth, "My Father, my Father, the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof." We feel, I feel, as if the Wellington of the Evangelistic Army had been taken from our head. When one begins to speak about Mr. Moody, one hardly knows where to strike in, and once he has broken in he does not know where to stop. On all sides of him he was a great man; he was a great man in all his measurements. He was

GREAT AS A PREACHER.

I have sometimes heard people say that they could not account for his success, because they did not see wherein he differed from other men as a preacher. I could not subscribe to that opinion. To me D. L. Moody was an immensely interesting preacher. He was no end of a preacher in resourcefulness, in what you might call tactics; that is, he always kept his audience at his finger ends, and yet was ever pressing with all his force for the one great mark to capture them for a waiting present Savior.

I think he was not merely a preacher; he was an eloquent preacher. I did not hear him during his first visit to this country, when he and Mr. Sankey burst upon Scotland and

carried it captive; and they have held it in their grip ever since. It was at Mr. Moody's second visit that I heard him, and yet some folks observed to me, 'You should have heard him during his first visit. Then you would have heard him at his best.' Well, I do not know what his best must have been. I remember hearing him when I was a student, a city missionary. It was in this very hall on a week-day afternoon that I sat to the left there. That plain, simple American rose up, there being nothing about him that suggested oratory in the academic sense; ah, but I shall never forget that first address of his. It was about Paul. Paul's motto was—

'ONE THING I DO.'

How he made Paul live before us! With what consummate skill he ran through Paul's history! He brought in Paul's persecutions, pointed to the time when they stoned him and left him for dead; and after they thought that they had wreaked their worst upon him, Paul recovered and pulled himself together. His friends came round him and said: 'Now, Paul, you'll have some sense; you'll give up preaching whilst these fierce Jews are abroad.' And then he brought in with tremendous effect his great text—'This one thing I do! Show me the road to the next town; I must preach Jesus Christ and Him crucified.' The thrilling effect on one hearer of that sermon can never be forgotten.

Oh! Moody was a great preacher. Although he was untrained, uneducated in our professional, theological, academic sense, in another sense he was educated. He was well described in that picture of the Apostles Peter and John. We are told that when the people saw they were unlearned and ignorant in the academical sense, they took knowledge of them that they had been with Jesus. But if the mark of great preaching be great success and gathering of great crowds, and bringing men to an intelligent decision for Christ, then Moody was one of the greatest preachers who ever lived. Then

HE WAS A GREAT ORGANIZER.

If he had never become a preacher he would have been at the head of some of those tremendous businesses in the United States, the facts and figures of which we read over here with wonder and almost incredulity. You remember that he was a clerk in a boot and shoe store when he was converted. He started to preach, and by and by he gave up his worldly employment and took to preaching. If Moody had stuck to selling boots and shoes, he would, at length, have been at the head of some gigantic boot and shoe combine that would have dominated the trade on both sides of the Atlantic. He was a tremendous organizer, a man of restless activity, a man of tremendous brain power, and of great insight and foresight.

Mr. Moody was a great man every way you took him, and if Jesus Christ had not captured him, and claimed him, and used him for his service, he would have been great in the world's work. And then as a man, how unique, how true, how thorough! I admired his genius and power in organizing. He also honored me with his friendship. I mourn his loss. It was impossible to know him and not to love him.

HE WAS A HOLY MAN, A GODLY MAN,

a saintly man. And when you think of Moody's saintliness, it did not suggest a recluse or a man who lives far from the madding crowds' ignoble strife. Oh! how human he was! When his life is written, I hope those who undertake the task will give us the man Moody as he was. I hope they will give a faithful delineation of him in the human sense, how he lived a hearty life. I have seen him roll on his couch with laughter in the fair happiness and gleefulness of body and soul when a good story would be told during that memorable campaign at the World's Fair in Chicago.

I said that no man was more saintly, more devoted, no man had a greater passion for doing his work well than he. How human he was in the human side! Even through my tears

I smile as I recollect him as a man, as playful to his latest day as a boy. Get Moody amongst children, and he was the biggest romp in the crowd. An hour later that man was a flaming herald of the Cross, lifted up for Jesus Christ in the midst of ten thousand people.

He is gone! One thinks of him entering heaven. One thinks of the multitudes who would be there to meet him, and of the multitudes who are to follow after him. I feel weaker; all of us on the evangelistic field feel weaker. Scotland to-day feels somewhat emptier. He bulked so large, he was so mighty for Christ. Alas! he is gone! May the Lord bring a great blessing to us out of this removal of his servant! May we creep closer to the Lord Himself; may we cry more mightily unto Him.

We thank God that we were privileged to know and work with D. L. Moody. His labors are over. What can one say? His end, I should think, was just as he would have wished it. He had gone to Kansas City, where he had spoken in a hall to twelve thousand people. Suddenly his strength gave way; his call had come, but God in his mercy gave him time to go home and to have all his family gathered quietly about him; and then his sun set for this world to rise in the next.

He sets as sets the morning star
That goes not down behind the darkened west,
Nor hides obscured amidst the tempest of the sky,
But melts away into the light of heaven.

Servant of God, well done;
Praise be thy new employ,
And while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Master's joy.

A Tribute From London.

By Rev. F. B. Meyer.

(In The Christian, London.)



O have known D. L. Moody, and come within the range of his strong personality, has been to many men one of the most influential factors in their character and life-work; and it is not easy for such to imagine a world from which the inspiration of his presence has been withdrawn. It is still less easy, under the immediate sorrow of such bereavement, to characterize this natural prince and leader of men.

He had a marvelous power over others. You cannot read the biographies of Dr. Andrew Bonar, of Dr. A. J. Gordon, of Professor Drummond, or of Dr. Dale, men as far as possible removed from each other in many respects, without encountering the same tribute to the spell which this

STRONG, TENDER, INTENSE

nature exerted over them. There was something magnetic about him. Whoever was speaking at the Northfield Convention, it was the fact that Moody was present—though only as a listener, sitting, probably, off the platform, under the deep gallery on the right—which gave the session importance, and the speaker's words weight. Even when men have not agreed with him, and have seriously antagonized his positions, they have acknowledged the absolute sincerity and nobility of his character.

I met him first in York in 1873, on his arrival with Mrs. Moody and his two eldest children. Accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Sankey, they had come to our country, as it appeared, by a divine prompting, and had just landed at Liverpool. Some time before, the secretary of the Y. M. C. A. had

impressed on him the two words, "Bennett, York;" and not knowing where else to turn, two of his friends having suddenly died, Moody telegraphed to Mr. Bennett, saying, "I will be in York to-night." This was Saturday. On the following day he preached at the chapel, built for Rev. James Parsons, and then occupied by Rev. John Hunter (now of Glasgow). During the following week he held evening services in the old Lendal Chapel, and noon prayer meetings at the Y. M. C. A. After two or three more days with the Wesleyans, he came to the Baptist Chapel, of which I was minister, and conducted meetings there for about a fortnight, with ever-increasing numbers and marvelous results. He and Mr. Sankey have often spoken of that little vestry, where we three spent much time in prayer, little weening that the earnestness of our desires and intercessions were the travail pangs of so great a spiritual movement as followed.

These were the days when the "Sacred Songs and Solos" had not been compiled, and we used a number of fly-sheets with paper covers. But the main lines of Moody's character and work were already laid. He said to me once, alluding to academic degrees, "I want to be D. L. Moody, O. O." And on my asking him what the letters stood for, he said: "Why, of course, Out-and-Out."

He liked nothing better than to get a Bible student alone, and ply him with questions as to what he knew of the Bible, or any fresh light he had recently received. He was always collecting incidents, illustrations, witty and wise sayings, which he placed in large envelopes, on which were written

THE KEY-WORDS OF ADDRESSES

in course of preparation. He was not so familiar with his addresses as he became afterwards, for one afternoon, having come in to tea, he hastened away suddenly to cross to the other side of York, to the house of Dr. Kitchen, with whom he was staying, to get the notes of his address on "Heaven."

The first all-day meeting he held in England was arranged by us as we walked up and down Coney Street, and it was at my instance that the evangelists went on to Rev. A. A. Rees, at Sunderland, who first coined the announcement, which became so widely known, and, indeed, carried Scotland, notwithstanding the prejudice against the solo singer, and his "kist o' whistles," that "Mr. Moody would speak, and Mr. Sankey sing, the gospel."

This was, of course, not his first introduction to Great Britain, or to wide and extended work. He had first made his mark in Chicago, in an old shanty lighted by tallow candles, which had been abandoned by a saloon keeper, though his own education was then so imperfect that he is said to have been obliged to skip some of the longer words as he read the Bible to the children. His brushes with the saloon-keepers; his efforts for all outcast and neglected souls; his indefatigable labors in connection with the Y. M. C. A. at Farwell Hall; his herculean exertions for the soldiers in camp and on the field of battle, as a delegate of the Christian Commission during the Civil War; his journeyings in all parts for Sunday school conventions, had given him an amount of experience, and created a wealth of resource, which were only waiting for the open sphere and conspicuous platform that opened before his labors in England.

His two previous visits to our country had been for the purpose of observation, and of coming in contact with leading Christian men. He always spoke with gratitude of the impulse he had received in the direction of Bible study from a Mildmay Conference, and described as one of the most important seed-germs of his career a sentence which he overheard from the lips of an eminent servant of God, in the course of a conversation with a friend: "The world has yet to learn what God can do by a man wholly devoted to Him."

All who have heard him will recall the quiver in his voice when he told some pathetic story; but I never guessed the in-

tensity of his tenderness till I saw him with his grandchildren. He used to drive them about in his carriage, or carry them in his arms. One of the most striking incidents in my memory was when he stood with them beside his mother's grave, in a summer sunset, and asked us to pray that they might be in the coming century what she had been in this. And when little Irene was dying, he used to be on the watch below her window to keep all quiet, would steal down from the meetings to hear the latest news, would be the nurse and playmate of her little cousin, that all might devote themselves to the chamber of sickness. So touched, because a little child had sent the invalid a pet lamb! How moved he was as we saw it together!

He was absolutely fearless. I remember one occasion when he felt it laid on his heart to speak some unpalatable truths to a number of ministers and others. Before me, as I write, is the large circle that sat around his spacious dining-room in the summer evening, the monument of ice-cream which he carved with such precision; and then the

DIRECT UNVARNISHED WORDS,

which wounded deeply, that a better condition of soul-life might be induced. Whether in a crowd, or with an individual, he never swerved a hair's-breadth from what he thought right, to win a smile, or avoid a frown.

As a conversationalist he was charming. He would sit in the porch of his unpretending but comfortable house, overlooking the lovely landscape, telling story after story of marvelous conversions. One day, for instance, a young man drove up as we were talking, and he told me that he had won him to Christ when quite a lad by a conversation on the roof of a Chicago hotel, that being the only quiet spot he could find for his purpose. Or he would recall reminiscences of men whom he had known. He had a great fund of information about agriculture; had traveled widely and observed shrewdly; was in keen and close touch with the great religious move-

ments of the time; and was specially fond of asking questions of anyone who seemed likely to communicate reliable information. He was always hungry for facts. The most extraordinary contrasts met in his nature. His external

APPEARANCE WAS ROUGH,

and his manners brusque; but he had one of the tenderest hearts that beat. His scorn and hatred of anything wrong and mean were withering; his pity for the erring, unlimited. Having been debarred from the benefits of early education, yet—in his magnificent institution at Northfield, where 700 young men and women are always under training, and in the great Bible Institute at Chicago—he has probably done more in the cause of learning than any other single man in America. Unable to sing a note, he has promoted a college of sacred singers. Outside the ministerial ranks—and yet he spent his life to help ministers and churches to do their work more efficiently. He was absolutely loyal to church organization, always making it his aim to vitalize and quicken church life, and increase the efficiency of existing institutions.

Toward the end of his life he was greatly impressed by the movement for the promotion of a deeper spiritual life. I induced him to come to Keswick, which he greatly enjoyed, and he wrote to me saying, "I am going to do all I can to get the Christians to

TAKE A HIGHER STAND,

and to get them together." Of course, he was well aware of the perils attending all such movements, but he was more than ever persuaded that nothing but a quickened spiritual life would meet the requirements of the American church at this juncture; and nothing that I can remember filled him with greater glee than when, last August, two-thirds of the New York Presbytery spent ten days at Northfield for the purpose of investigating and receiving teaching concerning the deepest phases in the soul's development.

He died triumphantly, we learn, conscious to the last, and bearing testimony to the gospel he had preached. The great institutions which he created and fostered; the colportage work; the colleges at Chicago, and Northfield, and Mount Hermon; his books—these will be the works that will follow him. He discovered men, knew how to bring the best qualities out of them, found them spheres, and gave them back to themselves. Men like Mr. Mott and Mr. Speer, of the Student Volunteers; like Mr. Baer, of the Christian Endeavor; like Dr. Wilbur Chapman, the well-known evangelist; to say nothing of hundreds besides, who have passed through his colleges or been influenced by his missions, will perpetuate in the coming generation something of the influence and power he wielded in this,

THROUGH THE GRACE OF GOD.

He never wavered in his attachment to the great fundamentals of the gospel. His sermons on the Blood, the Holy Spirit, the Love of God in Jesus Christ, were great testimonies to the mighty truths which have been the theme of every revival of evangelical religion. There was no uncertain sound in the gospel as he preached it, and it was the Power of God unto salvation to tens of thousands.

What a welcome he must have received as he entered heaven! Surely an abundant, a choral, entrance must have been ministered unto him by myriads who are there, because of the message uttered in burning accents by his lips. May God comfort his noble wife, the confidant of his secrets, the partner of his anxieties and toils; and grant that his children may be enabled to maintain the work which he has left them as a sacred legacy and charge.

A Tribute From the South.

By Rev. Wm. E. Hatcher, D.D.

(In the Religious Herald, Richmond, Va.)



HE passing of Dwight L. Moody is a serious event in the Christian world. It withdraws from our evangelical forces their most conspicuous leader. Mr. Moody was the Christian commoner of the present generation, a true cosmopolitan, the founder of the new school of evangelism. Untrained in the schools, he was yet the prince and counsellor in the brotherhood of scholars. In his sphere he was simply incomparable. He stood for years as the central figure and almost the final authority in the evangelical movements of the day. He created a new literature, new music, new methods and a new order of preaching. As a result of his inspiring influence, thousands of ministers caught the evangelistic spirit and devoted themselves to the work of the evangelist, and that too, with gracious and far-reaching results. Nor is it less significant that in his wake there sprang a horde of spurious evangelists, who, dazzled by his achievements, stole his methods, and sought to atone for their lack of attractiveness by a resort to invective buffoonery and vulgarity, and in not a few cases rallied crowds and published reports that almost eclipsed him. The false apostles of Moody were many—a dismal counterfeit on the genuine article.

MOODY WAS A MAGNET.

It is not easy to understand how he attained unto such commanding power; but the fact is manifest. The best and the worst believed him; he was the matchless leveller. Nobles and peasants sat side by side on his platforms, sang out of the same books, and rejoiced in the same joyful hopes. All sects

flocked to him, and each claimed him as its own. Even extremists and fanatics felt that there was a place in him for them, and, without impoverishing him, enriched themselves by contact with him. He was a fountain of healing waters, and seemed to cure all manner of diseases. The most cultivated Christian laborers delighted to associate with him in his works. Business men believed him on sight, quit their offices at the busiest hours to hear him, and gave him their money by the thousands. The stranded and lost felt the charm of his voice, and plucked up hope for a new struggle as they heard him.

No man ever preached to so many persons, or put his impress on so many communities, or quickened so many godly ministers to more hopeful and effective service. He had visited every Protestant country on the earth, preached in every leading city, and in his summer schools had taught an international theological seminary. He was built for strength, and he worked up to the point of endurance all the time, and finally fell by overstrain of his powers.

With these few descriptive sentences I desire to unite some of my

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF MOODY,

which will in some degree unveil the secrets of his majestic life. My first sight of Moody was interesting. While he was on his first visit to Baltimore, I was invited by Dr. Kerfoot, then pastor of Eutaw Place Church, to assist him in revival services. On the night of my arrival, Dr. Kerfoot told me that several ministers were to meet Mr. Moody privately the next morning, and that he had arranged for me to be in the company. This, of course, was a delightful surprise and privilege to me. There were about a dozen, possibly a few more, ministers present, having been assembled in a quiet room at the Y. M. C. A. Hall. Asking for silence, Moody said, in substance: "My brethren, I called you here because I need you. I find my strength small in this city. My spirit is bound and I

cannot rise. I brought you here to ask you to pray for me. Pray that I may have liberty and do my work in Baltimore." By a common impulse, all sank to their knees, and for a time, of which no one took note, there was constant crying. One after another led, until each one had prayed aloud, some possibly more than once. It was a fervent and thrilling meeting, but I recall no prayer except that offered by Moody. That was burned into the very tissue of my being—a revelation of the most earnest man that I had ever touched and, after the service ceased, I almost imagined that Moody had really been glorified. He shook Baltimore that winter. It has been said that much of Moody's power was explained by the fact that he had so many good and earnest people to pray for him. It is said that his great work done on the other side of the ocean was clearly in answer to the agonizing cries of two good women in an obscure town in Scotland, who, though they had never heard nor seen him, felt that he was the man to bring salvation to their people. He was sent to the place to recover his broken health, but God put him to work, and the fire kindled there spread all over the British Isles.

A BEAUTIFUL AND EFFECTING INCIDENT

marked the beginning of Moody's work at the time of his first visit to Richmond. When it was known that he was coming to the city, quite severe criticisms were published against him, on account of alleged utterances of his against the South during the war. He heard of these attacks before coming, and was disposed to cancel his engagement; but our committee would not hear to it. He came, and commenced his work on Sunday morning at nine o'clock. He was evidently embarrassed, and spoke with constraint and uneasiness. Just as the service was about to close, he descended from his little, elevated stand, and walked to the front of the choir platform and made a speech. "Friends of Richmond," he said, "you have been reading about me lately, and I do not think that I

said the things against the South with which I am charged; but I am an awful fool, and have said many foolish things in my day. If I ever did say anything against the South, I am sorry for it, and ask you to forgive me." Instantly a ripple of applause commenced, and swelled into a thundering roar. Moody bowed his head, tears were in his eyes, and he had the heart of Richmond. When he finished his work in Richmond, some of the committee insisted that I make a farewell address to him, assuring him of our love and gratitude. I told him about the request, during the last service. "Please don't do it," he said, "I appreciate it all; but it makes me feel like a fool when folks get to hurrahing over me." My speech did not come to pass.

Moody was thoroughly sweet and kindly in his spirit. He had a peremptory manner, and did not use soft phrases. His will was something terrible, and when he put his foot down it settled many issues, and almost shook the earth. He had his notions of how things must be done, and it was a serious day when you had to tackle him. I was chairman of the Committee of Arrangements on the occasion of his visit to Richmond, and we had

A TILT WITH HIM.

which gave us some anxiety and much amusement. We found that the women invariably crowded the tabernacle at night so early that the business men could not find entrance. The ministers of the city met, and, at their request, I appointed a strong committee to wait on Moody and tell him that we desired seats reserved for men at night. He refused utterly to grant the request, and the brethren came back quite crest-fallen. I quietly went to my committee on ushers and had a talk. They were thoroughly convinced that the seats ought to be reserved and I told the gentlemen that I would give them certain instructions, if they would promise me not to let Mr. Moody drive them to a neglect of them. They assured me that anything I told them to do they would execute, to the

point of their life. I gave orders that 1,000 seats should be roped off for men right in front of the pulpit. I was in my seat, right by Mr. Moody's place on his stand, when, at 7:30 he came in. His eye instantly saw this naked territory, the rest of the vast building being packed to overflowing. "What does that mean?" he asked, with apparent savagery. I looked straight ahead and simply said, "Reserved seats." "I don't like and don't believe in it," he said. "That's right. We believe in men in Richmond and want some of them saved." "But they won't come," he said. I said: "Mr. Moody, let us make a compromise. It is now twenty-five minutes to eight. If that space has one empty seat in it at five minutes to eight, I will see that it is filled before you begin to preach.' He said nothing. In a few minutes a stream of men began to pour in from the Main street door, and in a few moments every chair was taken, and a great mass of men were backed up at the door, and at five minutes to eight I held my watch to his eye and asked, "Do you feel unhappy about the vacant seats?" A hint of a smile played over his face, but he was silent. That night he closed the service by announcing: "Half of this hall will be reserved for men to-morrow night." The incident pleased me chiefly for the reason that beneath his imperious manner he was so kind and so ready to accept a suggestion, when its wisdom was so clearly demonstrated. He loved no method for its own sake. He never poisoned his methods with selfish diplomacy, and it was impossible for him to resort to expedients that were doubtful. He had no private scheme of his own to serve. He lived for his Master and for men.

It put the Christian world in tears to read that at his last moment he said: "I see the world receding; heaven is opening, and my Savior is calling." That was a fine way for the faithful evangelist to bow himself away from the world. There must have been a royal reception when he arrived in the heavenly city. It will be a new revival to meet him there.

Moody as a Preacher.

WE have only space for two of Mr. Moody's favorite sermons. Though he was constantly revising them and delivering them in different forms, yet the foundations of all his great soul-winning sermons were laid in the first few years of his evangelistic career. As the very heart and center of all his teaching was Atonement through Christ, who "gave Himself for our sins," we present the substance of Mr. Moody's great sermon on

"WHAT THINK YE OF CHRIST?"

One of the sermons which Mr. Moody always preached with great power especially to university students as at Edinburgh, Glasgow and Oxford, was upon the text, "What think ye of Christ?" Matt. xxii:42.

We find in this chapter that the Pharisees had made two attempts to entangle Him in His talk and in His teaching. The Sadducees tried it, but they were silenced by the wisdom of Christ. After they had appealed to Christ, Christ turns and asks them a question. He says, "What think ye of Christ, whose Son is He?" And they said, "He is the Son of David." Then says Christ, "How then did David call Him his Lord?" and they were silenced forever. The Sadducees did not believe in the divinity of Jesus Christ. They would never have put Him to death if they had believed Him to be the God-man—what He proclaimed Himself to be. Now, before I go on, I want to ask you a question—not what you think of this church or that church; not what you think of this minister or that minister; not what you think of this creed or that creed; not what you think of this denomination or that denomination. The question is not what do you think of this belief or that belief, but "What think ye of Christ?" And I think it is

a proper question. There isn't a noted public man in this country but that if I ask what you think of him, you would give your opinion quite freely. I hear some of you going out of the hall giving your opinion about the sermon, and sometimes it isn't very complimentary, but that is nothing. The question is not what you think of the preaching, or what you think of the singing, but "What think ye of Christ?" It is of very little account what you think of the minister; it is of very little account what you think of this dogma or that dogma, but it is of vast importance what you think of Christ.

NEVER MAN SPAKE LIKE THIS MAN.

I don't think there is any one in this hall, unless it is some little infant, but ought to have an opinion about Christ. I would like to talk about Him as a preacher, for there never was a preacher that preached as He did. He preached in words so very plain that little boys, like these down here, and little girls could understand them, yet the deepest theologians could not understand their meaning. Coming down to-day, I heard the little birds singing, and I could not help but think of His saying, "The foxes of the ground have holes, and the little birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not whereon to lay His head." He makes even the rocks preach. I am told by travelers in the East, that there isn't a spot that hasn't got some sermon of His. He just touched them, and He made them preach. There isn't a prodigal in the world but that knows the story of the prodigal son. He drew a picture of the prodigal so vivid that you can't forget it. Try as much as they will to wipe out the picture, they can't forget it; it is like a nail in a sure place. Oh! he is a wonderful preacher. I have got a boy six years old, and sometimes he comes and tumbles into bed with me—sometimes much earlier than I wish he would—and wants to have me tell him a story, but there is no story interests him so much as the stories that Christ preaches. Yes, I would like to have time to talk to you, and ask you what you think of him as a preacher.

I want you just to ask yourselves this question: Do you believe in Christ? Do you believe that He was the Son of God? Do you believe that He was the God-man? Do you believe that He was with God before the morning stars sang together and voluntarily left heaven and came down into this world? Whose son was he? Was he the Son of Man and the Son of God?

WHO WAS HE, THE GOD-MAN?

That is the question. Now, if I had come into this city to find out about some one, to find out about his character, who he was, what he was, there would be two classes of people I would go to see. I wouldn't go to his friends only; I would go to his enemies; I would go to both classes. I would go to his friends and go to his enemies, and see what his enemies had to say about him, before I gave judgment about the man. I have got a few witnesses I want to examine, and I will just imagine my audience is the jury. My witnesses are the men that talked with Christ—the bitterest enemies that he had.

The first I would like to summon into this court would be the Sadducees. What was it they had against the Son of God? Why, He proclaimed the resurrection, and they didn't believe in the resurrection. They didn't believe in future punishment. They didn't believe that they were going to rise again. And they put a question to Christ: "Now here is a woman married seven times; whose wife will she be in the resurrection?" And Christ answered that question. And then the Pharisees went about planning how they might destroy Him. "This man receiveth sinners and eateth with them"—that was all they could bring against Him. That is what we like to glory in. Suppose we could summon the officers that arrested Him. The Sanhedrim sent out officers to arrest the Son of God. Where did they find Him? Did they find Him breaking the law? Well, these officers, they found Him in Gethsemane. What was He doing? Praying for a lost world. There He was, the drops of blood trickling down

upon His cheeks, for we are told that He sweat great drops of blood. They set false witnesses to testify against Him. They couldn't find any for a long time, and at last they found two men that would come in and swear falsely, and what did they swear to? They heard Him say "Destroy this temple and I will raise it up again in three days." Destroy this temple, that is—as explained by John—destroy this body, and He would raise it up.

Let us bring in Caiaphas, the highest ecclesiastical potentate of the earth, president of the Sanhedrim, the chief priest and let Caiaphas open his lips and let him tell us why he condemned the Son of God to death. They did not go and summon his friends; they did not go and bring up Zaccheus of Jericho, they did not bring the poor man that had those legions of devils cast out of him; they did not bring the blind man of Jericho—they brought His enemies. Let Caiaphas tell his own story—suppose he stood in my place. Caiaphas, just tell us what was the evidence you found against the Son of God. He said to him, "I adjure thee by the living God, Art Thou the Son of God?" And He said, "I am." And Caiaphas says: "When I heard it I tore my mantle and said He was guilty of blasphemy." That is what we glory in, His being the Son of God. Stephen said, when the curtains were lifted he looked in and saw Him standing at the right hand of God. That is why they condemned the Son of God, just because He was the God-man. If He wasn't divine, they did right to put Him to death; but He was.

Let Pilate come in; now he is an impartial witness. He is no Jew, he has no prejudice against Christ. Pilate, just speak out now and tell us why you condemned Him to the scourge, and to be crucified, and why you wrote up there upon the cross "This is Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews." Tell us what did you find in Him; what fault? And hear what Pilate says: "I find no fault in Him." Now men condemn Pilate, and yet there are a great many men who are worse than Pilate, for

they find fault in Jesus Christ. Said he, "I will chastise this Man and let Him go, for I find no fault in Him." But I have got a woman we can bring in as a witness; it was Pilate's wife. Whose messenger is that that comes from the palace? He brings a message from Pilate's wife: "Have nothing to do with that just Person, for I have suffered much in a dream through Him." She thought He was a just Person.

Yea, my friends, I will bring in Judas, the very prince of traitors. Suppose I should say: "Judas you sold the Son of God for thirty pieces of silver; you betrayed Him; you knew more about Him than Caiaphas; you knew more about Him than Pilate. Come now, Judas, tell us why you betrayed Christ? You were with Him; you ate with Him, and drank with Him, and slept with Him; tell us what you think of Him? I can imagine him throw down the thirty pieces of silver, as he cries in agony, "I betrayed innocent blood." Oh yes, it is easy to condemn Judas nowadays; but how many men are worse than that? And he went out and put an end to his existence. Now bear in mind I am not calling up His friends I am calling up His enemies. The testimony is perfectly overwhelming in favor of Jesus Christ that He was the Son of God, as well as the Son of David. But here is another witness, and that is the Roman centurion.

He occupied the same position as the sheriff does now. This centurion of the Roman band had to go to Calvary and put the Son of God to death. He is a Gentile, and an impartial judge; let him tell us what he thinks of the Son of God. Come, now, centurion, you had charge of the execution of Jesus of Nazareth; you were there when He died. Here is his testimony:

"TRULY THIS WAS THE SON OF GOD."

That is what he thought, and to me it is one of the most striking things in all scripture that God made every man testify that He was not guilty. I will go further. I will take the

very devils in hell, for God made them testify; and what did they testify? They called Him "that Son of the Most High God." They knew Him. "Art Thou come to torment us before our time?" And, my friends, what think ye to-day: was He the Son of God? And did He die for a sinful world? What think ye of Christ to-day? Whose Son is He?

I wish I had time to examine His friends. It would take all day and all night, and I think the whole of the week. Suppose I could examine that mighty preacher, the prince of preachers, a man that with his eloquence—and he had the eloquence of heaven—drew all men to hear him. All Judea and Jerusalem came down from the mountains to hear him. He drew the cities of Judea into the wilderness to hear him preach. What mighty power he had! Now, let us call in this wilderness preacher, who looks more like Elijah than any other prophet since Elijah. Ask John the Baptist, What think ye, John, of Christ? Hear his testimony: "I bear record this is the Son of God." That is what he thought. He forever settled that question. Another time he says of Christ,

"BEHOLD THE LAMB OF GOD

that taketh away the sins of the world." John didn't have but one text after that, "Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world." John said, "He must increase, but I must decrease." O, sinner, what do you think of Him to-day? Do you think He will save you if you trust Him? Let us bring in some more of these witnesses. There is Peter. You know there was a time he swore he never knew Him. Do you think he would say now with a curse, "I never knew Him"? We are told that he was crucified with his head downward because he was not worthy to be crucified in the same way that Christ was. Peter thought a good deal of Him. I might bring in doubting Thomas; he didn't believe Christ had risen, but Christ says, "Thomas, did you say that you wouldn't believe unless you saw? Put your fingers in my side and feel

the wound there. Put your fingers in the palm of my hand and feel the wound there," and Thomas cried out,

"MY LORD AND MY GOD."

Convinced of the divinity of Jesus Christ, his cloud of unbelief was scattered to the four winds of heaven. If I should call up that beloved disciple who knew Him better than any one else upon earth, it would take a great while to find out what John thought of Him. I could just summon into this audience another witness, and one that had such a hatred against Christ. The Frenchman said, "It took twelve fishermen to establish the Kingdom of Christ, and one Frenchman could tear it down." So Saul of Tarsus thought. The Son of God just spoke to him, "Saul! Saul! why persecutest thou Me?"

"WHO ART THOU LORD?"

"I am Jesus, whom thou persecutest." "Lord, what wilt thou have me do?" One glance and he became a new man. O sinner, may you hear that tender, loving voice of the Savior, and may you this day and this hour think well of the Son of God.

O, what think ye of Him? Young lady, what do you think? Mother, what do you think? Do you think enough of Him to trust Him? If you want to please a father here on earth, you will think well of his son, and if you want to please the Heavenly Father you will think well of His Son.

Now, before I close, let me ask you one question—take it home with you—and that is this:

"WHY DON'T YOU LOVE HIM?"

Just think now, can you give a reason for not loving Him? I knew an infidel who was asked by a little child why he didn't love Jesus, and he finally said to himself, I will just find out why I don't love Jesus. He took the Bible and opened it to the book of John—if you want to find out why you don't love

Jesus, don't look there. He found that God so loved the world that He gave Christ for it, and the poor infidel's heart was broken. And that night he was on his knees crying for mercy. Oh, sinner, do think well of Christ to-day! Love Him to-day! Give your souls to Him this blessed evening, the last Sabbath of this blessed month! This day and this hour let us press into the kingdom of God.

NO ROOM FOR CHRIST.

During the last week of Mr. Moody's great meetings in Glasgow, in May, 1874, the services were held in The Crystal Palace. At nine o'clock Sunday morning he spoke to the shop girls in part as follows, from the text: "There was no room for them in the inn."—Luke ii:7.

For four thousand years the Jews had been looking for Christ and now he had come. And the first we read of Him is that there is no room for Him in the inn at Bethlehem.

The sinner's heart is very much like that little inn at Bethlehem; it has no room for Christ. If a prince comes to this country from some foreign land, there is sure to be room for him, and the best you have is not good enough to bestow upon him. Yet here is the Prince of Heaven, the Prince of Peace, come to earth and there is no room for Him in the inn at Bethlehem!

Think what He came for; He came to seek and to save that which was lost,

TO REDEEM A LOST WORLD.

He might have come with all the pomp and grandeur of heaven; He might have had a million of angels in his train. But He left behind Him all the glory He had with His Father, and stooped from the throne and went clear down into the manger, that He might get His arm under the vilest sinner and lift him up to the heights of glory.

Some one has said that the Jews did not know He was the Messiah, or they would have given Him a glorious reception.

Would they? Why, we read that when the wise men came with the glad tidings that He was the King of the Jews, "Herod and all Jerusalem was troubled." There was no one in Jerusalem that wanted Him any more than in Bethlehem. Herod hunted for His life as if He were some terrible murderer, so that His parents were obliged to flee into a foreign land.

Has the world grown any better during these eighteen hundred years? Is Christ wanted to-day?

If He should come again, would He be welcome? Would the nations of the earth receive Him with delight and gladness? What nation would make room for Him to-day? If it were put to the public vote, what nation would vote to have Him come back to be their king? Talk about England and America being Christian nations; do you think either of them would invite Him to come? Has America got room for Him? Eighteen hundred years have rolled by since He went away, and more has been written about Him and said about Him than any other man, or thousand men, or million men, and yet there is no nation under heaven that wants Him. When He was down here there was not a village in any part of the country that wanted Him. He went to Nazareth, where He was brought up; He went into the synagogue and began to tell out the glad tidings. They took Him to the brow of the hill, and would have cast Him into hell if they could. They put Him out of town. And there is not a town or village under the sun to-day but would do the same. People say the world is growing so much better; but, as I have said, there is not a nation anywhere to-day that wants Him. Does Germany, or France, or England or America?

Not only that; there is something a good deal worse than that. There is hardly a church in Christendom that wants Him. Go to any of the churches next Sunday, and ask if they would vote to have Him come back. Why, my friends, the church has not got room for Him. She is not praying

and longing for His return. Go down to the Exchange and ask if they have got room for Him. Why, a good deal of the business would have to be done on different principles. Men would say, "We cannot quite make so much money, and we don't want Him." If it should be put to the vote in congress, would they have Him back? Is there room for Him among our statesmen and those who are making our laws? Would they invite Him back? Why, there would be a great commotion among the nations of the earth if He were to come. The fact is, there is no room for Him in the world yet. Our homes, our churches, the nations of the earth, are like that little inn at Bethlehem. There is room for everything else; but in the church and the world to-day is "no room for Him." It is one thing to talk about Christ and salvation, but when we come to talk about the return of a personal Christ, is there a church that is crying for Him?

It is time for every true child of God to wake out of his sleep, to trim his lamp and make ready for the return of the Lord Jesus Christ. If nations of the world, if the churches, are not longing for His return,

LET US MAKE ROOM FOR HIM.

Look at the hundreds and thousands hastening down to death and ruin! Let us invite our rejected King back into this world. Do not let us be like the men of Decapolis, who, when Christ snapped the fetters from the poor demoniac, came to Him, and with one accord constrained Him to depart out of their coasts. There was no room for Him in Decapolis.

There is a passage in the seventh chapter of John, last verse, that is very touching. It has often brought tears to my eyes—"And every man went into his own house." Then we read in the opening words of the eighth chapter (the two chapters should not be divided; they are really one)—"Jesus went into the Mount of Olives." There was no room for Him in Jerusalem that night; no one wanted Him. He had no house of

His own to which He could go. "The foxes have holes, the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay His head."

Oh, friends, think of the Prince of Glory coming down into this world and having no place to lay His head! There was no one to receive Him.

He had to go into the Mount of Olives and spent the night there alone. I have often thought that I would like to have had a house in Jerusalem that night and to have invited Him there. But if I had, I suppose my door would have been locked against Him like the rest. There is one thing we can all do—our hearts can receive Him, and that will please Him best of all.

What a blessing Martha got by receiving Him into her house.

THERE WAS ONE HOME IN BETHANY

always open to Him. He was a welcome guest there, and He often went when He was tired and weary. They had room for Him there, and He always goes where there is room for Him. The moment you make room for Him in your hearts He will come in. Was it not the best thing Martha and Mary could have done to make room for Him? One day sickness came to that dwelling, and Lazarus lay on his dying bed. They had physicians, I suppose, from Jerusalem, and the moment they pronounced him to be in danger they sent a message and told Jesus that he was sick. The messenger goes and tells Jesus about it, but before he gets there Lazarus is dead. There is sorrow that night in Bethany. I can see those two broken-hearted sisters weeping over the body. They laid him away in the little grave-yard at Bethany, and they came back to their dark and desolate home. Many of you know how dark a home seems when some loved one is gone. Some friends came to comfort them; but what poor comforters they were, compared to Him who was absent. The messenger came back and told them what Jesus had said, and at last He comes

Himself. Out goes Martha to meet Him, and she says, "If Thou hadst been here my brother had not died." He calls for Mary, and away goes Martha and tells her, "The Master is come and calleth for thee." Is there a Mary here to-day whom the Master is calling? Up rises Mary to meet Him, and she, too, says, like Martha, "If Thou hadst been here my brother had not died." On that occasion were uttered some of the sublimest words that ever fell from the lips of the Son of God—"I am the Resurrection and the Life; he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die."

I can see these two sisters, one on each side of Him. They tell Him all about their brother's sickness and his last messages, and the Son of God begins to weep. If there is a broken heart here to-day, Jesus is in full sympathy with you. You can have

NO FRIEND LIKE THE SON OF GOD.

He has got power to help you. They go to the grave, and Jesus bids them take away the stone. Martha's faith begins to stagger. Some one has said it was a blessed privilege to roll away the stone. It is a blessed privilege to do anything the Master tells us to do. With a word the Son of God calls him up—"Lazarus come forth." The moment Lazarus heard His voice he knew it, and forth he came out of the sepulchre. Look at him as he goes back to the house, arm-in-arm with the Son of God. How astonished the people must have been; they must have gone mad almost with excitement. Look into that little home: There is Jesus at the table, and Lazarus; Martha still serves, and Mary looks on in wonder.

Was it not the best thing Martha could have done to make room for Christ? You do not know how near death is. The best thing you can do is to receive the Resurrection and Life into your home and your heart. Let us welcome Him into our hearts. Say this minute,

"WELCOME, THRICE WELCOME, SON OF GOD, into this heart of mine." He will come. What does He say? Hark! "Behold I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear my voice and will open the door, I will come in to him and sup with him and he with Me!" Does your heart throb? Do you hear the still small voice whispering to you to let Him in? That is Jesus; He wants to come into your heart to-day. Oh, receive Him!

Then let death come; you can shout over death and the grave and hell. May God help you to make room for Christ. You make room for Him here, and He will make room for you up yonder. He will come back by-and-by and receive His own out of this dark world into that home He has gone to prepare. "As many as received Him to them gave He power to become the sons of God."

Did you ever have a period in your life when you felt as if no one wanted you? I had that experience for about two days, and it nearly broke my heart. I wanted to die. It was a terrible thought that no one wanted me. I was a stranger in a strange city looking for work. I went from place to place, and got only a gruff answer—"No, sir;" "No, sir." No one wanted me. It seemed as if the Son of God must have had something of that feeling down here; no one wanted Him. The world did not want Him; it took Him and put Him to death. If He should come here, and go from one to another, would you say, "No, Jesus, I do not want you; go Thy way this time;" or would you

OPEN YOUR HEART AND LET HIM IN?

In one place it speaks of His locks being wet with the dews of the night. Oh, may God help every unsaved soul to receive the Son of God. He has gone up on high to make room there for us. We are told in one place that He looked toward heaven and sighed. He saw sickness and disease and death all around Him, and no one wanted Him, so He looked to-

ward home. I can imagine He was home-sick. There He was loved by all. Oh, sinner, won't you have this rejected King? Won't you do as Martha and Mary did—receive Him into your heart and home this very hour?

HIS SPIRIT, ELOQUENCE AND POWER.

We feel that it is scarcely within the power of human language to bring this brief sketch of the Life and Work of Dwight L. Moody to a fitting close; or to gather up in a single paragraph or two, the consuming zeal and tireless energy with which he wrought for the salvation of men. His was the inspiration of love for Christ and for souls which brought into use every faculty and power of soul and body. He kept back no part of the price, but laid his all upon the altar, to the uttermost farthing. To the last ounce of energy his soul could command from his wearied frame at Kansas City, he sold his life as dearly as possible.

For many years his soul had been fed upon the finest of the wheat. He had received the Word of God as the very bread of life. His soul was ever refreshing itself with copious draughts of the water of life; and according to his need hidden springs gushed forth in the desert. To his vision the grace of God which bringeth salvation appeared as clear and glorious as the sun shining at mid-day out of a cloudless sky. The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ in receiving sinners, the salvation which is by grace without the deeds of the law, the gift of God which is eternal life to every one that believeth, the gospel of deliverance from the power of sin through faith in Jesus Christ—this gospel he proclaimed in a simple, scriptural, but most earnest and intense manner.

He proclaimed a crucified and glorified Christ. He honored the Holy Ghost by believing in His constant presence and power. And as he preached this gospel to thousands and tens of thousands sitting before him, motionless and almost breathless, sin-stricken and conscience-smitten, as he

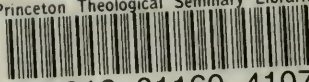
beheld the marks of sin upon many faces, and felt the presence of the Holy Ghost searching the hearts of the people while old men trembled with emotion and strong men strove in vain to keep back reluctant tears; as he gazed upon the drooping heads of sorrowing women while children looked up to him with eager, wondering eyes—then it was that the power of the living Spirit of God seemed to come upon him, then he realized the blessed fascination of the gospel of Christ, and with thrilling tones of gladness declared the old, old story to the multitudes hurrying on to judgment.

Who that has ever felt this tide of spiritual emotion rushing through his soul like waves of electric energy, can ever forget the superhuman, the divine eloquence which flowed forth in his burning words? In the preceding pages many and varied and eloquent testimonials to Mr. Moody have been presented to our readers; and we have neither the space nor the inclination to seek to analyze afresh the secrets, or the elements of his power as a preacher.

But if to be able to draw people by the tens of thousands to hear the gospel, if by the power of impassioned speech these multitudes can be swayed to laughter or moved to tears, or wrought up to breathless and almost fearful expectancy of that tremendous “therefore” of conviction which smites men in anguish to the ground and compels them to cry out, “What must we do to be saved?”—if these are elements of power then Mr. Moody was one of the most powerful and eloquent preachers of the nineteenth century. His was the all-powerful eloquence of a man full of the Holy Ghost, and of faith, and fired with indomitable zeal for the glory of God and the salvation of men. And when you multiply that power and zeal and eloquence and success by more than thirty years of the most indefatigable toil, it is not too much to say that Mr. Moody was the mightiest preacher who has ever lived since the days of Paul the great Apostle to the Gentiles.



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